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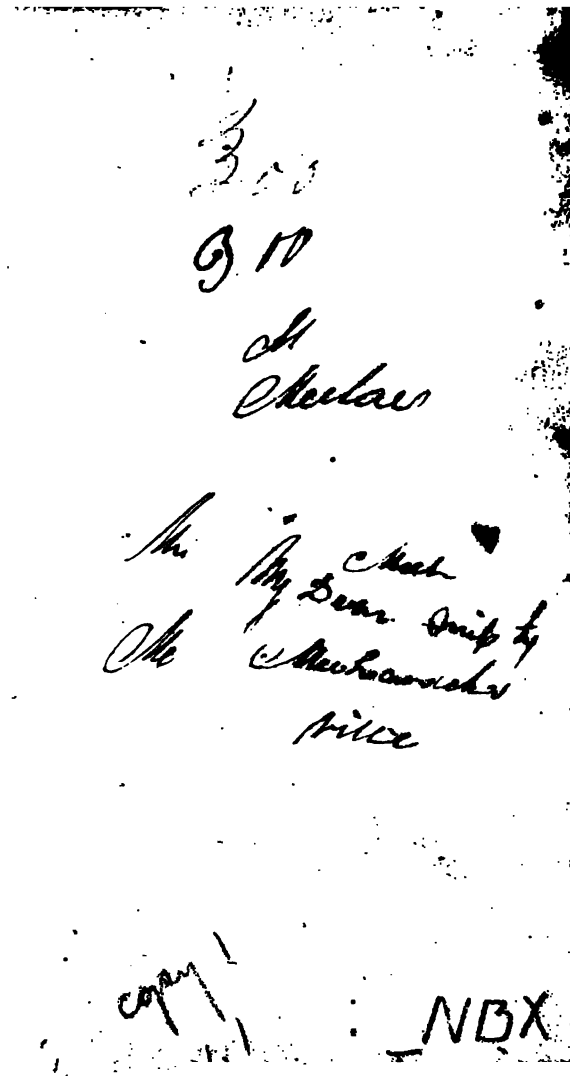

A HISTORY

OF

NEW-YORK,

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD

TO THE END OF THE

DUTCH DYNASTY.

CONTAINING

Among many Surprising and Curious Matters, the Unutterable Ponderings of WALTER THE DOUBTER, the Disastrous Projects of WILLIAM THE TESTY, and the chivalric achievements of PETER THE HEADSTRONG, the three Dutch Governors of NEW-AMSTERDAM; being the only Authentic History of the Times that ever hath been published.

The Second Edition with Alterations.

BY DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

De waarheid die in duister lag,
Die komt met klaarheid aan den dag.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY INSKEEP AND BRADFORD, AND
BRADFORD AND INSKEEP, PHILADELPHIA.

1812.

566398
1910

DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK, ss.

BE it remembered, that on the th
June, in the thirty-sixth year of the Independence of t
States of America, Inskeep and Bradford, of the said Dis
deposited in this Office the title of a Book, the right whereof
as Proprietors, in the words and figures following, to
" History of New-York, from the beginning of the V
" the end of the Dutch Dynasty. Containing among r
" prising and Curious Matters, the Unutterable Pont
" Walter the Doubter, the Disastrous Projects of Wi
" Testy, and the Chivalric achievements of Peter the He
" the three Dutch Governors of New-Amsterdam; being
" Authentic History of the Times that ever hath been
" The Second Edition with Alterations. By Diedrich
" bocker. De waarheid die in duister lag, die komt met
" aan den dag." *In conformity to the Act of the Congr*
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CHARLES CLINTON,
Clerk of the District of

TO THE

NEW-YORK

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This work is respectfully dedicated, as an humble and unworthy testimony of the profound veneration and exalted esteem of the Society's

Sincere well wisher,

and

Devoted Servant,

DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

IT was sometime, if I recollect right, in the early part of the fall of 1808, that a stranger applied for lodgings at the Independent Columbian Hotel in Mulberry-Street, of which I am landlord. He was a small, brisk looking old gentleman, dressed in a rusty black coat, a pair of olive velvet breeches, and a small cocked hat. He had a few grey hairs plaited and clubbed behind, and his beard seemed to be of some eight and forty hours growth. The only piece of finery which he bore about him, was a bright pair of square silver shoe buckles: and all his baggage was contained in a pair of saddle bags, which he carried under his arm. His whole appearance was something out of the common run; and my wife, who is a very shrewd body, at once set him down for some eminent country schoolmaster.

As the Independent Columbian Hotel is a very small house, I was a little puzzled at first where to put him; but my wife, who seemed taken with his looks, would needs put him in her best chamber, which is genteelly set off with the profiles of the whole family, done in black, by those two

great painters, Jarvis and Wood; and comman a very pleasant view of the new grounds on t Collect, together with the rear of the Poor-Hou and Bridewell, and the full front of the Hospita so that it is the cheerfullest room in the whol house.

During the whole time that he stayed with u we found him a very worthy good sort of an ol gentleman, though a little queer in his ways. H would keep in his room for days together, and i any of the children cried, or made a noise abo his door, he would bounce out in a great passio with his hands full of papers, and say somethin about "deranging his ideas;" which made m wife believe sometimes that he was not altogethe *compos*. Indeed there was more than one reaso to make her think so, for his room was alway covered with scraps of paper and old mouldy book laying about at sixes and sevens, which he woul never let any body touch; for he said he had lai them all away in their proper places, so that h might know where to find them; though for tha matter, he was half his time worrying about th house in search of some book or writing which h had carefully put out of the way. I shall neve forget what a pother he once made, because m wife cleaned out his room when his back wa turned, and put every thing to rights; for h swore he would never be able to get his papers i order again in a twelvemonth. Upon this my wif

ventured to ask him, what he did with so many books and papers? and he told her, that he was "seeking for immortality;" which made her think more than ever, that the poor old gentleman's head was a little cracked.

He was a very inquisitive body, and when not in his room was continually poking about town, hearing all the news, and prying into every thing that was going on: this was particularly the case about election time, when he did nothing but bustle about from poll to poll, attending all ward meetings and committee rooms; though I could never find that he took part with either side of the question. On the contrary, he would come home and rail at both parties with great wrath—and plainly proved one day, to the satisfaction of my wife and three old ladies who were drinking tea with her, that the two parties were like two rogues, each tugging at a skirt of the nation; and that in the end they would tear the very coat off its back, and expose its nakedness. Indeed he was an oracle among the neighbours, who would collect around him to hear him talk of an afternoon, as he smoaked his pipe on the bench before the door; and I really believe he would have brought over the whole neighbourhood to his own side of the question, if they could ever have found out what it was.

He was very much given to argue, or, as he called it, *philosophize*, about the most trifling

matter, and to do him justice, I never knew an body that was a match for him, except it was grave looking gentleman who called now and the to see him, and often posed him in an argumen But this is nothing surprising, as I have sinc found out this stranger is the city librarian; an of course, must be a man of great learning: an I have my doubts, if he had not some hand i the following history.

As our lodger had been a long time with us and we had never received any pay, my wife be gan to be somewhat uneasy, and curious to fin out who and what he was. She accordingly mad bold to put the question to his friend, the libra rian, who replied in his dry way, that he was on of the *Literati;* which she supposed to mean som new party in politics. I scorn to push a lodge for his pay, so I let day after day pass on with out dunning the old gentleman for a farthing but my wife, who always takes these matters o herself, and is, as I said, a shrewd kind of woman, at last got out of patience, and hinted that she thought it high time "some people shoul have a sight of some people's money." To whic the old gentleman replied, in a mighty touchy man ner, that she need not make herself uneasy, fo that he had a treasure there, (pointing to hi saddle-bags,) worth her whole house put together This was the only answer we could ever get fro him; and as my wife, by some of those odd way

lich women find out every thing, learnt that as of very great connexions, being related ie Knickerbockers of Scaghtikoke, and 1-german to the Congress-man of that name, id not like to treat him uncivilly. What is she even offered, merely by way of making ; easy, to let him live scot-free, if he would the children their letters; and to try her nd get the neighbours to send their children but the old gentleman took it in such on, and seemed so affronted at being taken school-master, that she never dared speak subject again.

ut two months ago, he went out of a morn- rith a bundle in his hand—and has never eard of since. All kinds of inquiries were after him, but in vain. I wrote to his re- s at Scaghtikoke, but they sent for an- that he had not been there since the year last, when he had a great dispute with the ess-man about politics, and left the place uff, and they had neither heard nor seen any of him from that time to this. I must own ery much worried about the poor old gentle- for I thought something bad must have ned to him, that he should be missing so and never return to pay his bill. I there- lvertised him in the newspapers, and though elancholy advertisement was published

by several humane printers, yet I have never been able to learn any thing satisfactory about him.

My wife now said it was high time to take care of ourselves, and see if he had left any thing behind in his room, that would pay us for his board and lodging. We found nothing, however, but some old books and musty writings, and his pair of saddle bags; which, being opened in the presence of the librarian, contained only a few articles of worn out clothes, and a large bundle of blotted paper. On looking over this, the librarian told us, he had no doubt it was the treasure which the old gentleman had spoke about; as it proved to be a most excellent and faithful HISTORY OF NEW-YORK, which he advised us by all means to publish: assuring us that it would be so eagerly bought up by a discerning public, that he had no doubt it would be enough to pay our arrears ten times over. Upon this we got a very learned school-master, who teaches our children, to prepare it for the press, which he accordingly has done; and has, moreover, added to it a number of notes of his own; and an engraving of the city, as it was at the time Mr. Knickerbocker writes about.

This, therefore, is a true statement of my reasons for having this work printed, without waiting for the consent of the author: and I here declare, that if he ever returns, (though I much fear some

unhappy accident has befallen him,) I stand ready to account with him like a true and honest man. Which is all at present—

From the public's humble servant,

SETH HANDASIDE.

Independent Columbian Hotel,
New-York.

THE foregoing account of the author was prefixed to the first edition of this work. Shortly after its publication a letter was received from him, by Mr. Handaside, dated at a small Dutch village on the banks of the Hudson, whither he had travelled for the purpose of inspecting certain ancient records. As this was one of those few and happy villages, into which newspapers never find their way, it is not a matter of surprize, that Mr. Knickerbocker should never have seen the numerous advertisements that were made concerning him; and that he should learn of the publication of his history by mere accident.

He expressed much concern at its premature appearance, as thereby he was prevented from making several important corrections and alterations: as well as from profiting by many curious

hints which he had collected during his travels along the shores of the Tappan Sea, and his sojourn at Haverstraw and Esopus.

Finding that there was no longer any immediate necessity for his return to New-York, he extended his journey up to the residence of his relations at Scaghticoke. On his way thither, he stopped for some days at Albany, for which city he is known to have entertained a great partiality. He found it, however, considerably altered, and was much concerned at the inroads and improvements which the Yankees were making, and the consequent decline of the good old Dutch manners. Indeed he was informed that these intruders were making sad innovations in all parts of the state; where they had given great trouble and vexation to the regular Dutch settlers, by the introduction of turnpike gates, and country school-houses. It is said also, that Mr. Knickerbocker shook his head sorrowfully at noticing the gradual decay of the great Vander Heyden palace; but was highly indignant at finding that the ancient Dutch church, which stood in the middle of the street had been pulled down, since his last visit.

The fame of Mr. Knickerbocker's history having reached even to Albany, he received much flattering attention from its worthy burghers, some of whom, however, pointed out two or three very great errors he had fallen into, particularly that of suspending a lump of sugar over

lbany tea-tables, which, they assured him, een discontinued for some years past. Sev- families, moreover, were somewhat piqued heir ancestors had not been mentioned in his and showed great jealousy of their neigh- who had been thus distinguished; while tter, it must be confessed, plumed them- vastly thereupon; considering these record- n the light of letters patent of nobility, ishing their claims to ancestry—which, in epublican country, is a matter of no little ide and vain-glory.

also said, that he enjoyed high favour and nance from the governor, who once asked dinner, and was seen two or three times te hands with him, when they met in the which certainly was going great lengths, ring that they differed in politics. Indeed, of the governor's confidential friends, to he could venture to speak his mind freely h matters, have assured us, that he pri- entertained a considerable good will for thor—nay, he even once went so far as to , and that openly too, and at his own just after dinner, that "Knickerbocker a very well meaning sort of an old gentle- , and no fool." From all which many een led to suppose, that, had our author f different politics, and written for the pers instead of wasting his talents on

histories, he might have risen to some post honour and profit: peradventure to be a nota public, or even a justice in the ten pound cour

Beside the honours and civilities already me tioned, he was much caressed by the literati Albany; particularly Mr. John Cook, who e tertained him very hospitably at his circulati library, and reading room, where they used drink Spa water, and talk about the ancien He found Mr. Cook a man after his own heart of great literary research, and a curious colle tor of books. At parting, the latter, in tes mony of friendship, made him a present of t two eldest works in his collection; which we the earliest edition of the Hiedelburgh Catechis and Adrian Vander Donck's famous account the New Netherlands: by the last of which, M Knickerbocker profited greatly in this his seco edition.

Having passed some time very agreeably Albany, our author proceeded to Scaghtikok where, it is but justice to say, he was receiv with open arms, and treated with wonderf loving-kindness. He was much looked up to the family, being the first historian of the nam and was considered almost as great a man as l cousin the Congress-man—with whom, by t bye, he became perfectly reconciled, and c tracted a strong friendship.

In spite, however, of the kindness of his relations, and their great attention to his comforts, the old gentleman soon became restless and discontented. His history being published, he had no longer any business to occupy his thoughts, or any scheme to excite his hopes and anticipations. This, to a busy mind like his, was a truly deplorable situation; and, had he not been a man of inflexible morals and regular habits, there would have been great danger of his taking to politics, or drinking—both which pernicious vices we daily see men driven to, by mere spleen and idleness.

It is true, he sometimes employed himself, in preparing a second edition of his history, wherein he endeavoured to correct and improve many passages with which he was dissatisfied, and to rectify some mistakes that had crept into it; for he was particularly anxious that his work should be noted for its authenticity; which, indeed, is the very life and soul of history.—But the glow of composition had departed—he had to leave many places untouched, which he would fain have altered; and even where he did make alterations, he seemed always in doubt whether they were for the better or the worse.

After a residence of sometime at Scaghtikoke, he began to feel a strong desire to return to New-York, which he ever regarded with the warmest affection; not merely because it was his native

city, but because he really considered it the ve best city in the whole world. On his return, entered into the full enjoyment of the advantag of a literary reputation. He was continually i portuned to write advertisements, petitions, han bills, and productions of similar import: and, t though he never meddled with the public papers, y had he the credit of writing innumerable essay and smart things, that appeared on all subject and all sides of the question; in all which he w clearly detected "by his style."

He contracted, moreover, a considerable de at the post office, in consequence of the nume ous letters he received from authors and printe soliciting his subscription—he was applied to l every charitable society for yearly donation which he gave very cheerfully, considering the applications as so many compliments. He w once invited to a great corporation dinner; a was even twice summoned to attend as a juryma at the court of quarter sessions. Indeed, so r nowned did he become, that he could no long pry about, as formerly, in all holes and corne of the city, according to the bent of his humou unnoticed and uninterrupted; but several time when he has been sauntering the streets, on h usual rambles of observation, equipped with h cane and cocked hat, the little boys at play ha been known to cry, "there goes Diedrich!"—

which the old gentleman seemed not a little pleased, looking upon these salutations in the light of the praises of posterity.

In a word, if we take into consideration all these various honours and distinctions, together with an exuberant eulogium, passed on him in the Port Folio—(with which, we are told, the old gentleman was so much overpowered, that he was sick for two or three days,)—it must be confessed, that few authors have ever lived to receive such illustrious rewards, or have so completely enjoyed in advance their own immortality.

After his return from Scaghtikoke, Mr. Knickerbocker took up his residence at a little rural retreat, which the Stuyvesants had granted him on the family domain, in gratitude for his honorable mention of their ancestor. It was pleasantly situated on the borders of one of the salt marshes beyond Corlear's Hook: subject, indeed, to be occasionally overflowed, and much infested, in the summer time, with musquitoes; but otherwise very agreeable, producing abundant crops of salt-grass and bull-rushes.

Here, we are sorry to say, the good old gentleman fell dangerously ill of a fever, occasioned by the neighbouring marshes. When he found his end approaching, he disposed of his worldly affairs, leaving the bulk of his fortune to the New-York Historical Society: his Hiedelburgh

Catechism, and Vander Donck's work to City Library; and his saddle-bags to Mr. H aside. He forgave all his enemies—that say, all that bore any enmity towards him; f to himself, he declared he died in good will the world. And, after dictating several messages to his relations at Scaghtikoke, as as to certain of our most substantial Dutch zens, he expired in the arms of his frien librarian.

His remains were interred, according to own request, in St. Mark's Churchyard, by the bones of his favourite hero, Peter S vesant: and it is rumoured, that the Histo Society have it in mind to erect a wooden m ment to his memory in the Bowling-Green.

TO THE PUBLIC.

"TO rescue from oblivion the memory of for-
"mer incidents, and to render a just tribute of
"renown to the many great and wonderful trans-
"actions of our Dutch progenitors, Diedrich
"Knickerbocker, native of the city of New-York,
"produces this historical essay.*" Like the great Father of History whose words I have just quoted, I treat of times long past, over which the twilight of uncertainty had already thrown its shadows, and the night of forgetfulness was about to descend forever. With great solicitude had I long beheld the early history of this venerable and ancient city, gradually slipping from our grasp, trembling on the lips of narrative old age, and day by day dropping piece meal into the tomb. In a little while, thought I, and those reverend Dutch burghers, who serve as the tottering monuments of good old times, will be gathered to their fathers;

* Beloe's Herodotus.

their children engrossed by the empty p
insignificant transactions of the preser
neglect to treasure up the recollections
and posterity shall search in vain, for
of the days of the Patriarchs. The o
city will be buried in eternal oblivion, a
names and atchievements of Wouter V
William Kieft, and Peter Stuyvesant,
ed in doubt and fiction, like those of R
Rhemus, of Charlemagne, King Arthu
and Godfrey of Bologne.

Determined therefore, to avert if p
threatened misfortune, I industriously
to work, to gather together all the fi
our infant history which still existed, a
revered prototype, Herodotus, where no
cords could be found, I have endeavo
tinue the chain of history by well au
traditions.

In this arduous undertaking, whic
the whole business of a long and solita
incredible the number of learned aut
consulted; and all to but little purpos
as it may seem, though such multitud
lent works have been written about th
there are none extant which give any
tisfactory account of the early histo
York, or of its three first Dutch governo
however, gained much valuable and cu

from an elaborate manuscript written in ex-
ling pure and classic low dutch, excepting a few
rs in orthography, which was found in the
ives of the Stuyvesant family. Many legends,
rs and other documents have I likewise glean-
in my researches among the family chests and
ber garrets of our respectable Dutch citizens;
I have gathered a host of well authenticated
litions from divers excellent old ladies of my
naintance, who requested that their names
ht not be mentioned. Nor must I neglect to
nowledge how greatly I have been assisted by
; admirable and praiseworthy institution, the
W-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, to which I
publicly return my sincere acknowledgments.
1 the conduct of this inestimable work I
e adopted no individual model, but on the con-
y have simply contented myself with combin-
and concentrating the excellencies of the most
roved ancient historians. Like Xenophon, I
e maintained the utmost impartiality, and the
etest adherence to truth throughout my history.
ve enriched it, after the manner of Sallust, with
ious characters of ancient worthies, drawn at
length and faithfully coloured. I have seasoned
rith profound political speculations like Thu-
ides, sweetened it with with the graces of senti-
it like Tacitus, and infused into the whole the
nity, the grandeur and magnificence of Livy.

I am aware that I shall incur the censure of numerous very learned and judicious critics, for indulging too frequently in the bold excursive manner of my favourite Herodotus. And to be candid, I have found it impossible always to resist the allurements of those pleasing episodes, which like flowery banks and fragrant bowers, beset the dusty road of the historian, and entice him to turn aside, and refresh himself from his wayfaring But I trust it will be found, that I have always resumed my staff, and addressed myself to my weary journey with renovated spirits, so that both my readers and myself, have been benefited by the relaxation.

Indeed, though it has been my constant wish and uniform endeavour, to rival Polybius himself, in observing the requisite unity of History, yet the loose and unconnected manner in which many of the facts herein recorded have come to hand, rendered such an attempt extremely difficult. This difficulty was likewise increased, by one of the grand objects contemplated in my work, which was to trace the rise of sundry customs and institutions in this best of cities, and to compare them when in the germ of infancy, with what they are in the present old age of knowledge and improvement.

But the chief merit on which I value myself, and found my hopes for future regard, is that faith-

ful veracity with which I have compiled this invaluable little work; carefully winnowing away the the chaff of hypothesis, and discarding the tares of fable, which are too apt to spring up and choke the seeds of truth and wholesome knowledge.—Had I been anxious to captivate the superficial throng, who skim like swallows over the surface of literature; or had I been anxious to commend my writings to the pampered palates of literary epicures, I might have availed myself of the obscurity that overshadows the infant years of our city, to introduce a thousand pleasing fictions. But I have scrupulously discarded many a pithy tale and marvellous adventure, whereby the drowsy ear of summer indolence might be enthralled; jealousy maintaining that fidelity, gravity, and dignity, which should ever distinguish the historian. "For a writer of this class," observes an elegant critic, "must sustain the character of a wise man, writing for the instruction of posterity; one who has studied to inform himself well, who has pondered his subject with care, and addresses himself to our judgment, rather than to our imagination."

Thrice happy, therefore, is this our renowned city, in having incidents worthy of swelling the theme of history; and doubly thrice happy is it in having such a historian as myself, to relate them. For after all, gentle reader, cities *of themselves,*

and, in fact, empires *of themselves*, are nothing without an historian. It is the patient narrator who records their prosperity as they rise—who blazons forth the splendour of their noontide meridian—who props their feeble memorials as they totter to decay—who gathers together their scattered fragments as they rot—and who piously at length collects their ashes into the mausoleum of his work, and rears a triumphal monument, to transmit their renown to all succeeding ages.

What has been the fate of many fair cities of antiquity, whose nameless ruins encumber the plains of Europe and Asia, and awaken the fruitless inquiry of the traveller?—they have sunk into dust and silence, they have perished from remembrance for want of a historian! The philanthropist may weep over their desolation—the poet may wander among their mouldering arches and broken columns, and indulge the visionary flights of his fancy—but alas! alas! the modern historian, whose pen, like my own, is doomed to confine itself to dull matter of fact, seeks in vain among their oblivious remains, for some memorial that may tell the instructive tale, of their glory and their ruin.

"Wars, conflagrations, deluges," says Aristotle, "destroy nations, and with them all their monuments, their discoveries, and their vanities—The torch of science has more than once been

extinguished and rekindled—a few individuals, who have escaped by accident, reunite the thread of generations."

The same sad misfortune which has happened to so many ancient cities, will happen again, and from the same sad cause, to nine-tenths of those which now flourish on the face of the globe. With most of them the time for recording their history is gone by; their origin, their foundation, together with the early stages of their settlement, are forever buried in the rubbish of years; and and the same would have been the case with this fair portion of the earth, if I had not snatched it from obscurity in the very nick of time, at the moment that those matters herein recorded, were about entering into the wide-spread insatiable maw of oblivion—if I had not dragged them out, as it were, by the very locks, just as the monster's adamantine fangs were closing upon them for ever! And here have I, as before observed, carefully collected, collated, and arranged them, scrip and scrap, "*punt en punt, gat en gat,*" and commenced in this little work, a history to serve as a foundation, on which other historians may hereafter raise a noble superstructure, swelling in process of time, until *Knickerbocker's New-York* may be equally voluminous, with *Gibbon's Rome,* or *Hume and Smollet's England!*

And now indulge me for a moment, while lay down my pen, skip to some little eminence at the distance of two or three hundred yea a-head; and casting back a bird's eye glanc over the waste of years that is to roll betwee discover myself—little I!—at this moment th progenitor, prototype, and precursor of them all posted at the head of this host of literary wor thies, with my book under my arm, and New York on my back, pressing forward like gallant commander, to honour and immortality!

Such are the vain-glorious imaginings that wil now and then enter into the brain of the author— that irradiate, as with celestial light, his solitary chamber, cheering his weary spirits, and ani mating him to persevere in his labours. And I have freely given utterance to these rhapsodie whenever they have occurred; not, I trust, from an unusual spirit of egotism, but merely that the reader may for once have an idea, how an autho thinks and feels while he is writing—a kind of knowledge very rare and curious, and much to be desired.

BOOK I.

Containing divers ingenious theories and Philosophic speculations, concerning the Creation and Population of the World, as connected with the History of New-York.

CHAP. I.

Description of the World.

ACCORDING to the beſt authorities, the world in which we dwell is a huge, opaque, reflecting, inanimate maſs, floating in the vaſt ethereal ocean of infinite ſpace. It has the form of an orange, being an oblate ſpheroid, curiouſly flattened at oppoſite parts, for the inſertion of two imaginary poles, which are ſuppoſed to penetrate and unite at the centre; thus forming an axis on which the mighty orange turns with a regular diurnal revolution.

The tranſitions of light and darkneſs, whence proceed the alternations of day and night, are produced by this diurnal revolution ſucceſſively preſenting the different parts of the earth to the rays of the ſun.

The latter is, according to the beſt, that is to ſay, th lateſt accounts, a luminous or fiery body, of a pre digious magnitude, from which this world is drive by a centrifugal or repelling power, and to which i is drawn by a centripetal or attractive force; other wiſe called the attraction of gravitation; the combi nation, or rather the counteraction of theſe two op poſing impulſes producing a circular and annual revo lution. Hence reſult the different ſeaſons of the year, viz. ſpring, ſummer, autumn and winter.

This I believe to be the moſt approved modern the ory on the subject—though there be many philoſo phers who have entertained very different opinions; ſome too of them, entitled to much deference from their great antiquity and illuſtrious characters. Thus it was advanced by ſome of the ancient ſages, that the earth was an extended plain, ſupported by vaſt pillars; and by others, that it reſted on the head of a ſnake, or the back of a huge tortoiſe—but as they did not provide a reſting place for either the pillars or the tortoiſe, the whole theory fell to the ground, for want of proper foundation.

The Bramins aſſert, that the heavens reſt upon the earth, and the ſun and moon ſwim therein like fiſhes in the water, moving from eaſt to weſt by day, and gliding along the edge of the horizon to their original ſtations during the night;* while, according to the

* Faria y Souza. Mick. Lus. note b. 7.

Pauranicas of India, it is a vaſt plain, encircled by ſeven oceans of milk, nectar and other delicious liquids; that it is ſtudded with ſeven mountains, and ornamented in the centre by a mountainous rock of burniſhed gold; and that a great dragon occaſionally ſwallows up the moon, which accounts for the phenomena of lunar eclipſes.*

Beſide theſe, and many other equally ſage opinions, we have the profound conjectures of ABOUL-HASSAN-ALY, ſon of Al Khan, ſon of Aly, ſon of Abderrahman, ſon of Abdallah, ſon of Maſoud-el-Hadheli, who is commonly called MASOUDI, and ſurnamed Cothbeddin, but who takes the humble title of Laheb-ar-raſoul, which means the companion of the ambaſſador of God. He has written an univerſal hiſtory, entitled "Mouroudge-ed-dhahrab, or, the Golden Meadows, and the mines of precious Stones."† In this valuable work he has related the hiſtory of the world, from the creation down to the moment of writing; which was under the Khaliphat of Mothi Billah, in the month Dgioumadi-el-aoual of the 336th year of the Hegira or flight of the Prophet. He informs us that the earth is a huge bird, Mecca and and Medina conſtituting the head, Perſia and India the right wing, the land of Gog the left wing, and Africa the tail. He informs us, moreover, that an earth has exiſted before the preſent, (which he conſi-

* Sir W. Jones, Diss. Antiq. Ind. Zod.
† Mss. Bibliot. Roi. Fr.

ders as a mere chicken of 7000 years) that it has dergone divers deluges, and that, according, to opinion of ſome well informed Brahmins of his quaintance, it will be renovated every ſeventy th sandth hazarouam; each hazarouman conſiſting 12,000 years.

These are a few of the many contradictory opin of philoſophers concerning the earth, and we find the learned have had equal perplexity as to the ture of the ſun. Some of the ancient philoſop have affirmed that it is a vaſt wheel of brilliant fi others that it is merely a mirror or ſphere of tran rent chryſtal;† and a third claſs, at the head of wl ſtands Anaxagoras, maintained that it was notl but a huge ignited maſs of iron or ſtone—indeed, declared the heavens to be merely a vault of ſt and that the ſtars were ſtones whirled upwards f the earth, and ſet on fire by the velocity of its r lutions.‡ But I give little attention to the doctr of this philoſopher, the people of Athens having f refuted them, by banishing him from their cit conciſe mode of anſwering unwelcome doctrines n reſorted to in former days. Another ſect of phil phers do declare, that certain fiery particles ex conſtantly from the earth, which concentrating

* Plutarch de placitis Philosoph. lib. ii. cap. 20.

† Achill. Tat. Isag. cap. 19. Ap. Petav. t. iii. p. 81. Eclog. Phys. lib. i. p. 56. Plut. de plac. phs.

‡ Diogenes Laertius in Anaxag. l. ii. sec. 8. Plat. Apol. t. i. Plut. de Plac. Philo. Xenoph. Mem. l. iv. p. 815.

ſingle point of the firmament by day, conſtitute the ſun, but being ſcattered and rambling about in the dark at night, collect in various points and form ſtars. Theſe are regularly burnt out and extinguished, not unlike to the lamps in our ſtreets, and require a fresh ſupply of exhalations for the next occaſion.*

It is even recorded, that at certain remote and obſcure periods, in conſequence of a great ſcarcity of fuel, the ſun has been completely burnt out, and sometimes not rekindled for a month at a time. A moſt melancholy circumſtance, the very idea of which gave raſt concern to Heraclitus, that worthy weeping philoſopher of antiquity. In addition to theſe various ſpeculations, it was the opinion of Herſchel, that the ſun is a magnificent, habitable abode; the light it furniſhes ariſing from certain empyreal, luminous or phosphoric clouds, ſwimming in its tranſparent atmosphere.†

But we will not enter further at preſent into the nature of the ſun, that being an inquiry not immediately neceſſary to the developement of this hiſtory; neither will we embroil ourſelves in any more of the endleſs diſputes of philoſophers touching the form of this globe, but content ourselves with the theory advanced in the beginning of this chapter, and will pro-

* Ariſtot. Meteor. l. ii. c. 2. Idem. Probl. sec. 15. Stob. Ecl. Phys. l. i. p. 55. Bruck. Hiſt. Phil. t. I. p. 1154, &c.

† Philos. Trans. 1795. p. 72. Idem. 1801. p. 265. Nich. Philos. Journ. I. p. 13.

ceed to illuſtrate by experiment, the complexity of motion therein aſcribed to this our rotatory planet.

Professor Von Poddingcoft (or Puddinghead, as the name may be rendered into English,) was long celebrated in the univerſity of Leyden, for moſt profound gravity of deportment, and his talent at going to ſleep in the midſt of examinations; to the infinite relief of his hopeful ſtudents, who thereby worked their way through college with great eaſe and little ſtudy. In the courſe of one of his lectures, the learned profeſſor, ſeizing a bucket of water ſwung it round his head at arm's length; the impulſe with which he threw the veſſel from him, being a centrifugal force, the retention of his arm operating as a centripetal power, and the bucket, which was a ſubſtitute for the earth, deſcribing a circular orbit round about the globular head and ruby viſage of Profeſſor Von Poddingcoft, which formed no bad repreſentation of the ſun. All of theſe particulars were duly explained to the claſs of gaping ſtudents around him. He appriſed them moreover, that the ſame principle of gravitation, which retained the water in the bucket, reſtrains the ocean from flying from the earth in its rapid revolutions; and he further informed them that should the motion of the earth be ſuddenly checked, it would incontinently fall into the ſun, through the centripetal force of gravitation; a moſt ruinous event to this planet, and one which would alſo obſcure, though it moſt probably would not extinguiſh the

luminary. An unlucky ſtripling, one of thoſe ınt geniuſes, who ſeem ſent into the world ·ly to annoy worthy men of the puddinghead or- deſirous of aſcertaining the correctneſs of the eriment, ſuddenly arreſted the arm of the pro- ior, juſt at the moment that the bucket was in its aith, which immediately deſcended with aſtoniſh- g preciſion upon the philoſophic head of the in- ructor of youth. A hollow ſound, and a red-hot iſs attended the contact, but the theory was in the mpleſt manner illuſtrated, for the unfortunate bucket periſhed in the conflict; but the blazing countenance of Profeſſor Von Poddingcoft, emerged from amidſt the waters, glowing fiercer than ever with unuttera- ble indignation—whereby the ſtudents were marvel- louſly edified, and departed conſiderably wiſer than before.

It is a mortifying circumſtance, which greatly perplexes many a pains taking philoſopher, that na- ture often refuſes to ſecond his moſt profound and elaborate efforts; ſo that often after having invented one of the moſt ingenious and natural theories imagi- nable, ſhe will have the perverſeneſs to act directly in the teeth of his ſyſtem, and flatly contradict his moſt favourite poſitions. This is a manifeſt and unmerited grievance, ſince it throws the cenſure of the vulgar and unlearned entirely upon the philo- opher; whereas the fault is not to be aſcribe to his theory, which is unqueſtionably correct, but

the waywardneſs of dame nature, who with the
verbial fickleneſs of her ſex, is continually indul
in coquetries and caprices, and ſeems really to
pleaſure in violating all philoſophic rules, and jil
the moſt learned and indefatigable of her ado
Thus it happened with reſpect to the foregoing ſa
factory explanation of the motion of our planet
appears that the centrifugal force has long ſi
ceaſed to operate, while its antagoniſt remains in
diminiſhed potency: the world therefore, accord
to the theory as it originally ſtood, ought in ſtrict
priety to tumble into the ſun—Philoſophers were
vinced that it would do ſo, and awaited in anx
impatience, the fulfilment of their prognoſtics.
the untoward planet pertinaciouſly continued
courſe, notwithſtanding that ſhe had reaſon,
loſophy, and a whole univerſity of learned profe
oppoſed to her conduct. The philoſophers took
in very ill part, and it is thought they would n
have pardoned the ſlight and affront which they
ceived put upon them by the world, had not a g
natured profeſſor kindly officiated as a mediator
tween the parties, and effected a reconciliation.

Finding the world would not accommodate i
to the theory, he wiſely determined to accommo
the theory to the world: he therefore informed
brother philoſophers, that the circular motion
the earth round the ſun was no ſooner engend
by the conflicting impulſes above deſcribed,

it became a regular revolution, independent of the cauſes which gave it origin. His learned brethren readily joined in the opinion, being heartily glad of any explanation that would decently extricate them from their embarraſſment—and ever ſince that memorable era the world has been left to take her own courſe, and to revolve around the ſun in ſuch orbit as ſhe thinks proper.

CHAP. II.

Cosmogony, or Creation of the World: with a multitude of excellent Theories, by which the Creation of a World is shewn to be no such difficult Matter as common Folks would imagine.

Having thus briefly introduced my reader to the world, and given him ſome idea of its form and ſituation, he will naturally be curious to know from whence it came, and how it was created. And indeed the clearing up of theſe points is abſolutely eſſential to my hiſtory, in as much as if this world had not been formed, it is more than probable, that this renowned iſland on which is ſituated the city of New-York, would never have had an exiſtence. The regular courſe of my hiſtory therefore, requires that I ſhould proceed to notice the coſmogony or formation of this our globe.

And now I give my readers fair warning, that I am about to plunge for a chapter or two, into as complete a labyrinth as ever hiſtorian was perplexed withal: therefore I adviſe them to take faſt hold of my ſkirts, and keep cloſe at my heels, venturing neither to the right hand nor to the left, leſt they get bemired in a ſlough of unintelligible learning, or have their brains knocked out, by ſome of thoſe hard

Greek names which will be flying about in all directions. But should any of them be too indolent or chicken-hearted to accompany me in this perilous undertaking, they had better take a ſhort cut round, and wait for me at the beginning of ſome ſmoother chapter.

Of the creation of the world, we have a thouſand contradictory accounts; and though a very ſatisfactory one is furniſhed us by divine revelation, yet every philoſopher feels himſelf in honour bound, to furniſh us with a better. As an impartial hiſtorian, I conſider it my duty to notice their ſeveral theories, by which mankind have been ſo exceedingly edified and inſtructed.

Thus it was the opinion of certain ancient ſages, that the earth and the whole ſyſtem of the univerſe, was the deity himſelf;* a doctrine moſt ſtrenuouſly maintained by Zenophanes and the whole tribe of Eleatics, as alſo by Strato and the ſect of peripatetic philoſophers. Pythagoras likewiſe inculcated the famous numerical ſyſtem of the monad, dyad, and triad, and by means of his ſacred quaternary elucidated the formation of the world, the arcana of nature, and the principles both of muſic and morals.† Other ages adhered to the mathematical ſyſtem of ſquares

* Ariſtot. ap. Cic. lib. i. cap. 3.
† Ariſtot. Metaph. lib i. c. 5. Idem de cœlo l. 3. c i. Rouſſeau dict. mus. muſique ancien. p. 39. Plutarch de plac. Philos. lib. i. p. 3.

and triangles; the cube, the pyramid, and the ſphere; the tetrahedron, the octahedron, the icoſahedron and the dodecahedron.* While others advocated the great elementary theory, which refers the conſtruction of our globe and all that it contains, to the combinations of four material elements, air, earth, fire and water; with the aſſiſtance of a fifth, an immaterial and vivifying principle.

Nor muſt I omit to mention the great atomic ſyſtem taught by old Moſchus before the ſiege of Troy; revived by Democritus of laughing memory; improved by Epicurus that king of good fellows, and modernifed by the fanciful Deſcartes. But I decline inquiring, whether the atoms, of which the earth is ſaid to be compoſed, are eternal or recent; whether they are animate or inanimate; whether, agreeably to the opinion of the Atheists, they were fortuitouſly aggregated, or as the Theiſts maintain, were arranged by a ſupreme intelligence.† Whether in fact the earth be an inſenſate clod, or whether it be animated by a ſoul;‡ which opinion was ſtrenuouſly maintained by the hoſt of philoſophers, at the head of whom ſtands the great Plato, that temperate ſage, who threw the cold water of philoſophy on the the form of ſexual inter-

* Tim. Locr. ap. Plato. t. 3. p. 90.

† Aristot. Nat. Auscult. l. 2. cap. 6. Aristoph. Metaph. lib. 1. cap. 3. Cic. de Nat. deor. lib. i. cap. 10. Justin Mart. orat. ad gent. p. 20.

‡ Mosheim in Cudw. lib. i. cap. 4. Tim. de anim. mund. ap. Plat. lib. 3. Mem. de l'acad. des Belles Lettr. t. 32, p. 19, et al.

and inculcated the doctrine of Platonic love—
ıiſitely refined intercourſe, but much better
to the ideal inhabitants of his imaginary iſland
ıtis, than to the ſturdy race, compoſed of re-
fleſh and blood, which populates the little
f fact iſland we inhabit.

:s theſe ſyſtems, we have moreover the poeti-
ɣeny of old Heſiod, who generated the whole
: in the regular mode of procreation, and the
opinion of others, that the earth was hatch-
the great egg of night, which floated in chaos,
ı cracked by the horns of the celeſtial bull.
rate this laſt doctrine, Burnet in his theory
rth,† has favoured us with an accurate draw-
deſcription, both of the form and texture of
ıdane egg; which is found to bear a marvel-
:mblance to that of a gooſe. Such of my
ıs take a proper intereſt in the origin of this
ıet, will be pleaſed to learn, that the moſt
l ſages of antiquity, among the Egyptians,
ns, Perſians, Greeks and Latins, have alternate-
l at the hatching of this ſtrange bird, and that
cklings have been caught, and continued in
tones and inflections, from philoſopher to
her, unto the preſent day.

while briefly noticing long celebrated ſyſtems
:nt ſages, let me not paſs over with neglect,

† Book i. ch. 5.

thoſe of other philoſophers; which though leſs uni verſal and renowned, have equal claims to attentio and equal chance for correctneſs. Thus it is record by the Brahmins, in the pages of their inſpired Shaſta that the angel Biſtnoo transforming himſelf into great boar, plunged into the watery abyſs, and broug up the earth on his tuſks. Then iſſued from him mighty tortoiſe, and a mighty ſnake; and Biſtn placed the ſnake erect upon the back of the tortoiſ and he placed the earth upon the head of the ſnake.*

The negro philoſophers of Congo affirm, that t world was made by the hands of angels, exceptin their own country, which the Supreme Being con ſtructed himſelf, that it might be ſupremely excellen And he took great pains with the inhabitants, and mad them very black, and beautiful; and when he ha finiſhed the firſt man, he was well pleaſed with hin and ſmoothed him over the face, and hence his no and the noſe of all his deſcendants became flat.

The Mohawk philoſophers tell us that a pregna woman fell down from heaven, and that a tortoi took her upon its back, becauſe every place was cove ed with water; and that the woman, fitting upo the tortoiſe, paddled with her hands in the wate and raked up the earth, whence it finally happened tha the earth became higher than the water.†

* Holwell. Gent. Philosophy.

† Johannes Megapolensis, jun. Account of Maquaas or Mo hawk Indians. 1644.

I forbear to quote a number more of theſe an- and outlandiſh philoſophers, whoſe deplorable nce, in deſpite of all their erudition, compelled o write in languages which but few of my readers derſtand; and I ſhall proceed briefly to notice nore intelligible and faſhionable theories of their n ſucceſſors.

l firſt I ſhall mention the great Buffon, who tures that this globe was originally a globe of fire, ſcintillated from the body of the ſun, by ccuſſion of a comet, as a ſpark is generated by llifion of flint and ſteel. That at firſt it was ſur- d by groſs vapours, which cooling and con- g in proceſs of time, conſtituted, according to lenſities, earth, water and air; which gradually ed themſelves, according to their reſpective gra- round the burning or vitrified maſs, that formed entre.

:ton, on the contrary, ſuppoſes that the waters were univerſally paramount; and he terrifies f with the idea that the earth muſt be eventu- aſhed away, by the force of rain, rivers and ain torrents, until it is confounded with the or in other words, abſolutely diſſolves into it- Sublime idea! far ſurpaſſing that of the tender- d damſel of antiquity, who wept herſelf into a in; or the good dame of Narbonne in France, for a volubility of tongue unuſual in her ſex, oomed to peel five hundred thouſand and thirty-

nine ropes of onions, and actually ran out at her eye before half the hideous taſk was accompliſhed.

Whiſton, the ſame ingenious philoſopher who r valled Ditton in his reſearches after the longitud (for which the miſchief-loving Swift diſcharged c their heads a moſt ſavoury ſtanza) has diſtinguiſ ed himſelf by a very admirable theory reſpecting t earth. He conjectures that it was originally a *chao comet*, which being ſelected for the abode of man, w removed from its eccentric orbit, and whirled roun the ſun in its preſent regular motion; by which chan of direction, order ſucceeded to confuſion in the a rangement of its component parts. The philoſoph adds, that the deluge was produced by an uncourteo ſalute from the watery tail of another comet; doub leſs through ſheer envy of its improved condition thus furniſhing a melancholy proof that jealouſy ma prevail, even among the heavenly bodies, and diſcor interrupt that celeſtial harmony of the ſpheres, ſo me lodiouſly ſung by the poets.

But I paſs over a variety of excellent theorie among which are thoſe of Burnet, and Woodward and Whitehurſt; regretting extremely that my tim will not ſuffer me to give them the notice they de ſerve—And ſhall conclude with that of the renowne Dr. Darwin. This learned Theban, who is as muc diſtinguiſhed for rhyme as reaſon, and for good na tured credulity as ſerious reſearch, and who has re commended himſelf wonderfully to the good grace

of the ladies, by letting them into all the gallantries, amours, debaucheries, and other topics of ſcandal of the court of Flora; has fallen upon a theory worthy of his combuſtible imagination. According to his opinion, the huge maſs of chaos took a ſudden occaſion to explode, like a barrel of gunpowder, and in that act exploded the ſun—which in its flight, by a ſimilar convulſion, exploded the earth—which in like guiſe exploded the moon—and thus by a concatenation of exploſions, the whole ſolar ſyſtem was produced, and ſet moſt ſyſtematically in motion!*

By the great variety of theories here alluded to, every one of which, if thoroughly examined, will be found ſurpriſingly conſiſtent in all its parts; my unlearned readers will perhaps be led to conclude, that the creation of a world is not ſo difficult a taſk as they at firſt imagined. I have ſhown at leaſt a ſcore of ingenious methods in which a world could be conſtructed; and I have no doubt, that had any of the philoſopher's above quoted, the uſe of a good manageable comet, and the philoſophical ware-houſe *chaos* at his command, he would engage to manufacture a planet as good, or if you would take his word for it, better than this we inhabit.

And here I cannot help noticing the kindneſs of providence, in creating comets for the great relief of bewildered philoſophers. By their aſſiſtance more

* Drw. Bot. Garden. Part I. Cant. i. l. 105.

ſudden evolutions and tranſitions are affected in the ſyſtem of nature, than are wrought in a pantomimic exhibition, by the wonder-working ſword of Harlequin. Should one of our modern ſages, in his theoretical flights among the ſtars, ever find himſelf loſt in the clouds, and in danger of tumbling into the abyſs of nonſenſe and abſurdity, he has but to ſeize a comet by the beard, mount aſtride of its tail, and away he gallops in triumph, like an enchanter on his hippogriff, or a Connecticut witch on her broomſtick, "to ſweep the cobwebs out of the ſky."

It is an old and vulgar saying, about a "beggar on horſe back," which I would not for the world have applied to theſe reverend philoſophers; but I muſt confeſs, that ſome of them, when they are mounted on one of thoſe fiery ſteeds, are as wild in their curvettings as was Phaeton of yore, when he aſpired to manage the chariot of Phœbus. One drives his comet at full ſpeed againſt the ſun, and knocks the world out of him with the mighty concuſſion; another more moderate, makes his comet a kind of beaſt of burden, carrying the ſun a regular ſupply of food and faggots—a third, of more combuſtible diſpoſition, threatens to throw his comet, like a bombſhell into the world, and blow it up like a powder magazine; while a fourth, with no great delicacy to this planet, and its inhabitants, inſinuates that ſome day or other, his comet—my modeſt pen bluſhes while I write it—ſhall abſolulely turn tail upon our world and deluge

it with water!—Surely, as I have already obſerved, comets were bountifully provided by providence for the benefit of philoſophers, to aſſiſt them in manufacturing theories.

And now, having adduced ſeveral of the moſt prominent theories, that occur to my recollection, I leave my judicious readers at full liberty to chooſe among them. They are all ſerious ſpeculations of learned men—all differ eſſentially from each other—and all have the ſame title to belief. It has ever been the taſk of one race of philoſophers to demoliſh the works of their predeceſſors, and elevate more ſplendid fantaſies in their ſtead, which in their turn are demoliſhed and replaced by the air caſtles of a ſucceeding generation. Thus it would ſeem that knowledge and genius, of which we make ſuch great parade, conſiſt but in detecting the errors and abſurdities of thoſe who have gone before, and deviſing new errors and abſurdities, to be detected by thoſe who are to come after us. Theories are the mighty ſoap bubbles, with which the grown up children of ſcience amuſe themſelves—while the honeſt vulgar ſtand gazing in ſtupid admiration, and dignify theſe learned vagaries with the name of wiſdom!—Surely Socrates was right in his opinion, that philoſophers are but a ſoberer ſort of madmen, buſying themſelves in things totally incomprehenſible, or which, if they could be comprehended, would be found not worthy the trouble of diſcovery.

For my own part, until the learned have come to an agreement among themſelves, I ſhall content myſelf with the account handed down to us by Moſes in which I do but follow the example of our ingenious neighbours of Connecticut; who at their firſt ſettlement proclaimed, that the colony ſhould be governed by the laws of God—until they had time to make better.

One thing however appears certain—from the unanimous authority of the before quoted philoſophers, ſupported by the evidence of our own ſenſes (which, though very apt to deceive us, may be cautiouſly admitted as additional teſtimony,) it appears, I ſay, and I make the aſſertion deliberately, without fear of contradiction, that this globe really *was created*, and that it is compoſed of *land and water*. It further appears that it is curiouſly divided and parcelled out into continents and iſlands, among which I boldly declare the renowned ISLAND OF NEW-YORK, will be found by any one who ſeeks for it in its proper place.

CHAP. III.

How that famous navigator, Noah, was shamefully nick-named; and how he committed an unpardonable oversight in not having four sons. With the great trouble of philosophers caused thereby, and the discovery of America.

NOAH, who is the firſt ſea-faring man we read of, begat three ſons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Authors it is true are not wanting, who affirm that the patriarch had a number of other children. Thus Berofus makes him father of the gigantic Titans, Methodius gives him a ſon called Jonithus, or Jonicus, (who was the firſt inventor of Johnny cakes,) and others have mentioned a ſon, named Thuiſcon, from whom deſcended the Teutons or Teutonic, or in other words, the Dutch nation.

I regret exceedingly that the nature of my plan will not permit me to gratify the laudable curioſity of my readers, by inveſtigating minutely the hiſtory of the great Noah. Indeed ſuch an undertaking would be attended with more trouble than many people would imagine; for the good old Patriarch ſeems to have been a great traveller in his day, and to have paſſed under a different name in every country that he viſited. The Chaldeans for inſtance give us his ſtory, merely altering his name into Xiſuthrus—a

trivial alteration, which, to an hiſtorian ſkilled in et
mologies, will appear wholly unimportant. It appea
likewiſe, that he had exchanged his tarpawlin and qu
drant among the Chaldeans, for the gorgeous inſign
of royalty, and appears as a monarch in their anna
The Egyptians celebrate him under the name of Oſir
the Indians as Menu; the Greek and Roman write
confound him with Ogyges, and the Theban wi
Deucalion and Saturn. But the Chineſe, who deſe
vedly rank among the moſt extenſive and authent
hiſtorians, inaſmuch as they have known the wor
much longer than any one elſe, declare that Noa
was no other than Fohi; and what gives this aſſertio
ſome air of credibility is, that it is a fact, admitte
by the moſt enlightened literati, that Noah travell
into China, at the time of the building of the tow
of Babel (probably to improve himſelf in the ſtudy o
languages) and the learned Dr. Shackford gives us th
additional information, that the ark reſted on a mountai
on the frontiers of China.

From this maſs of rational conjectures and ſag
hypotheſes, many ſatisfactory deductions might b
drawn; but I ſhall content myſelf with the ſimpl
fact ſtated in the Bible, viz. that Noah begat thre
ſons, Shem, Ham and Japhet. It is aſtoniſhing o
what remote and obſcure contingencies the great ra
fairs of this world depends, and how events the mo
diſtant and to the common obſerver unconnected, ar
inevitably conſequent the one to the other. It remain

to the philoſopher to diſcover theſe myſterious affinities, and it is the proudeſt triumph of his ſkill, to detect and bring forth ſome latent chain of cauſation, which at firſt ſight appears a paradox to the inexperienced obſerver. Thus many of my readers will doubtleſs wonder, what connection the family of Noah can poſſibly have with this hiſtory—and many will ſtare when informed, that the whole hiſtory of this quarter of the world has taken its character and courſe, from the ſimple circumſtance of the patriarch's having but three ſons—but I ſhall explain.

Noah, we are told by ſundry very credible hiſtorians, becoming ſole ſurviving heir and proprietor of the earth, in fee ſimple, after the deluge, like a good father portioned out his eſtate among his children. To Shem he gave Aſia, to Ham, Africa, and to Japhet, Europe. Now it is a thouſand times to be lamented that he had but three ſons, for had there been a fourth, he would doubtleſs have inherited America; which of courſe would have been dragged forth from its obſcurity on the occaſion; and thus many a hard working hiſtorian and philoſopher, would have been ſpared a prodigious waſte of weary conjecture, reſpecting the firſt diſcovery and population of this country. Noah, however, having provided for his three ſons, looked in all probability, upon our country as mere wild unſettled land, and ſaid nothing about it, and to this unpardonable taciturnity of the Patriarch may we aſcribe

the misfortune, that America did not c
world, as early as the other quarters of t

It is true, ſome writers have vindica
this miſconduct towards poſterity, and
he really did diſcover America. Thu
opinion of Mark Leſcarbot, a French wr
of that ponderoſity of thought, and pr
reflection, so peculiar to his nation, tl
diate deſcendants of Noah peopled this
globe, and that the old patriarch himſ
retained a paſſion for the ſea-faring life,
ed the tranſmigration. The pious and
father Charlevoix, a French Jeſuit, re
his averſion to the marvellous, co
great travellers, is concluſively of th
ion; nay, he goes ſtill further, and dec
manner in which the diſcovery was ef
was by ſea, and under the immediate di
great Noah. "I have already obſerv
the good father in a tone of becomin
"that it is an arbitrary ſuppoſition th
children of Noah were not able to pen
new world, or that they never thoug
effect, I can ſee no reaſon that can j
notion. Who can ſeriouſly believe, th
his immediate deſcendants knew leſs tha
that the builder and pilot of the gre
ever was, a ſhip which was formed to t
bounded ocean, and had ſo many ſhoa

guard againſt, ſhould be ignorant of, or
ıot have communicated to his deſcendants
f ſailing on the ocean?" Therefore they did
he ocean—therefore they ſailed to Amer-
:efore America was diſcovered by Noah!
all this exquiſite chain of reaſoning, which
:ikingly characteriſtic of the good father,
dreſſed to the faith, rather than the under-
is flatly oppoſed by Hans de Laet, who
it a real and moſt ridiculous paradox, to
hat Noah ever entertained the thought of dis-
America; and as Hans is a Dutch writer,
ined to believe he muſt have been much better
ed with the worthy crew of the ark than his
ors, and of courſe poſſeſſed of more accurate
f information. It is aſtoniſhing how intimate
s do daily become with the patriarchs and
:at men of antiquity. As intimacy improves
.e, and as the learned are particularly inquiſi-
familiar in their acquaintance with the an-
ſhould not be ſurpriſed, if ſome future writers
ravely give us a picture of men and manners
:xiſted before the flood, far more copious and
than the Bible; and that, in the courſe of
century, the log book of the good Noah ſhould
rrent among hiſtorians, as the voyages of Cap-
k, or the renowned hiſtory of Robinſon Cruſoe.
l not occupy my time by diſcuſſing the huge
additional ſuppoſitions, conjectures and pro-

babilities reſpecting the firſt diſcovery of this co with which unhappy hiſtorians overload them in their endeavours to ſatisfy the doubts of an dulous world. It is painful to ſee theſe lab wights panting and toiling, and ſweating unc enormous burden, at the very outſet of their which on being opened, turns out to be nothi a mighty bundle of ſtraw. As, however, by u ried aſſiduity, they ſeem to have eſtabliſhed th to the ſatisfaction of all the world, that this c *has been diſcovered*, I ſhall avail myſelf of their labours to be extremely brief upon this point.

I ſhall not therefore ſtop to inquire, whether rica was firſt diſcovered by a wandering vei that celebrated Phœnician fleet, which, accordi Herodotus, circumnavigated Africa; or by that thaginian expedition, which Pliny, the naturali forms us, diſcovered the Canary Iſlands; or wl it was ſettled by a temporary colony from Ty hinted by Ariſtotle and Seneca. I ſhall neith quire whether it was firſt diſcovered by the Ch as Voſſius with great ſhrewdneſs advances, n the Norwegians in 1002, under Biorn; nor b hem, the German navigator, as Mr. Otto has e voured to prove to the Sçavans of the learned c Philadelphia.

Nor ſhall I inveſtigate the more modern clai the Welſh, founded on the voyage of Prince M in the eleventh century, who having never retu

it has ſince been wiſely concluded that he muſt have gone to America and that for a plain reaſon—if he did not go there, where elſe could he have gone?—a queſtion which moſt Socratically ſhuts out all further diſpute.

Laying aſide, therefore, all the conjectures above mentioned, with a multitude of others, equally ſatisfactory, I ſhall take for granted, the vulgar opinion, that America was diſcovered on the 12th of October, 1492, by Chriſtovallo Colon, a Genoeſe, who has been clumſily nick-named Columbus, but for what reaſon I cannot diſcern. Of the voyages and adventures of this Colon, I ſhall ſay nothing, ſeeing that they are already ſufficiently known. Nor ſhall I undertake to prove that this country ſhould have been called Colonia, after his name, that being notoriouſly* ſelf evident.

Having thus happily got my readers on this ſide of the Atlantic, I picture them to myſelf, all impatience to enter upon the enjoyment of the land of promiſe, and in full expectation that I will immediately deliver it into their poſſeſſion. But if I do, may I ever forfeit the reputation of a regular bred hiſtorian. No—no—moſt curious and thrice learned readers, (for thrice learned ye are if ye have read all that has gone before, and nine times learned ſhall ye be, if ye read that comes after,) we have yet a world of work before us. Think you the firſt diſcoverers of this fair quarter of the globe, had nothing to do but go on

ſhore and find a country ready laid out and cultivated like a garden, wherein they might revel at their eaſe? No ſuch thing—they had foreſts to cut down, underwood to grub up, marſhes to drain, and ſavages to exterminate.

In like manner, I have ſundry doubts to clear away, queſtions to reſolve, and paradoxes to explain, before I permit you to range at random; but theſe difficulties, once overcome, we ſhall be enabled to jog on right merrily through the reſt of our hiſtory. Thus my work ſhall, in a manner, echo the nature of the ſubject, in the ſame manner as the ſound of poetry has been found by certain ſhrewd critics, to echo the ſenſe—this being an improvement in hiſtory, which I claim the merit of having invented.

CHAP. IV.

Showing the great difficulty Philosophers have had in peopling America—And how the Aborigines came to be begotten by accident—to the great relief and satisfaction of the Author.

THE next inquiry at which we arrive in the regular courſe of our hiſtory, is to aſcertain, if poſſible, how this country was originally peopled; a point fruitful of incredible embarraſſments; for unleſs we prove that the Aborigines did abſolutely come from ſome where, it will be immediately aſſerted in this age of ſcepticiſm, that they did not come at all; and if they did not come at all, then was this country never populated—a concluſion perfectly agreeable to the rules of logic, but wholly irreconcilable to every feeling of humanity, inaſmuch as it muſt ſyllogiſtically prove fatal to the innumerable Aborigines of this populous region.

To avert ſo dire a ſophiſm, and to reſcue from logical annihilation ſo many millions of fellow creatures, how many wings of geeſe have been plundered! what oceans of ink have been benevolently drained! and how many capacious heads of learned hiſtorians have been addled and for ever confounded! I pauſe with reverential awe, when I contemplate the ponderous tomes in different languages, with which

they have endeavoured to ſolve this queſtion, ſo important to the happineſs of ſociety, but ſo involved in clouds of impenetrable obſcurity. Hiſtorian after hiſtorian has engaged in the endleſs circle of hypothetical argument, and after leading us a weary chace through octavos, quartos, and folios, has let us out at the end of his work, juſt as wiſe as we were at the beginning. It was doubtleſs ſome philoſophical wild gooſe chace of the kind, that made the old poet Macrobius rail in ſuch a paſſion at curioſity, which he anathematizes moſt heartily, as "an irkſome agonizing care, a ſuperſtitious induſtry about unprofitable things, an itching humour to ſee what is not to be ſeen, and to be doing what ſignifies nothing when it is done." But to proceed:

Of the claims of the children of Noah to the original population of this country I ſhall ſay nothing, as they have already been touched upon in my laſt chapter. The claimants next in celebrity, are the deſcendants of Abraham. Thus Chriſtoval Colon (vulgarly called Columbus) when he firſt diſcovered the gold mines of Hiſpaniola immediately concluded, with a ſhrewdneſs that would have done honour to a philoſopher, that he had found the ancient Ophir, from whence Solomon procured the gold for embelliſhing the temple at Jeruſalem; nay, Colon even imagined that he ſaw the remains of furnaces of veritable Hebraic conſtruction, employed in refining the precious ore.

So golden a conjecture, tinctured with ſuch faſcinating extravagance, was too tempting not to be immediately ſnapped at by the gudgeons of learning, and accordingly, there were divers profound writers, ready to ſwear to its correctneſs, and to bring in their uſual load of authorities, and wiſe ſurmiſes, wherewithal to prop it up. Vetablus and Robertus Stephens declared nothing could be more clear—Arius Montanus without the leaſt heſitation, aſſerts that Mexico was the true Ophir, and the Jews the early ſettlers of the country. While Poſſevin, Becan, and ſeveral other ſagacious writers, lug in a *ſuppoſed* prophecy of the fourth book of Eſdras, which being inſerted in the mighty hypotheſis, like the key ſtone of an arch, gives it, in their opinion, perpetual durability.

Scarce, however, have they completed their goodly ſuperſtructure, than in trudges a phalanx of oppoſite authors, with Hans de Laet the great Dutchman at their head, and at one blow, tumbles the whole fabric about their ears. Hans, in fact, contradicts outright all the Iſraelitiſh claims to the firſt ſettlement of this country, attributing all thoſe equivocal ſymptoms, and traces of Chriſtianity and Judaiſm, which have been ſaid to be found in divers provinces of the new world, to the *Devil*, who has always affected to counterfeit the worſhip of the true Deity. "A remark," ſays the knowing old Padre d'Acoſta, "made by all good authors who have ſpoken of the religion of nations

newly diſcovered, and founded beſides on the authority of the *fathers of the church.*"

Some writers again, among whom it is with great regret I am compelled to mention Lopez de Gomara and Juan de Leri, inſinuate that the Canaanites, being driven from the land of promiſe by the Jews, were ſeized with ſuch a panic that they fled without looking behind them, until ſtopping to take breath, they found themſelves ſafe in America. As they brought neither their national language, manners, nor features with them, it is ſuppoſed they left them behind in the hurry of their flight.—I cannot give my faith to this opinion.

I paſs over the ſuppoſition of the learned Grotius, who being both an ambaſſador and a Dutchman to boot, is entitled to great reſpect; that North America was peopled by a ſtrolling company of Norwegians, and that Peru was founded by a colony from China—Manco or Mungo Capac, the firſt Incas, being himſelf a Chineſe. Nor ſhall I more than barely mention, that father Kircher aſcribes the ſettlement of America to the Egyptians, Budbeck to the Scandinavians, Charron to the Gauls, Juffredus Petri to a ſkaiting party from Frieſland, Milius to the Celtæ Marinocus the Sicilian to the Romans, Le Compte to the Phœnicians, Poſtel to the Moors, Martyn d'Angleria to the Abyſſinians, together with the ſage ſurmiſe of De Laet, that England, Ireland and the Orcades may contend for that honour.

ligate the heathenish assertion of Paracelsus, that hemisphere of the globe was originally furnished an Adam and Eve. Or the more flattering opin- of Dr. Romayne, supported by many nameless rities, that Adam was of the Indian race—or the ing conjecture of Buffon, Helvetius, and Dar- so highly honourable to mankind, that the whole n species is accidentally descended from a re- able family of monkies!

is last conjecture, I must own, came upon me suddenly and very ungraciously. I have often d the clown in a pantomime, while gazing in d wonder at the extravagant gambols of a harle- , all at once electrified by a sudden stroke of the den sword across his shoulders. Little did I think ch times, that it would ever fall to my lot to be ed with equal discourtesy, and that while I was the beholding those same philosophers emulating

ent methods by which they tranſported the deſcen ants of theſe ancient and reſpectable monkeys, to th great field of theoretical warfare.

This was done either by migrations by land or tran migrations by water. Thus Padre Joſeph D'Acoſt enumerates three paſſages by land, firſt by the nort of Europe, ſecondly by the north of Aſia, and thirdl by regions ſouthward of the ſtraits of Magellan. Th learned Grotius marches his Norwegians by a plea ſant route acroſs frozen rivers and arms of the ſea through Iceland, Greenland, Eſtotiland and Narem berga. And various writers, among whom are An gleria, De Hornn and Buffon, anxious for the accom modation of theſe travellers, have faſtened the tw continents together by a ſtrong chain of deductions— by which means they could paſs over dry ſhod. Bu ſhould even this fail, Pinkerton, that induſtrious old gentleman, who compiles books, and manufacture Geographies, has conſtructed a natural bridge of ice from continent to continent, at the diſtance of fou or five miles from Behring's ſtraits—for which he i entitled to the grateful thanks of all the wandering aborigines who ever did, or ever will paſs over it.

It is an evil much to be lamented, that none of the worthy writers above quoted, could ever commence his work, without immediately declaring hoſtilities againſt every writer who had treated of the ſame ſub ject. In this particular, authors may be compared to a certain ſagacious bird, which in building its neſt,

ſure to pull to pieces the neſts of all the birds in its ighbourhood. This unhappy propenſity tends griev- ſly to impede the progreſs of ſound knowledge. eories are at beſt but brittle productions, and when ce committed to the ſtream, they ſhould take care at like the notable pots which were fellow voyagers, ey do not crack each other.

For my part, when I beheld the ſages I have quot- l, gravely accounting for unaccountable things, and ſcourſing thus wiſely about matters forever hidden om their eyes, like a blind man deſcribing the glories : light, and the beauty and harmony of colours, I ll back in aſtoniſhment at the amazing extent of man ingenuity.

If—cried I to myſelf, theſe learned men can weave hole ſyſtems out of nothing, what would be their oductions were they furniſhed with ſubſtantial ma- rials—if they can argue and diſpute thus ingeniouſly out ſubjects beyond their knowledge, what would e the profundity of their obſervations, did they but ow what they were talking about! Should old Rha- manthus, when he comes to decide upon their con- ct while on earth, have the leaſt idea of the uſeful- eſs of their labours, he will undoubtedly claſs them ith theſe notorious wiſe men of Gotham, who illed a bull, twiſted a rope of ſand, and wove a lvet purſe from a ſow's ear.

My chief ſurpriſe is, that among the many writers have noticed, no one has attempted to prove that

this country was peopled from the moon—o the firſt inhabitants floated hither on iſlands as white bears cruize about the northern oc or that they were conveyed hither by balloons, a ern aeronauts paſs from Dover to Calais—or by craft, as Simon Magus poſted among the ſta after the manner of the renowned Scythian who like the New-England witches on full-b broomſticks, made moſt unheard of journeys c back of a golden arrow, given him by the Hy rean Apollo.

But there is ſtill one mode left by whic country could have been peopled, which I ha reſerved for the laſt, becauſe I conſider it wc the rest, it is—*by accident!* Speaking of the of Solomon, New-Guinea, and New-Hollan profound father Charlevoix obſerves, "in fi theſe countries are peopled, and *it is possible*, have been ſo *by accident*. Now if it could have h ed in that manner, why might it not have been *same time*, and by the *same means*, with *the othe* of the globe?" This ingenious mode of de certain concluſions from poſſible premiſes, is provement in ſyllogiſtic ſkill, and proves the father ſuperior even to Archimedes, for he ca the world without any thing to reſt his lever It is only ſurpaſſed by the dexterity with whic ſturdy old Jeſuit, in another place, cuts the g knot—"Nothing" ſays he, "is more eaſy.

habitants of both hemiſpheres are certainly the descendants of the ſame father. The common father of mankind, received an expreſs order from Heaven, to people the world, and *accordingly it has been peopled.* To bring this about, it was neceſſary to overcome all difficulties in the way, *and they have also been overcome!*" What a Logician! How does he put all the herd of laborious theoriſts to the bluſh, by explaining in five words, what it has coſt them volumes to prove they know nothing about!

They have long been picking at the lock, and fretting at the latch, but the honeſt father at once unlocks the door by burſting it open, and when he has it once ajar, he is at full liberty to pour in as many nations as he pleaſes. This proves to a demonſtration that a little piety is better than a cart load of philoſophy, and is a practical illuſtration of that ſcriptural promiſe—"By faith ye ſhall move mountains."

From all the authorities here quoted, and a variety of others which I have conſulted, but which are omitted through fear of fatiguing the unlearned reader—I can only draw the following concluſions, which eaſily however, are ſufficient for my purpoſe—Firſt, that this part of the world has actually *been peopled* (Q. E. D.) to ſupport which, we have living proofs in the numerous tribes of Indians that inhabit it. Secondly, That it has been peopled in five hundred different ways, as proved by a cloud of authors, who from the poſitiveneſs of their aſſertions ſeem to have

been eye-witneſſes to the fact—Thirdly, that the p
ple of this country had a *variety of fathers*, which
it may not be thought much to their credit by the co
mon run of readers, the leſs we ſay on the ſubject t
better. The queſtion therefore, I truſt, is forever
reſt.

CHAP. V.

In which the Author puts a mighty Question to the rout, by the assistance of the Man in the Moon—which not only delivers thousands of people from great embarrassment, but likewise concludes this introductory book.

The writer of a history may, in some respects, be likened unto an adventurous knight, who having undertaken a perilous enterprize, by way of establishing his fame, feels bound in honour and chivalry, to turn back for no difficulty nor hardship, and never to shrink or quail whatever enemy he may encounter. Under this impression, I resolutely draw my pen and fall to with might and main, at those doughty questions and subtle paradoxes, which, like fiery dragons and bloody giants, beset the entrance to my history, and would fain repulse me from the very threshold. And at this moment a gigantic question has started up, which I must needs take by the beard and utterly subdue, before I can advance another step in my historic undertaking—but I trust this will be the last adversary I shall have to contend with, and that in the next book I shall be enabled to conduct my readers in triumph into the body of my work.

The question which has thus suddenly arisen, is, what right had the first discoverers of America to

land and take poſſeſſion of a country, without firſt gaining the conſent of its inhabitants, or yielding them an adequate compenſation for their territory?—a queſtion which has withſtood many fierce aſſaults, and has given much diſtreſs of mind to multitudes of kind hearted folk. And indeed, until it be totally vanquiſhed, and put to reſt, the worthy people of America can by no means enjoy the ſoil they inhabit, with clear right and title, and quiet, unſullied conſciences.

The firſt ſource of right, by which property is acquired in a country, is DISCOVERY. For as all mankind have an equal right to any thing, which has never before been appropriated, ſo any nation, that diſcovers an uninhabited country, and takes poſſeſſion thereof, is conſidered as enjoying full property, and abſolute, unqueſtionable empire therein.*

This propoſition being admitted, it follows clearly that the Europeans who firſt viſited America, were the real diſcoverers of the ſame; nothing being neceſſary to the eſtabliſhment of this fact, but ſimply to prove that it was totally uninhabited by man. This would at firſt appear to be a point of ſome difficulty, for it is well known, that this quarter of the world abounded with certain animals, that walked erect on two feet, had ſomething of the human countenance, uttered certain unintelligible ſounds, very much like language, in ſhort, had a marvellous reſemblance to

* Grotius. Puffendorf, b. 5. c. 4. Vattel, b. 1. c. 18, &c.

man beings. But the zealous and enlightened fa-
ers, who accompanied the diſcoverers, for the pur-
ſe of promoting the kingdom of heaven, by eſta-
ſhing fat monaſteries and biſhoprics on earth, ſoon
eared up this point, greatly to the ſatisfaction of his
lineſs the pope, and of all Chriſtian voyagers and
ſcoverers.

They plainly proved, and as there were no Indian
riters aroſe on the other ſide, the fact was conſider-
l as fully admitted and eſtabliſhed, that the two
gged race of animals before mentioned, were mere
nnibals, deteſtable monſters, and many of them gi-
nts—which laſt deſcription of vagrants have, ſince
e times of Gog, Magog, and Goliath, been conſi-
ered as outlaws, and have received no quarter in
ther hiſtory, chivalry or ſong. Indeed, even the phi-
ſophic Bacon, declared the Americans to be people
roſcribed by the laws of nature, inaſmuch as they
d a barbarous cuſtom of ſacrificing men, and feed-
g upon man's fleſh.

Nor are theſe all the proofs of their utter barbar-
m: among many other writers of diſcernment, Ulloa
lls us "their imbecility is ſo viſible, that one can
rdly form an idea of them different from what one
as of the brutes. Nothing diſturbs the tranquillity of
heir ſouls, equally inſenſible to diſaſters, and to pros-
erity. Though half naked, they are as contented as a
onarch in his moſt ſplendid array. Fear makes no
mpreſſion on them, and reſpect as little."—All this

is furthermore ſupported by the authority of M guer. "It is not eaſy," ſays he, "to deſcri degree of their indifference for wealth and all i vantages. One does not well know what moti propoſe to them when one would perſuade th any ſervice. It is vain to offer them money, th ſwer that they are not hungry." And Vanega firms the whole, aſſuring us that "ambitior have none, and are more deſirous of being t ſtrong than valiant. The objects of ambition us, honour, fame, reputation, riches, poſts, and d tions are unknown among them. So that this ſul ſpring of action, the cauſe of ſo much good and *real* evil in the world has no powe them. In a word, theſe unhappy mortals m compared to children, in whom the developem reaſon is not completed."

Now all theſe peculiarities, although in the lightened ſtates of Greece, they would have e their poſſeſſors to immortal honour, as having re to practice thoſe rigid and abſtemious maxim mere talking about which, acquired certain old C the reputation of ſages and philoſophers;—yet they clearly proved in the preſent inſtance, to be a moſt abject and brutified nature, totally benea human character. But the benevolent fathers had undertaken to turn theſe unhappy ſavage dumb beaſts, by dint of argument, advance ſtronger proofs; for as certain divines of the firſt

century, and among the reſt Lullus affirm—the Americans go naked, and have no beards!—"They have nothing," ſays Lullus, "of the reaſonable animal, except the maſk."—And even that maſk was allowed to avail them but little, for it was ſoon found that they were of a hideous copper complexion—and being of a copper complexion, it was all the ſame as if they were negroes—and negroes are black, "and black," ſaid the pious fathers, devoutly croſſing themſelves "is the colour of the Devil!" Therefore, ſo far from being able to own property, they had no right even to perſonal freedom, for liberty is too radiant a deity, to inhabit ſuch gloomy temples. All which circumſtances plainly convinced the righteous followers of Cortes and Pizarro, that theſe miſcreants had no title to the ſoil that they infeſted—that they were a perverſe, illiterate, dumb, beardleſs, *black-seed*—mere wild beaſts of the foreſts, and like them ſhould either be ſubdued or exterminated.

From the foregoing arguments, therefore, and a variety of others equally concluſive, which I forbear to enumerate, it was clearly evident that this fair quarter of the globe when firſt viſited by Europeans, was a howling wilderneſs, inhabited by nothing but wild beaſts; and that the tranſ-atlantic viſitors acquired an incontrovertible property therein, by the *right of discovery*.

This right being fully eſtabliſhed, we now come to the next, which is the right acquired by *cultivation*.

"The cultivation of the soil," we are told, "is
"obligation imposed by nature on mankind. T
"whole world is appointed for the nourishment of
"inhabitants: but it would be incapable of doing
"was it uncultivated. Every nation is then obli
"by the law of nature to cultivate the ground t
"has fallen to its share. Those people, like the
"cient Germans and modern Tartars, who, hav
"fertile countries, disdain to cultivate the earth,
"choose to live by rapine, are wanting to themsel
"and *deserve to be exterminated as savage and pernic*
"*beasts.*"*

Now it is notorious, that the savages knew noth
of agriculture, when first discovered by the Eu
peans, but lived a most vagabond, disorderly, unri
eous life,—rambling from place to place, and pr
gally rioting upon the spontaneous luxuries of nat
without tasking her generosity to yield them any th
more; whereas it has been most unquestionably sho
that heaven intended the earth should be ploughed
sown, and manured, and laid out into cities,
towns, and farms, and country seats, and plea
grounds, and public gardens, all which the Ind
knew nothing about—therefore they did not imp
the talents providence had bestowed on them—th
fore they were careless stewards—therefore they

* Vattel—B. i. ch. 17. See likewise Grotius, Puffendorf, &

no right to the ſoil—therefore they deſerved to be exterminated.

It is true the ſavages might plead that they drew all the benefits from the land which their ſimple wants required—they found plenty of game to hunt, which, together with the roots and uncultivated fruits of the earth, furniſhed a ſufficient variety for their frugal repaſts;—and that as heaven merely deſigned the earth to form the abode, and ſatisfy the wants of man; ſo long as thoſe purpoſes were anſwered, the will of heaven was accompliſhed.—But this only proves how undeſerving they were of the bleſſings around them—they were ſo much the more ſavages, for not having more wants; for knowledge is in ſome degree an increaſe of deſires, and it is this ſuperiority both in the number and magnitude of his deſires, that diſtinguiſhes the man from the beaſt. Therefore the Indians, in not having more wants, were very unreaſonable animals; and it was but juſt that they ſhould make way for the Europeans, who had a thouſand wants to their one, and therefore would turn the earth to more account, and by cultivating it, more truly fulfil the will of heaven. Beſides—Grotius and Lauterbach, and Puffendorff, and Titius, and many wiſe men beſide, who have conſidered the matter properly, have determined, that the property of a country cannot be acquired by hunting, cutting wood, or drawing water in it—nothing but preciſe demarcation of limits, and the intention of cultivation, can

eſtabliſh the poſſeſſion. Now as the ſavages (pı
from never having read the authors above
had never complied with any of theſe neceſſary
it plainly followed that they had no right to t
but that it was completely at the diſpoſal of t
comers, who had more knowledge, more wan
more elegant, that is to ſay, artificial deſires thar
ſelves.

In entering upon a newly diſcovered, uncu
country, therefore, the new comers were but
poſſeſſion of what, according to the aforeſaid d
was their own property—therefore in oppoſing
the ſavages were invading their juſt rights, inf
the immutable laws of nature, and counteracti
will of heaven—therefore they were guilty of i
burglary and treſpaſs on the caſe,—therefore th
hardened offenders againſt God and man—th
they ought to be exterminated.

But a more irreſiſtible right than either that
mentioned, and one which will be the moſt
admitted by my reader, provided he be bleſſe
bowels of charity and philanthropy, is the ri
quired by civilization. All the world knows
mentable ſtate in which theſe poor ſavages were
Not only deficient in the comforts of life, but
ſtill worſe, moſt piteouſly and unfortunately k
the miſeries of their ſituation. But no ſooner
benevolent inhabitants of Europe behold their ſa
dition than they immediately went to work to

and improve it. They introduced among them gin, brandy, and the other comforts of life—and aſtoniſhing to read how ſoon the poor ſavages to eſtimate theſe bleſſings—they likewiſe made n to them a thouſand remedies, by which the inveterate diſeaſes are alleviated and healed, and they might comprehend the benefits and enjoy comforts of theſe medicines, they previouſly in- ced among them the diſeaſes, which they were ted to cure. By theſe and a variety of other ods was the condition of theſe poor ſavages won- lly improved; they acquired a thouſand wants, hich they had before been ignorant, and as he oſt ſources of happineſs, who has moſt wants to atified, they were doubtleſsly rendered a much er race of beings.

t the moſt important branch of civilization, and has moſt ſtrenuouſly been extolled, by the zeal- nd pious fathers of the Romiſh Church, is the luction of the Chriſtian faith. It was truly a that might well inſpire horror, to behold theſe es, ſtumbling among the dark mountains of pa- m, and guilty of the moſt horrible ignorance of on. It is true, they neither ſtole nor defrauded; were ſober, frugal, continent, and faithful to word; but though they acted right habitually, it all in vain, unleſs they acted ſo from precept. new comers therefore uſed every method, to in-

duce them to embrace and practiſe the true religion—except indeed that of ſetting them the example.

But notwithſtanding all theſe complicated labours for their good, ſuch was the unparalleled obſtinacy of theſe ſtubborn wretches, that they ungratefully refuſed to acknowledge the ſtrangers as their benefactors, and perſiſted in diſbelieving the doctrines they endeavoured to inculcate; moſt inſolently alledging, that from their conduct, the advocates of Chriſtianity did not ſeem to believe in it themſelves. Was not this too much for human patience?—would not one ſuppoſe, that the benign viſitants from Europe, provoked at their incredulity, and diſcouraged by their ſtiff-necked obſtinacy, would forever have abandoned their ſhores, and conſigned them to their original ignorance and miſery?—But no—ſo zealous were they to effect the temporal comfort and eternal ſalvation of theſe pagan infidels, that they even proceeded from the milder means of perſuaſion, to the more painful and troubleſome one of perſecution—Let looſe among them whole troops of fiery monks and furious blood-hounds—purified them by fire and ſword, by ſtake and faggot; in conſequence of which indefatigable meaſures, the cauſe of Chriſtian love and charity was ſo rapidly advanced, that in a very few years, not one fifth of the number of unbelievers exiſted in South America, that were found there at the time of its diſcovery.

What ſtronger right need the European ſettlers advance to the country than this? Have not whole nations of uninformed ſavages been made acquainted with a thouſand imperious wants and indiſpenſable comforts, of which they were before wholly ignorant—Have they not been literally hunted and ſmoked out of the dens and lurking places of ignorance and infidelity, and abſolutely ſcourged into the right path? Have not the temporal things, the vain baubles and filthy lucre of this world, which were too apt to engage their worldly and ſelfiſh thoughts, been benevolently taken from them; and have they not in ſtead thereof, been taught to ſet their affections on things above?—And finally, to uſe the words of a reverend Spaniſh father, in a letter to his ſuperior in Spain—"Can any one have the preſumption to ſay, that theſe "ſavage Pagans, have yielded any thing more than an "inconſiderable recompenſe to their benefactors; in "ſurrendering to them a little pitiful tract of this dirty "ſublunary planet, in exchange for a glorious inhe-"ritance in the kingdom of Heaven!"

Here then are three complete and undeniable ſources of right eſtabliſhed, any one of which was more than ample to eſtabliſh a property in the newly diſcovered regions of America. Now, ſo it has happened in certain parts of this delightful quarter of the globe, that the right of diſcovery has been ſo ſtrenuouſly aſſerted—the influence of cultivation ſo induſtriouſly extended, and the progreſs of ſalvation and civiliza-

tion ſo zealouſly proſecuted, that, what with tendant wars, perſecutions, oppreſſions, diſe other partial evils that often hang on the great benefits—the ſavage aborigines have, ſ or another, been utterly annihilated—and t once brings me to a fourth right, which is the others put together—For the original cla the ſoil being all dead and buried, and nc maining to inherit or diſpute the ſoil, the S as the next immediate occupants, entered poſſeſſion as clearly as the hang-man ſuccee clothes of the malefactor—and as they ha ſtone,* and all the learned expounders of th their ſide, they may ſet all actions of ejec defiance—and this laſt right may be enti RIGHT BY EXTERMINATION, or in other w RIGHT BY GUN-POWDER.

But leſt any ſcruples of conſcience ſhoul on this head, and to ſettle the queſtion of ever, his holineſs Pope Alexander VI, iſſued bull, by which he generouſly granted the n covered quarter of the globe to the Spani Portugueſe; who, thus having law and goſpe ſide, and being inflamed with great ſpirit ſhowed the Pagan ſavages neither favour nor but proſecuted the work of diſcovery, colo civilization, and extermination, with ten tin fury than ever.

* Bl. Com. B. II. c. 1.

Thus were the European worthies who firſt diſcovered America clearly entitled to the ſoil; and not only entitled to the ſoil, but likewiſe to the eternal thanks of theſe infidel ſavages, for having come ſo far, endured ſo many perils by ſea and land, and taken ſuch unwearied pains, for no other purpoſe but to improve their forlorn, uncivilized and heatheniſh condition—for having made them acquainted with the comforts of life; for having introduced among them the light of religion, and finally—for having hurried them out of the world, to enjoy its reward!

But as argument is never ſo well underſtood by us ſelfiſh mortals, as when it comes home to ourſelves, and as I am particularly anxious that this queſtion ſhould be put to reſt for ever, I will ſuppoſe a parallel caſe, by way of arouſing the candid attention of my readers.

Let us ſuppoſe then, that the inhabitants of the moon, by aſtoniſhing advancement in ſcience, and by a profound inſight into that ineffable lunar philoſophy, the mere flickerings of which have of late years dazzled the feeble optics, and addled the ſhallow brains of the good people of our globe—let us ſuppoſe, I ſay, that the inhabitants of the moon, by theſe means, had arrived at ſuch a command of their *energies*, ſuch an enviable ſtate of *perfectability*, as to controul the elements, and navigate the boundleſs regions of ſpace. Let us ſuppoſe a roving crew of theſe ſoaring philoſophers, in the courſe of an aerial voyage of diſcovery

among the ſtars, ſhould chance to alight upon t
landiſh planet.

And here I beg my readers will not have
charitableneſs to ſmile, as is too frequently t
of volatile readers, when peruſing the grave
tions of philoſophers. I am far from indul
any ſportive vein at preſent; nor is the ſupp
have been making ſo wild as many may deem it
long been a very ſerious and anxious queſti
me and many a time and oft, in the courſe
overwhelming cares and contrivances for the
and protection of this my native planet, hav
awake whole nights, debating in my mind,
it were moſt probable we ſhould firſt diſcover
vilize the moon, or the moon diſcover and
our globe. Neither would the prodigy of ſa
the air and cruiſing among the ſtars be a wh
aſtoniſhing and incomprehenſible to us, than
European myſtery of navigating floating caſtles,
the world of waters, to the ſimple ſavages. W
already diſcovered the art of coaſting along th
ſhores of our planet, by means of balloons, as
vages had, of venturing along their ſea coaſt
noes; and the diſparity between the former,
aerial vehicles of the philoſophers from the
might not be greater, than that, between t
canoes of the ſavages, and the mighty ſhips
diſcoverers. I might here purſue an endleſs
ſimilar ſpeculations; but as they would be u

ant to my ſubject, I abandon them to my reader, particularly if he be a philoſopher, as matters well worthy his attentive conſideration.

To return then to my ſuppoſition—let us ſuppoſe that the aerial viſitants I have mentioned, poſſeſſed of vaſtly ſuperior knowledge to ourſelves; that is to ſay, poſſeſſed of ſuperior knowledge in the art of extermination—riding on Hypogriffs—defended with impenetrable armour—armed with concentrated ſun beams, and provided with vaſt engines, to hurl enormous moon ſtones: in ſhort, let us ſuppoſe them, if our vanity will permit the ſuppoſition, as ſuperior to us in knowledge, and conſequently in power, as the Europeans were to the Indians, when they firſt diſcovered them. All this is very poſſible, it is only our ſelf ſufficiency that makes us think otherwiſe; and I warrant the poor ſavages, before they had any knowledge of the white men, armed in all the terrors of glittering ſteel and tremendous gun-powder, were as perfectly convinced that they themſelves were the wiſeſt, the moſt virtuous, powerful, and perfect of created beings, as are, at this preſent moment, the lordly inhabitants of old England, the volatile populace of France, or even the ſelf-ſatisfied citizens of this moſt enlightened republic.

Let us ſuppoſe, moreover, that the aerial voyagers, finding this planet to be nothing but a howling wilderneſs, inhabited by us, poor ſavages and wild beaſts, ſhall take formal poſſeſſion of it, in the name of his

moſt gracious and philoſophic excellency, the man in the moon. Finding, however, that their numbers are incompetent to hold it in complete ſubjection, on account of the ferocious barbarity of its inhabitants; they ſhall take our worthy Preſident, the King of England, the Emperor of Hayti, the mighty Bonaparte, and the great King of Bantam, and returning to their native planet, ſhall carry them to court, as were the Indian chiefs led about as ſpectacles in the courts of Europe.

Then making ſuch obeiſance as the etiquette of the court requires, they ſhall addreſs the puiſſant man in the moon, in, as near as I can conjecture, the following terms:

"Moſt ſerene and mighty Potentate, whoſe dominions extend as far as eye can reach, who rideth on the Great Bear, uſeth the ſun as a looking glaſs, and maintaineth unrivalled controul over tides, madmen, and ſea-crabs. We, thy liege ſubjects, have juſt returned from a voyage of diſcovery, in the courſe of which we have landed and taken poſſeſſion of that obſcure little dirty planet, which thou beholdeſt rolling at a diſtance. The five uncouth monſters, which we have brought into this auguſt preſence, were once very important chiefs among their fellow ſavages, who are a race of beings totally deſtitute of the common attributes of humanity; and differing in every thing from the inhabitants of the moon, inaſmuch as they carry their heads upon their ſhoulders, inſtead of

under their arms—have two eyes inſtead of one—are utterly deſtitute of tails, and of a variety of unſeemly complexions, particularly of a horrible whiteneſs—inſtead of pea green.

"We have moreover found theſe miſerable ſavages ſunk into a ſtate of the utmoſt ignorance and depravity, every man ſhameleſsly living with his own wife, and rearing his own children, inſtead of indulging in that community of wives enjoined by the law of nature, as expounded by the philoſophers of the moon. In a word, they have ſcarcely a gleam of true philoſophy among them, but are, in fact, utter heretics, ignoramuſes, and barbarians. Taking compaſſion, therefore, on the ſad condition of theſe ſublunary wretches, we have endeavoured, while we remained on their planet, to introduce among them the light of reaſon—and the comforts of the moon.—We have treated them to mouthfuls of moonſhine, and draughts of nitrous oxyde, which they ſwallowed with incredible voracity, particularly the females; and we have likewiſe endeavoured to inſtil into them the precepts of lunar philoſophy. We have inſiſted upon their renouncing the contemptible ſhackles of religion and common ſenſe, and adoring the profound, omnipotent and all perfect energy, and the extatic, immutable, immoveable perfection. But ſuch was the unparalleled obſtinacy of theſe wretched ſavages, that they perſiſted in cleaving to their wives, and adhering to their religion, and abſolutely ſet at nought the ſub-

lime doctrines of the moon—nay, among other abo minable hereſies, they even went ſo far as blaſphem ouſly to declare, that this ineffable planet was mad of nothing more nor leſs than green cheeſe!"

At theſe words, the great man in the moon (be ing a very profound philoſopher) ſhall fall into a te rible paſſion, and poſſeſſing equal authority over thing that do not belong to him, as did whilome his holi neſs the Pope, ſhall forthwith iſſue a formidable bul —ſpecifying, "That—whereas a certain crew of Lu natics have lately diſcovered and taken poſſeſſion of newly diſcovered planet, called *the earth*—and th whereas it is inhabited by none but a race of two leg ged animals that carry their heads on their ſhoulder inſtead of under their arms; cannot talk the lunati language; have two eyes inſtead of one; are deſtitut of tails, and of a horrible whiteneſs, inſtead of pe green—therefore, and for a variety of other excellen reaſons—they are conſidered incapable of poſſeſſin any property in the planet they infeſt, and the righ and title to it are confirmed to its original diſcoverers —And furthermore, the coloniſts who are now abou to depart to the aforeſaid planet, are authorized an commanded to uſe every means to convert theſe in fidel ſavages from the darkneſs of Chriſtianity, an make them thorough and abſolute lunatics."

In conſequence of this benevolent bull, our phi loſophic benefactors go to work with hearty zeal They ſeize upon our fertile territories, ſcourge us fro

hiful poſſeſſions, relieve us from our wives,
ten we are unreaſonable enough to complain,
ill turn upon us and ſay—miſerable barbarians!
:ful wretches!—have we not come thouſands of
o improve your worthleſs planet!—have we
. you with moon ſhine—have we not intoxicated
th nitrous oxyde—does not our moon give you
very night, and have you the baſeneſs to mur-
:hen we claim a pitiful return for all theſe bene-
but finding that we not only perſiſt in abſolute
pt of their reaſoning and diſbelief in their phi-
r, but even go ſo far as daringly to defend our
y, their patience ſhall be exhauſted, and they
eſort to their ſuperior powers of argument—
s with hypogriffs, transfix us with concentrated
ams, demoliſh our cities with moon ſtones;
aving by main force, converted us to the true
they ſhall graciouſly permit us to exiſt in the
deſerts of Arabia, or the frozen regions of
d, there to enjoy the bleſſings of civilization
e charms of lunar philoſophy—in much the ſame
r as the reformed and enlightened ſavages of
untry, are kindly ſuffered to inhabit the in-
ble foreſts of the north, or the impenetrable
neſſes of South America.

is, I hope, I have clearly proved, and ſtrikingly
ted, the right of the early coloniſts to the poſ-
of this country—and thus is this gigantic ques-
:ompletely vanquiſhed—ſo having manfully ſur-

moſt laboriouſly. Then did he ſpend full three m
more on trudging on foot, and voyaging in Trekſc
from Rotterdam to Amſterdam—to Delft—to I
lem—to Leyden—to the Hague, knocking his
and breaking his pipe, againſt every church in his
Then did he advance gradually nearer and ne..rer to
terdam, until he came in full ſight of the identical
whereon the church was to be built. Then did he
three months longer in walking round it and rou
contemplating it, firſt from one point of view,
then from another—now would he be paddled
on the canal—now would he peep at it throu
teleſcope, from the other ſide of the Meuſe, and
would he take a bird's eye glance at it, from th
of one of thoſe gigantic wind mills, which p
the gates of the city The good folks of the
were on the tiptoe of expectation and impatier
notwithſtanding all the turmoil of my great g
father, not a ſymptom of the church was yet
ſeen; they even began to fear it would never be br
into the world, but that its great projector wou
down and die in labour, of the mighty pl
had conceived. At length, having occupied t
good months in puffing and paddling, and talkin
walking—having travelled over all Holland, and
taken a peep into France and Germany—having
ked five hundred and ninety-nine pipes, and three
dred weight of the beſt Virginia tobacco; my
grandfather gathered together all that knowing
induſtrious claſs of citizens, who prefer attendi

y's buſineſs ſooner than their own, and having
ff his coat and five pair of breeches, he ad-
ſturdily up, and laid the corner ſtone of the
in the preſence of the whole multitude--juſt
ommencement of the thirteenth month.
imilar manner, and with the example of my wor-
eſtor full before my eyes, have I proceeded in
this moſt authentic hiſtory. The honeſt Rot-
ners no doubt thought my great grandfather
ng nothing at all to the purpoſe, while he was
ſuch a world of prefatory buſtle, about the
; of his church—and many of the ingenious
ints of this fair city, will unqueſtionably ſup-
it all the preliminary chapters, with the diſcov-
pulation, and final ſettlement of America, were
irrelevant and ſuperfluous—and that the main
, the hiſtory of New-York, is not a jot more
ed, than if I had never taken up my pen.
were wiſe people more miſtaken in their con-
s; in conſequence of going to work ſlowly and
ately, the church came out of my grandfather's
one of the moſt ſumptuous, goodly, and glo-
difices in the known world—excepting, that,
r magnificent capitol at Waſhington, it was be-
ſo grand a ſcale, that the good folks could not
to finiſh more than the wing of it. So like-
I truſt, if ever I am enabled to finiſh this
n the plan I have commenced, (of which, in
truth, I ſometimes have my doubts,) it will be

found, that I have purſued the lateſt rules of my ar as exemplified in the writings of all the great Amer can Hiſtorians, and wrought a very large hiſtory ou of a ſmall ſubject—which, now a-days, is conſidere one of the great triumphs of hiſtoric ſkill.—To pro ceed then with the thread of my ſtory.

In the ever memorable year of our Lord, 1609, o a Saturday morning, the five and twentieth day o March, old ſtyle, did that "worthy and irrecoverable diſcoverer, (as he has juſtly been called,) Maſter Henry Hudſon," ſet ſail from Holland in a ſtout veſſel called the Half Moon, being employed by the Dutch Eaſt India Company, to ſeek a Northweſt paſſage to China.

Henry (or, as the Dutch hiſtorians call him, Hendrick) Hudſon, was a ſea-faring man of renown, who had learned to ſmoke tobacco under ſir Walter Raleigh, and is ſaid to have been the firſt to introduce it into Holland, which gained him much popularity in that country, and cauſed him to find great favour in the eyes of their High Mightineſſes, the lords ſtates general, and alſo of the honourable Weſt India Company. He was a ſhort, ſquare, brawny old gentleman, with a double chin, a maſtiff mouth, and a broad copper noſe, which was ſuppoſed in thoſe days, to have acquired its fiery hue, from the conſtant neighbourhood of his tobacco pipe.

He wore a true Andrea Ferrara, tucked in a leathern belt, and a commodore's cocked hat one ſide of

his head. He was remarkable for always jerking up his breeches when he gave out his orders, and his voice ſounded not unlike the brattling of a tin trumpet—owing to the number of hard north weſters which he had ſwallowed in the courſe of his ſea-faring.

Such was Hendrick Hudſon, of whom we have heard ſo much, and know ſo little: and I have been thus particular in his deſcription, for the benefit of modern painters and ſtatuaries, that they may repreſent him as he was; and not, according their common cuſtom, with modern heroes, make him look like Cæſar, or Marcus Aurelius, or the Apollo of Belvidere.

As chief mate and favourite companion, the commodore choſe maſter Robert Juet, of Lime houſe, in England. By ſome his name has been ſpelled *Chewit*, and aſcribed to the circumſtance of his having been the firſt man that ever chewed tobacco; but this I believe to be a mere flippancy; more eſpecially as certain of his progeny are living at this day, who write their names Juet. He was an old comrade and early ſchool-mate of the great Hudſon, with whom he had often played truant and ſailed chip boats in a neighbouring pond, when they were little boys—from whence it is ſaid the commodore firſt derived his bias towards a ſea-faring life. Certain it is, that the old people about Lime houſe declared Robert Juet to be an unlucky urchin, prone to miſchief, that would one day or other come to the gallows.

He grew up as boys of that kind often grow up, a rambling, heedleſs varlet, toſſed about in all quarters of the world—meeting with more perils and wonders than did Sindbad the Sailor, without growing a whit more wiſe, prudent, or ill natured. Under every misfortune, he comforted himſelf with a quid of tobacco, and the truly philoſophic maxim, that "it will be all the ſame thing a hundred years hence." He was ſkilled in the art of carving anchors and true lover's knots on the bulk heads and quarter railings, and was conſidered a great wit on board ſhip, in conſequence of his playing pranks on every body around, and now and then even making a wry face at old Hendrick, when his back was turned.

To this univerſal genius are we indebted for many particulars concerning this voyage; of which he wrote a hiſtory, at the requeſt of the commodore, who had an unconquerable averſion to writing himſelf, from having received ſo many floggings about it when at ſchool. To ſupply the deficiencies of maſter Juet's journal, which is written with true log book brevity, I have availed myſelf of divers family traditions, handed down from my great great grand father, who accompanied the expedition in the capacity of cabin boy.

From all that I can learn, few incidents worthy of remark happened in the voyage; and it mortifies me exceedingly, that I have to admit ſo noted an expedition into my work, without making any more of it—

Oh! that I had the advantages of that moſt authentic writer of yore, Apollonius Rhodius, who, in his account of the famous Argonautic expedition, has the whole mythology at his diſpoſal, and elevates Jaſon and his compeers into heroes and demigods; although all the world knows them to have been a mere gang of ſheep ſtealers, on a marauding expedition—or that I had the privileges of Dan Homer and Dan Virgil, to enliven my narration with giants and Lyſtrigonians; to entertain our honeſt mariners with an occaſional concert of ſyrens and mermaids, and now and then with the raree ſhow of honeſt old Neptune and his fleet of frolickſome cruiſers. But, alas! the good old times have long gone by, when your waggiſh deities would deſcend upon this terraqueous globe, in their own proper perſons, and play their pranks upon its wondering inhabitants.

Suffice it then to ſay, the voyage was proſperous and tranquil—the crew, being a patient people, much given to ſlumber and vacuity, and but little troubled with the diſeaſe of thinking—a malady of the mind, which is the ſure breeder of diſcontent. Hudſon had laid in abundance of gin and ſour crout, and every man was allowed to ſleep quietly at his poſt unleſs the wind blew. True it is, ſome ſlight diſſatisfaction was ſhown on two or three occaſions, at certain unreaſonable conduct of commodore Hudſon. Thus, for inſtance, he forbore to ſhorten ſail when the wind was light, and the weather ſerene, which

was conſidered among the moſt experienced Dutch ſeamen, as certain *weather breeders*, or prognoſtics, that the weather would change for the worſe. He acted, moreover, in direct contradiction to that ancient and ſage rule of the Dutch navigators, who always took in ſail at night—put the helm a-port, and turned in—by which precaution they had a good night's reſt—were ſure of knowing where they were the next morning, and ſtood but little chance of running down a continent in the dark. He likewiſe prohibited the ſeamen from wearing more than five jackets, and ſix pair of breeches, under pretence of rendering them more alert; and no man was permitted to go aloft, and hand in ſails, with a pipe in his mouth, as is the invariable Dutch cuſtom, at the preſent day—All theſe grievances, though they might ruffle for a moment the conſtitutional tranquillity of the honeſt Dutch tars, made but tranſient impreſſion; they eat hugely, drank profuſely, and ſlept immeaſurably, and being under the eſpecial guidance of providence, the ſhip was ſafely conducted to the coaſt of America; where, after ſundry unimportant touchings and ſtandings off and on, ſhe at length, on the fourth day of September, entered that majeſtic bay, which at this day expands its ample boſom before the city of New-York, and which had never before been viſited by any European.*

* True it is—and I am not ignorant of the fact, that in a certain aprocryphal book of voyages, compiled by one Hacluyt, is to

It has been traditionary in our family, that when he great navigator was firſt bleſſed with a view of his enchanting iſland, he was obſerved, for the firſt nd only time in his life, to exhibit ſtrong ſymptoms f aſtoniſhment and admiration. He is ſaid to have urned to maſter Juet, and uttered theſe remarkable words, while he pointed towards this paradiſe of the new world—"ſee! there!"—and thereupon, as was lways his way when he was uncommonly pleaſed, he lid puff out ſuch clouds of denſe tobacco ſmoke, that

e found a letter written to Francis the first, by one Giovanne, or lohn Verazzani, on which ſome writers are inclined to found a be- ief that this delightful bay had been visited nearly a century pre- ious to the voyage of the enterprising Hudson. Now this (albeit it as met with the countenance of certain very judicious and learned nen) I hold in utter disbelief, and that for various good and sub- tantial reasons—*First*, Because on strict examination it will be ound, that the description given by this Verazzani, applies about s well to the bay of New-York, as it does to my night cap.—*Se- ondly*, Because that this John Verazzani, for whom I already be- in to feel a most bitter enmity, is a native of Florence; and every ody knows the crafty wiles of these losel Florentines, by which hey filched away the laurels, from the brows of the immortal Colon, vulgarly called Columbus) and bestowed them on their officious owusman, Amerigo Vespucci—and I make no doubt they are qually ready to rob the illustrious Hudson of the credit of disco- ering this beauteous Island, adorned by the city of New-York, nd placing it beside their usurped discovery of South America. And, *thirdly*, I award my decision in favour of the pretensions of Hendrick Hudson, inasmuch as his expedition sailed from Holland, eing truly and absolutely a Dutch enterprise—and though all the roofs in the world were introduced on the other side, I would set hem at nought, as undeserving my attention. If these three rea- ons be not sufficient to satisfy every burgher of this ancient city— ll I can say is, they are degenerate descendants from their vene- able Dutch Ancestors, and totally unworthy the trouble of con- incing. Thus, therefore, the title of Hendrick Hudson, to his enowned discovery is fully vindicated.

in one minute the veſſel was out of ſight of la
maſter Juet was fain to wait until the winds d
this impenetrable fog.

It was indeed—as my great great grandfatl
to ſay—though in truth I never heard him,
died, as might be expected, before I was bor
was indeed a ſpot on which the eye might ha
led for ever, in ever new and never ending b
The iſland of Manna-hata ſpread wide befo
like ſome ſweet viſion of fancy, or ſome fair
of induſtrious magic. Its hills of ſmiling gre
led gently one above another, crowned wi
trees of luxuriant growth; ſome pointing the
ing foliage towards the clouds, which were g
tranſparent; and others loaded with a verd
then of clambering vines, bowing their bra
the earth, that was covered with flowers.
gentle declivities of the hills were ſcattere
profuſion, the dog-wood, the ſumach, and
brier, whoſe ſcarlet berries and white bloſſom
brightly among the deep green of the ſurrou
liage; and here and there a curling column
riſing from the little glens that opened a
ſhore, ſeemed to promiſe the weary voyage
come at the hands of their fellow creatures.
ſtood gazing with entranced attention on
before them, a red man, crowned with fea
ſued from one of theſe glens, and after cont
in ſilent wonder the gallant ſhip, as ſhe ſat lik

ſwimming on a ſilver lake, ſounded the war-
and bounded into the woods, like a wild
the utter aſtoniſhment of the phlegmatic
:n, who had never heard ſuch a noiſe, or
ſuch a caper in their whole lives.
: tranſactions of our adventurers with the
and how the latter ſmoked copper pipes, and
currants; how they brought great ſtore of
ınd oyſters; how they ſhot one of the ſhip's
d how he was buried, I ſhall ſay nothing,
.t I conſider them unimportant to my hiſtory.
rying a few days in the bay, in order to re-
mſelves after their ſea-faring, our voyagers
anchor, to explore a mighty river which
into the bay. This river, it is ſaid, was
ımong the ſavages by the name of the *Shate-*
ıough we are aſſured in an excellent little
ɔubliſhed in 1674, by John Joſſelyn, Gent.
'as called the *Mohegan*,* and maſter Richard
who wrote ſome time afterwards, aſſerts the
ɔ that I very much incline in favour of the
of theſe two honeſt gentlemen. Be this as it
ɔ this river did the adventurous Hendrick pro-
tle doubting, but it would turn out to be the
ɔoked for paſſage to China!
journal goes on to make mention of divers
ws between the crew and the natives, in the

river is likewise laid down in Ogilvy's map as Manhattan —Montaigne and Mauritius river.

voyage up the river, but as they would be impertinent to my hiſtory, I ſhall paſs over them in ſilence, except the following dry joke, played off by the old commodore and his ſchool-fellow Robert Juet; which does ſuch vaſt credit to their experimental philoſophy, that I cannot refrain from inſerting it. "Our maſter and his mate determined to try ſome of the chiefe men of the countrey, whether they had any treacherie in them. So they tooke them downe into the cabin, and gave them ſo much wine and acqua vitæ, that they were all merrie; and one of them had his wife with him, which ſate ſo modeſtly, as any of our countrey women would do in a ſtrange place. In the end, one of them was drunke, which had been aboarde of our ſhip all the time that we had beene there, and that was ſtrange to them, for they could not tell how to take it."*

Having ſatisfied himſelf by this ingenious experiment, that the natives were an honeſt, ſocial race of jolly royſters, who had no objection to a drinking bout, and were very merry in their cups, the old commodore chuckled hugely to himſelf, and thruſting a double quid of tobacco in his cheek, directed maſter Juet to have it carefully recorded, for the ſatisfaction of all the natural philoſophers of the univerſity of Leyden—which done, he proceeded on his voyage, with great ſelf-complacency. After ſailing, however,

* Juet's Journ. Purch. Pil.

above an hundred miles up the river, he found the watery world around him began to grow more ſhallow and confined, the current more rapid, and perfectly freſh—phenomena not uncommon in the aſcent of rivers, but which puzzled the honeſt Dutchmen prodigiouſly. A conſultation was therefore called, and having deliberated full ſix hours, they were brought to a determination, by the ſhip's running aground—whereupon they unanimouſly concluded, that there was but little chance of getting to China in this direction. A boat, however, was diſpatched to explore higher up the river, which, on its return, confirmed the opinion—upon this the ſhip was warped off and put about, with great difficulty, being like moſt of her ſex, exceedingly hard to govern; and the adventurous Hudſon, according to the account of my great great grandfather, returned down the river —with a prodigious flea in his ear!

Being ſatisfied that there was little likelihood of getting to China, unleſs like the blind man, he returned from whence he ſat out, and took a freſh ſtart, he forthwith re-croſſed the ſea to Holland, where he was received with great welcome by the honourable Eaſt-India company, who were very much rejoiced to ſee him come back ſafe—with their ſhip; and at a large and reſpectable meeting of the firſt merchants and burgomaſters of Amſterdam, it was unanimouſly determined, that as a munificent re-

ward for the eminent ſervices he had perfor
the important diſcovery he had made, the
ver Mohegan ſhould be called after his nan
it continues to be called Hudſon river unto
day.

CHAP. II.

*ng an account of a mighty Ark which
, under the protection of St. Nicholas,
Holland to Gibbet Island—the descent of
ange Animals therefrom—a great victory,
description of the ancient village of Com-
aw.*

lelectable accounts given by the great Hud-
Maſter Juet, of the country they had dis-
excited not a little talk and ſpeculation among
l people of Holland.—Letters patent were
by government to an aſſociation of Merchants,
ıe Weſt-India company, for the excluſive
Hudſon river, on which they erected a
ouſe called Fort Aurania, or Orange, from
did ſpring the great city of Albany. But
to dwell on the various commercial and co-
enterpriſes which took place; among which
of Mynheer Adrian Block, who diſcovered
a name to Block Iſland, ſince famous for its
and ſhall barely confine myſelf to that, which
h to this renowned city.

ſome three or four years after the return of
ıortal Hendrick, that a crew of honeſt, low
loniſts ſet ſail from the city of Amſterdam,
hores of America. It is an irreparable loſs to

to hiſtory, and a great proof of the darkneſs of the age, and the lamentable neglect of the noble art of book-making, ſince ſo induſtrioufly cultivated by knowing ſea-captains, and learned ſupercargoes, that an expedition ſo intereſting and important in its reſults, ſhould be paſſed over in utter ſilence. To my great great grandfather am I again indebted for the few facts, I am enabled to give concerning it—he having once more embarked for this country, with a full determination, as he ſaid, of ending his days here—and of begetting a race of Knickerbockers, that ſhould riſe to be great men in the land.

The ſhip in which theſe illuſtrious adventurers ſet ſail was called the *Goede Vrouw*, or good woman, in compliment to the wife of the Preſident of the Weſt India company, who was allowed by every body (except her huſband) to be a ſweet tempered lady, when not in liquor. It was in truth a moſt gallant veſſel, of the moſt approved Dutch conſtruction, and made by the ablſt ſhip carpenters of Amſterdam, who it is well known, always model their ſhips after the fair forms of their country-women. Accordingly it had one hundred feet in the beam, one hundred feet in the keel, and one hundred feet from the bottom of the ſtern poſt, to the tafforel. Like the beauteous model, who was declared to be the greateſt belle in Amſterdam, it was full in the bows, with a pair of enormous cat-heads, a copper bottom, and withal, a moſt prodigious poop!

The architect, who was ſomewhat of a religious man, far from decorating the ſhip with pagan idols, ſuch as Jupiter, Neptune, or Hercules, (which heatheniſh abominations, I have no doubt, occaſion the misfortunes and ſhipwreck of many a noble veſſel,) he, I ſay, on the contrary, did laudably erect for a head, a goodly image of St. Nicholas, equipped with a low, broad brimmed hat, a huge pair of Flemiſh trunk hoſe, and a pipe that reached to the end of the bow-ſprit. Thus gallantly furniſhed, the ſtaunch ſhip floated ſideways, like a majeſtic gooſe, out of the harbour of the great city of Amſterdam, and all the bells, that were not otherwiſe engaged, rung a triple bob-major on the joyful occaſion.

My great great grandfather remarks, that the voyage was uncommonly proſperous, for, being under the eſpecial care of the ever-revered St. Nicholas, the Goede Vrouw ſeemed to be endowed with qualities unknown to common veſſels. Thus ſhe made as much lee-way as head-way, could get along very nearly as faſt with the wind a-head, as when it was a-poop—and was particularly great in a calm; in conſequence of which ſingular advantages, ſhe made out to accompliſh her voyage in a very few months, and came to anchor at the mouth of the Hudſon, a little to the eaſt of Gibbet Iſland.*

* So called, because one Joseph Andrews, a pirate and murderer, was hanged in chains on that island, the 23d May, 1769.

Here lifting up their eyes, they beheld, on what is at preſent called the Jerſey ſhore, a ſmall Indian village, pleaſantly embowered in a grove of ſpreading elms, and the natives all collected on the beach, gazing in ſtupid admiration at the Goede Vrouw. A boat was immediately diſpatched to enter into a treaty with them, and approaching the ſhore, hailed them through a trumpet, in the moſt friendly terms; but ſo horribly confounded were theſe poor ſavages at the tremendous and uncouth ſound of the low Dutch language, that they one and all took to their heels, ſcampered over the Bergen hills, nor did they ſtop until they had buried themſelves, head and ears, in the marſhes, on the other ſide, where they all miſerably periſhed to a man—and their bones being collected, and decently covered by the Tammany Society of that day, formed that ſingular mound called *Rattle-snake-hill*, which riſes out of the centre of the ſalt marſhes, a little to the eaſt of the Newark Cauſeway.

Animated by this unlooked-for victory our valiant heroes ſprang aſhore in triumph, took poſſeſſion of the ſoil as conquerors in the name of their High Mightineſſes the lords ſtates general, and marching fearleſsly forward, carried the village of *Communipaw* by ſtorm notwithſtanding that it was vigorouſly defended by ſome half a ſcore of old ſquaws, and popooſes. On looking about them they were ſo agreeably ſupported with the excellencies of the place, that they had very little doubt, the bleſſed St. Nicholas, had

guided them thither, as the very ſpot whereon to ſettle their colony. The ſoftneſs of the ſoil was wonderfully adapted to the driving of piles; the ſwamps and marches around them afforded ample opportunities for the conſtructing of dykes and dams; the ſhallowneſs of the ſhore was peculiarly favourable to the building of docks—in a word, this ſpot abounded with all the requiſites for the foundation of a great Dutch city. On making a faithful report therefore, to the crew of the Goede Vrouw, they one and all determined that this was the deſtined end of their voyage. Accordingly they deſcended from the Goede Vrouw, men women and children, in goodly groups, as did the animals of yore from the ark, and formed themſelves into a thriving ſettlement, which they called by the Indian name *Communipaw.*

As all the world is doubtleſs perfectly acquainted with Communipaw, it may ſeem ſomewhat ſuperfluous to treat of it in the preſent work; but my readers will please to recollect, that notwithſtanding it is my chief deſire to ſatisfy the preſent age, yet I write likewiſe for poſterity, and have to conſult the underſtanding and curioſity of ſome half a ſcore of centuries yet to come; by which time perhaps, were it not for this invaluable hiſtory, the great Communipaw like Babylon, Carthage, Nineveh and other great cities, might be perfectly extinct —ſunk and forgotten in its own mud—its inhabitants turned into oyſters,* and even its ſituation a fertile

* "Men by inaction degenerate into Oysters." Kaines.

ſubject of learned controverſy and hardheaded inv
tigation among indefatigable hiſtorians. Let me th
piouſly reſcue from oblivion, the humble reliques
a place, which was the egg from whence was hatel
the mighty city of New-York!

Communipaw is at preſent but a ſmall village, pl
ſantly ſituated among rural ſcenery, on that beaute
part of the Jerſey ſhore which was known in anci
legends by the name of Pavonia,* and command
grand proſpect of the ſuperb bay of New-York.
is within but half an hour's ſail of the latter pla
provided you have a fair wind, and may be diſtinc
ſeen from the city. Nay, it is a well known fact, whi
I can teſtify from my own experience, that on a cl
ſtill ſummer evening, you may hear, from the battery
New-York, the obſtreperous peals of the broad-mou
ed laughter of the Dutch negroes, at Communip
who, like moſt other negroes, are famous for their rifi
powers. This is peculiarly the caſe on Sunday ev
ings; when, it is remarked by an ingenious and
ſervant philoſopher, who has made great diſcover
in the neighbourhood of this city, that they alw
laugh loudeſt—which he attributes to the circumſta
of their having their holyday clothes on.

Theſe negroes, in fact, like the monks in the d
ages, engroſs all the knowledge of the place, and be
infinitely more adventurous and more knowing th

* Pavonia, in the ancient maps, is given to a tract of cou
extending from about Hoboken to Amboy.

their maſters, carry on all the foreign trade; making frequent voyages to town in canoes loaded with oysters, buttermilk and cabbages. They are great aſtrologers, predicting the different changes of weather almoſt as accurately as an almanac—they are moreover exquiſite performers on three ſtringed fiddles: in whiſtling they almoſt boaſt the farfamed powers of Orpheus his lyre, for not a horſe or an ox in the place, when at the plow or before the waggon, will budge a foot until he hears the well known whiſtle of his black driver and companion.—And from their amazing ſkill at caſting up accounts upon their fingers, they are regarded with as much veneration as were the diſciples of Pythagoras of yore, when initiated into the ſacred quaternary of numbers.

As to the honeſt burghers of Communipaw, like wiſe men, and ſound philoſophers, they never look beyond their pipes, nor trouble their heads about any affairs out of their immediate neighbourhood; ſo that they live in profound and enviable ignorance of all the troubles, anxieties and revolutions, of this diſtracted planet. I am even told that many among them do verily believe that Holland, of which they have heard ſo much from tradition, is ſituated ſomewhere on Long-Iſland—that *Spiking-devil* and *the Narrows* are the two ends of the world—that the country is ſtill under the dominion of their high mightineſſes, and that the city of New-York ſtill goes by the name of Nieuw Amſterdam. They meet every ſaturday afternoon, at the

only tavern in the place, which bears as a ſign, a ſquare headed likeneſs of the prince of Orange; where they ſmoke a ſilent pipe, by way of promoting ſocial conviviality, and invariably drink a mug of cider to the ſucceſs of admiral Von Tromp, who they imagine is ſtill ſweeping the Britiſh channel, with a broom at his maſt head.

Communipaw, in ſhort, is one of the numerous little villages in the vicinity of this moſt beautiful of cities, which are ſo many ſtrong holds and faſtneſſes, whither the primitive manners of our Dutch forefathers have retreated, and where they are cheriſhed with devout and ſcrupulous ſtrictneſs. The dreſs of the original ſettlers is handed down inviolate, from father to ſon—the identical broad brimmed hat, broad ſkirted coat and broad bottomed breeches, continue from generation to generation, and ſeveral gigantic knee buckles of maſſy ſilver, are ſtill in wear, that made ſuch gallant diſplay in the days of the patriarchs of Communipaw. The language likewiſe, continues unadulterated by barbarous innovations; and ſo critically correct, is the village ſchool-maſter in his dialect that his reading of a low dutch pſalm, has much the ſame effect on the nerves, as the filing of a hand ſaw.

CHAP. III.

In which is set forth the true art of making a bargain—together with the miraculous escape of a great Metropolis in a fog—and the biography of certain heroes of Communipaw.

HAVING, in the trifling digreſſion which concluded the laſt chapter, diſcharged the filial duty, which the city of New-York owed to Communipaw, as being the mother ſettlement; and having given a faithful picture of it as it ſtands at preſent, I return with a ſoothing ſentiment of ſelf-approbation, to dwell upon its early hiſtory. The crew of the Goede Vrouw being ſoon reinforced by freſh importations from Holland, the ſettlement went jollily on, encreaſing in magnitude and proſperity. The neighbouring Indians in a ſhort time became accuſtomed to the uncouth ſound of the Dutch language, and an intercourſe gradually took place between them and the new comers. The Indians were much given to long talks, and the Dutch to long ſilence—in this particular, therefore, they accommodated each other completely. The chiefs would make long ſpeeches about the big bull, the wabaſh and the great ſpirit, to which the others would liſten very attentively, ſmoke their pipes and grunt *yah myn-her*—whereat the poor ſavages were wonderouſly delighted. They inſtructed the new

ſettlers in the beſt art of curing and ſmoking tobacco while the latter in return, made them drunk with true Hollands—and then learned them the art of making bargains.

A briſk trade for furs was ſoon opened: the Dutch traders were ſcrupulouſly honeſt in their dealings and purchaſed by weight, eſtabliſhing it as an invariable table of avoirdupoiſe, that the hand of a Dutchman weighed one pound, and his foot two pounds. It is true, the ſimple Indians were often puzzled by the great diſproportion between bulk and weight, for let them place a bundle of furs, never ſo large, in one ſcale, and a Dutchman put his hand or foot in the other, the bundle was ſure to kick the beam—never was a package of furs known to weigh more than two pounds, in the market of Communipaw!

This is a ſingular fact—but I have it direct from my great great grandfather, who had riſen to conſiderable importance in the colony, being promoted to the office of weigh maſter, on account of the uncommon heaviness of his foot.

The Dutch poſſeſſions in this part of the globe began now to aſſume a very thriving appearance, and were comprehended under the general title of Nieuw Nederlandts, on account, as the ſage Vander Donck obſerves, of their great reſemblance to the Dutch Netherlands—which indeed was truly remarkable, excepting that the former were rugged and mountainous, and the latter level and marſhy. About this time

the tranquillity of the Dutch coloniſts was doomed to ſuffer a temporary interruption. In 1614, captain Sir Samuel Argal, ſailing under a commiſſion from Dale, governor of Virginia, viſited the Dutch ſettlements on Hudſon river, and demanded their ſubmiſſion to the Engliſh crown and Virginian dominion.—To this arrogant demand, as they were in no condition to reſiſt it, they ſubmitted for the time, like diſcreet and reaſonable men.

It does not appear that the valiant Argal moleſted the ſettlement of Communipaw; on the contrary, I am told that when his veſſel firſt hove in ſight the worthy burghers were ſeized with ſuch a panic, that they fell to ſmoking their pipes with aſtoniſhing vehemence; inſomuch that they quickly raiſed a cloud, which, combining with the ſurrounding woods and marſhes, completely enveloped and concealed their beloved village; and overhung the fair regions of Pavonia—So that the terrible captain Argal paſſed on, totally unſuſpicious that a ſturdy little Dutch ſettlement lay ſnugly couched in the mud, under cover of all this peſtilent vapour. In commemoration of this fortunate eſcape, the worthy inhabitants have continued to ſmoke, almoſt without intermiſſion, unto this very day; which is ſaid to be the cauſe of the remarkable fog that often hangs over Communipaw of a clear afternoon.

Upon the departure of the enemy, our magnanimous anceſtors took full ſix months to recover their

wind, having been exceedingly diſcompoſed conſternation and hurry of affairs. They ther a council of ſafety to ſmoke over the ſtate of t vince. After ſix months more of mature d tion, during which nearly five hundred word ſpoken, and almoſt as much tobacco was ſmo would have ſerved a certain modern general t a whole winter's campaign of hard drinking, determined, to fit out an armament of cano diſpatch them on a voyage of diſcovery; to ſ peradventure, ſome more ſure and formidable might not be found, where the colony would ſubject to vexatious viſitations.

This perilous enterpriſe was entruſted to the intendance of Mynheers Oloffe Van Kortlandt ham Hardenbroeck, Jacobus Van Zandt, and Ten Broeck—four indubitably great men, but o hiſtory, although I have made diligent inquir learn but little, previous to their leaving I Nor need this occaſion much ſurpriſe; for adve like prophets, though they make great noiſe have ſeldom much celebrity in their own co but this much is certain, that the overflowings ſcourings of a country are invariably compoſe richeſt parts of the ſoil. And here I cann remarking how convenient it would be to r our great men and great families of doubtful could they have the privilege of the heroes who, whenever their origin was involved in ol

modeſtly announced themſelves deſcended from a god —and who never viſited a foreign country, but what they told ſome cock and bull ſtories, about their being kings and princes at home. This venial treſpaſs on the truth, though it has occaſionally been played off by ſome pſeudo marquis, baronet, and other illuſtrious foreigner, in our land of good natured credulity, has been completely diſcountenanced in this ſceptical, matter of fact age—And I even queſtion whether any tender virgin, who was accidentally and unaccountably enriched with a bantling, would ſave her character at parlour fire-ſides and evening tea-parties, by aſcribing the phenomenon to a ſwan, a ſhower of gold, or a river god.

Thus being denied the benefit of mythology and claſſic fable, I ſhould have been completely at a loſs as to the early biography of my heroes, had not a gleam of light been thrown upon their origin from their names.

By this ſimple means have I been enabled to gather ſome particulars, concerning the adventurers in queſtion. Van Kortlandt for inſtance, was one of thoſe peripatetic philoſophers, who tax providence for a livelihood, and like Diogenes, enjoy a free and unincumbered eſtate in ſunſhine. He was uſually arrayed in garments ſuitable to his fortune, being curiouſly fringed and fangled by the hand of time; and was helmeted with an old fragment of a hat which had acquired the ſhape of a ſugar-loaf; and ſo far did he

carry his contempt for the adventitious diſtinct
dreſs, that it is ſaid, the remnant of a ſhirt,
covered his back, and dangled like a pocket h
chief out of a hole in his breeches, was never
ed, except by the bountiful ſhowers of heave
this garb was he uſually to be ſeen, ſunning h
at noon day, with a herd of philoſophers of the
ſect, on the ſide of the great canal of Amſte
Like your nobility of Europe, he took his na
Kertlandt (or *lack land*) from his landed eſtate,
lay ſome where in Terra incognita.

Of the next of our worthies, might I have h
benefit of mythological aſſiſtance, the want of
I have juſt lamented—I ſhould have made hono
mention, as boaſting equally illuſtrious pedigree
the proudeſt hero of antiquity. His name wa
Zandt, which being freely tranſlated, ſignifies
the dirt, meaning, beyond a doubt, that like T
lemus, Themis—the Cyclops and the Titan
ſprung from dame Terra or the earth! This f
ſition is ſtrongly corroborated by his ſize, for it i
known that all the progeny of mother earth w
a gigantic ſtature; and Van Zandt, we are told
a tall raw-boned man, above ſix feet high—wi
aſtoniſhingly hard head. Nor is this origin o
illuſtrious Van Zandt a whit more improbable
pugnant to belief, than what is related and u
ſally admitted of certain of our greateſt, or r

richeſt men; who, we are told with the utmoſt gravity, did originally ſpring from a dung-hill!

Of the third hero, but a faint deſcription has reached to this time, which mentions, that he was a ſturdy, obſtinate, burley, buſtling little man; and from being uſually equipped with an old pair of buckſkins, was familiarly dubbed Harden broeck, or *Tough Breeches*.

Ten Broeck completed this junto of adventurers. It is a ſingular but ludicrous fact, which, were I not ſcrupulous in recording the whole truth, I ſhould almoſt be tempted to paſs over in ſilence, as incompatible with the gravity and dignity of hiſtory, that this worthy gentleman ſhould likewiſe have been nicknamed from the moſt whimſical part of his dreſs. In fact the ſmall clothes ſeems to have been a very important garment in the eyes of our venerated anceſtors, owing in all probability to its really being the largeſt article of raiment among them. The name of Ten Broeck or Tin Broeck is indifferently tranſlated into Ten Breeches and Tin Breeches—the high Dutch commentators incline to the former opinion; and aſcribe it to his being the firſt who introduced into the ſettlement the ancient Dutch faſhion of wearing ten pair of breeches. But the moſt elegant and ingenious writers on the ſubject declare in favour of Tin, or rather *Thin* Breeches; from whence they infer, that he was a poor, but merry rogue, whoſe galligaſkins were none

of the foundeſt, and who was the identical autho that truly philoſophical ſtanza:

"Then why ſhould we quarrel for riches,
Or any ſuch glittering toys;
A light heart and *thin pair of breeches*,
Will go through the world my brave boys!

Such was the gallant junto choſen to conduct voyage into unknown realms, and the whole was under the ſuperintending care and direction of Ol Van Kortlandt; who was held in great revere among the ſages of Communipaw, for the variety darkneſs of his knowledge. Having, as I before ſerved, paſſed a great part of his life in the open among the peripatetic philoſophers of Amſterdam, had become amazingly well acquainted with the af of the heavens, and could as accurately detern when a ſtorm was brewing, or a ſquall riſing, as a du husband can foreſee, from the brow of his ſpc when a tempeſt is gathering about his ears. He moreover a great ſeer of ghoſts and goblins, ar firm believer in omens; but what eſpecially rec mended him to public confidence, was his marvel talent at dreaming, for there never was any thin conſequence happened at Communipaw but wha declared he had previouſly dreamt it; being on thoſe infallible prophets, that always predict a th after it has come to paſs.

This ſupernatural gift was as highly valued among the burghers of Pavonia, as it was among the enlightened nations of antiquity. The wiſe Ulyſſes was more indebted to his ſleeping, than his waking moments, for all his ſubtle achievements, and ſeldom undertook any great exploit, without firſt ſoundly ſleeping upon it, and the ſame may truly be ſaid of the good Van Kortlandt, who was thence aptly denominated, Oloffe the Dreamer.

This cautious commander having choſen the crews that ſhould accompany him in the propoſed expedition, exhorted them to repair to their homes, take a good night's reſt, ſettle all family affairs and make their wills, before departing on this voyage into unknown realms. And indeed this laſt was a precaution always taken by our forefathers, even in after times, when they became more adventurous, and voyaged to Haverſtraw or Kaatſkill, or Groodt Eſopus, or any other far country that lay beyond the great waters of the Tappaan Zee.

CHAP. IV.

How the heroes of Communipaw voyaged to H Gate, and how they were received there.

AND now the roſy bluſh of morn began to man in the eaſt, and ſoon the riſing ſun, emerging fr amidſt golden and purple clouds, ſhed his blithſo rays on the tin weathercocks of Communipaw. was that delicious ſeaſon of the year, when natu breaking from the chilling thraldom of old wint like a blooming damſel, from the tyranny of a ſor old father, threw herſelf, bluſhing with ten thouſa charms, into the arms of youthful ſpring. Ev tufted copſe and blooming grove, reſounded with notes of hymeneal love. The very inſects, as th ſipped the dew that gemmed the tender graſs of meadows, joined in the joyous epithalamium—the gin bud timidly put forth its bluſhes, "the voice the turtle was heard in the land," and the heart man diſſolved away in tenderneſs. Oh! ſweet Th critus! had I thine oaten reed, wherewith thou didſt charm the gay Sicilian plains—Or Oh! gen Bion! thy paſtoral pipe, wherein the happy ſwains the Leſbian iſle ſo much delighted, then might I tempt to ſing, in ſoft Bucolic or negligent Idyllia the rural beauties of the ſcene—but having nothi ſave this jaded gooſe quill, wherewith to wing n

flight, I muſt fain reſign all poetic diſportings of the fancy, and purſue my narrative in humble proſe; comforting myſelf with the hope, that though it may not ſteal ſo ſweetly upon the imagination of my reader, yet may it commend itſelf, with virgin modeſty to his better judgment, clothed in the chaſte and ſimple garb of truth.

No ſooner did the firſt rays of cheerful Phœbus dart into the windows of Cummunipaw, than the little ſettlement was all in motion. Forth iſſued from his caſtle the ſage Van Kortlandt, and ſeizing a conch ſhell, blew a far reſounding blaſt, that ſoon ſummoned all his luſty followers. Then did they trudge reſolutely down to the water ſide, eſcorted by a multitude of relatives and friends, who all went down, as the common phraſe expreſſes it, "to ſee them off." And this ſhows the antiquity of thoſe long family proceſſions, often ſeen in our city; compoſed of all ages, ſizes and ſexes, laden with bundles and banboxes, eſcorting ſome bevy of country couſins, about to depart for home in a market boat.

The good Oloffe beſtowed his forces in a ſquadron of three canoes, and hoiſted his flag on board a little round Dutch boat, ſhaped not unlike a tub, which had formerly been the jolly boat of the Goede Vrouw. And now, all being embarked, they bid farewell to the gazing throng upon the beach, who continued ſhouting after them, even when out of hearing, wiſhing them a happy voyage, adviſing them to take good

care of themſelves, not to get drowned—with a abundance other of thoſe ſage and invaluable caution generally given by landſmen to ſuch as go down the ſea in ſhips, and adventure upon the deep water In the mean while the voyagers cheerily urged the courſe acroſs the chryſtal boſom of the bay, and ſoo left behind them the green ſhores of ancient Pavon

And firſt they touched at two ſmall iſlands whi lie nearly oppoſite Communipaw, and which are ſa to have been brought into exiſtence about the tir of the great irruption of the Hudſon, when it bro through the Highlands and made its way to t ocean.* For in this tremendous uproar of the w ters, we are told that many huge fragments of ro and land were rent from the mountains and fwe down by this run away river, for ſixty or ſeven miles; where ſome of them ran aground on the ſho juſt oppoſite Communipaw, and formed the identi iſlands in queſtion, while others drifted out to ſ and were never heard of more! A ſufficient pr

* It is a matter long ſince eſtabliſhed by certain of our ph ſophers, that is to ſay, having been often advanced, and never c tradicted, it has grown to be pretty nigh equal to a ſettled f that the Hudſon was originally a lake, dammed up by the mo tains of the Highlands. In process of time, however, becom very mighty and obſtreperous, and the mountains waxing pu dropſical, and weak in the back, by reaſon of their extreme age, it ſuddenly roſe upon them, and after a violent ſtruggle, fected its eſcape. This is ſaid to have come to paſs in very rem time, probably before that rivers had loſt the art of running hill. The foregoing is a theory in which I do not pretend to ſkilled, notwithſtanding that I do fully give it my belief.

of the fact is, that the rock which forms the baſes of theſe iſlands, is exactly ſimilar to that of the Highlands, and moreover one of our philoſophers, who has diligently compared the agreement of their reſpective ſurfaces, has even gone ſo far as to aſſure me, in confidence, that Gibbet Iſland was originally nothing more nor leſs than a wart on Anthony's noſe.*

Leaving theſe wonderful little iſles, they next coaſted by Governor's Iſland, ſince terrible from its frowning fortreſs and grinning batteries. They would by no means, however, land upon this iſland, ſince they doubted much it might be the abode of demons and ſpirits, which in thoſe days did greatly abound throughout this ſavage and pagan country.

Juſt at this time a ſhoal of jolly porpoiſes came rolling and tumbling by, turning up their ſleek ſides to the ſun, and ſpouting up the briny element in ſparkling ſhowers. No ſooner did the ſage Oloffe mark this than he was greatly rejoiced. "This," exclaimed he, "if I miſtake not, augurs well—the porpoiſe is a fat, well conditioned fiſh—a burgomaſter among fiſhes—his looks betoken eaſe, plenty and proſperity—I greatly admire this round fat fiſh, and doubt not, but this is a happy omen of the ſucceſs of our undertaking." So ſaying, he directed his ſquadron to ſteer in the tract of theſe aldermen fiſhes.

Turning, therefore, directly to the left, they ſwept

* A promontory in the Highlands.

up the ſtraight, vulgarly called the eaſt river. here the rapid tide which courſes through this ſtra ſeizing on the gallant tub in which commodore Kortlandt had embarked, hurried it forward w velocity unparalleled in a Dutch boat, navigate Dutchmen; inſomuch that the good commodore, had all his life long been accuſtomed only to drowſy navigation of canals, was more than ever vinced that they were in the hands of ſome ſi natural power, and that the jolly porpoiſes were ing them to ſome fair haven that was to fulfil all wiſhes and expectations.

Thus borne away by the reſiſtleſs current, doubled that boiſterous point of land, ſince c Corlear's Hook,* and leaving to the right the winding cove of the Wallabout, where our in navy is now a days put out to nurſe, they drifted a magnificent expanſe of water, ſurrounded by p ant ſhores, whoſe verdure was exceedingly refre to the eye. While the voyagers were looking arc them, on what they conceived to be a ſerene and ſt lake, they beheld at a diſtance a crew of painted vages, buſily employed in fiſhing, who ſeemed n like the genii of this romantic region—their flee canoe lightly balanced like a feather on the undu ing ſurface of the bay.

At ſight of theſe the hearts of the heroes of C

* Properly ſpelt *hoeck*, (i. e.) a point of land.

mumipaw were not a little troubled. But as good fortune would have it, at the bow of the commodore's boat was ſtationed a very valiant man, named Hendrick Kip, (which being interpreted, means *chicken*, a name given him in token of his courage.) No ſooner did he behold theſe varlet heathens than he trembled with exceſſive valour, and although a good half mile diſtant, he ſeized a muſquetoon that lay at hand, and turning away his head, fired it moſt intrepidly in the face of the bleſſed ſun. The blundering weapon recoiled and gave the valiant Kip an ignominious kick, that laid him proſtrate with uplifted heels in the bottom of the boat. But ſuch was the effect of this tremendous fire, that the wild men of the woods, ſtruck with conſternation, ſeized haſtily upon their paddles, and ſhot away into one of the deep inlets of the Long-Iſland ſhore.

This ſignal victory gave new ſpirits to the hardy voyagers, and in honour of the achievement they gave the name of the valiant Kip to the ſurrounding bay, and it has continued to be called KIP's BAY, from that time to the preſent. The heart of the good Van Kortlandt—who, having no land of his own, was a great admirer of other people's—expanded at the ſumptuous proſpect of rich unſettled country around him, and falling into a delicious reverie, he ſtraightway began to riot in the poſſeſſion of vaſt meadows of ſalt marſh and interminable patches of cabbages. From this delectable viſion he was all

at once awakened by the ſudden turning of the tide, which would ſoon have hurried him from this land of promiſe, had not the diſcreet navigator given ſighal to ſteer for ſhore; where they accordingly landed hard by the rocky heights of Bellevue—that happy retreat, where our jolly aldermen eat for the good of the city, and fatten the turtle that are ſacrificed on civic ſolemnities.

Here, ſeated on the green ſward, by the ſide of a ſmall ſtream that ran ſparkling among the graſs, they refreſhed themſelves after the toils of the ſeas, by feaſting luſtily on the ample ſtores which they had provided for this perilous voyage. Thus having well fortified their deliberative powers, they fell into an earneſt conſultation, what was further to be done. This was the firſt council dinner, ever eaten at Bellevue by Chriſtian burghers, and here, as tradition relates, did originate the great family feud between the Hardenbroecks and the Tenbroecks, which afterwards had a ſingular influence on the building of the city. The ſturdy Hardenbroeck, whoſe eyes had been wonderouſly delighted with the ſalt marſhes that ſpread their reeking boſoms along the coaſt, at the bottom of Kip's Bay, counſelled by all means to return thither, and found the intended city. This was ſtrenuouſly oppoſed by the unbending Ten Broeck, and many teſty arguments paſſed between them. The particulars of this controverſy have not reached us, which is ever to be lamented; this much is certain, that the ſage

Oloffe put an end to the diſpute, by determining to explore ſtill further in the route which the myſterious porpoiſes had ſo clearly pointed out—whereupon the ſturdy Tough Breeches abandoned the expedition, took poſſeſſion of a neighbouring hill, and in a fit of great wrath peopled all that tract of country, which has continued to be inhabited by the Hardenbroecks unto this very day.

By this time the jolly Phoebus, like ſome wanton urchin, ſporting on the ſide of a green hill, began to roll down the declivity of the heavens; and now, the tide having once more turned in their favour, the reſolute Pavonians again committed themſelves to its diſcretion, and coaſting along the weſtern ſhores were borne towards the ſtraights of Blackwell's Iſland.

And here the capricious wanderings of the current, occaſioned not a little marvel and perplexity to theſe illuſtrious mariners. Now would they be caught by the wanton eddies, and, ſweeping round a jutting point, would wind deep into ſome romantic little cove, that indented the fair iſland of Manna-hatta, now were they hurried narrowly by the very baſes of impending rocks, mantled with the flaunting grape vine, and crowned with groves that threw a broad ſhade on the waves beneath, and anon they were borne away into the mid-channel and wafted along with a rapidity that very much diſcompoſed the ſage Van Kortlandt, who, as he ſaw the land ſwiftly receding on either

ſide, began exceedingly to doubt that terra firma v
giving them the ſlip.

Wherever the voyagers turned their eyes, a new c
ation ſeemed to bloom around. No ſigns of hum
thrift appeared to check the delicious wildneſs of
ture, who here revelled in all her luxuriant varie
Thoſe hills now briſtled, like the fretful porcupi
with rows of poplars, (vain, upſtart plants! mini
of wealth and faſhion!) were then adorned with
vigorous natives of the ſoil. The lordly oak,
generous cheſnut, the graceful elm—while here a
there the tulip tree reared his majeſtic head, the gi
of the foreſt—where now are ſeen the gay retreats
luxury—villas half buried in twilight-bowers, whe
the amorous flute oft breathes the ſighings of ſo
city ſwain—there the fiſh hawk built his ſolitary n
on ſome dry tree that overlooked his watery doma
The timid deer fed undiſturbed along thoſe ſho
now hallowed by the lover's moonlight walk, a
printed by the ſlender foot of beauty; and a ſava
ſolitude extended over thoſe happy regions, whe
now are reared the ſtately towers of the Jones's, t
Schermerhornes and the Rhinelanders.

Thus gliding in ſilent wonder through theſe n
and unknown ſcenes, the gallant ſquadron of Pavo
ſwept by the foot of a promontory, that ſtrutted fo
boldly into the waves, and ſeemed to frown up
them as they brawled againſt its baſe. This is t
the bluff well known to modern mariners by the na

of Gracie's point, from the fair caſtle, which, like an elephant it carries upon its back. And here broke upon their view a wild and varied proſpect, where land and water were beauteouſly intermingled, as though they had combined to heighten and ſet off each other's charms. To their right lay the ſedgy point of Blackwell's Iſland, dreſt in the freſh garniture of living green—beyond it ſtretched the pleaſant coaſt of Sundswick, and the ſmall harbour well known by the name of Hallet's cove—a place infamous, in latter days, by reaſon of its being the haunt of pirates who infeſt theſe ſeas, robbing orchards and water melon patches, and inſulting gentlemen navigators, when voyaging in their pleaſure boats. To the left a deep bay, or rather creek, gracefully receded between ſhores fringed with foreſts, and forming a kind of viſta, through which were beheld the Sylvan regions of Haerlem, Morriſſania and Eaſt Cheſter. Here the eye repoſed with delight on a richly wooded country, diverſified by tufted knolls, ſhadowy intervals, and waving lines of upland, ſwelling above each other; while over the whole, the purple miſts of ſpring diffuſed a hue of ſoft voluptuouſneſs.

Juſt before them the grand courſe of the ſtream making a ſudden bend wound among embowered promontories and ſhores of emerald verdure, that ſeemed to melt into the wave. A character of gentleneſs and mild fertility prevailed around. The ſun had juſt deſcended, and the thin haze of twilight, like a

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tranſparent veil, drawn over the boſom of virgin
heightened the charms, which it half conceale

Ah! witching ſcenes of foul deluſion! Ah!
voyagers, gazing with ſimple wonder on the
cean ſhores! Such, alas! are they, poor eaſy
who liſten to the ſeductions of a wicked v
treacherous are its ſmiles! fatal its careſſe
who yields to its enticements launches
whelming tide, and truſts his feeble bark am
dimpling eddies of a whirlpool! And thus i
with the worthies of Pavonia, who, little n
ing the guileful ſcene before them, drifted
on, until they were arouſed by an uncommc
ing and agitation of their veſſels. For now
dimpling current began to brawl around them
waves to boil and foam with horrific fury. A
as if from a dream, the aſtoniſhed Oloffe
aloud to put about, but his words were lo
the roaring of the waters. And now enſued
of direful conſternation—at one time they wer
with dreadful velocity, among tumultuous b
at another hurried down boiſterous rapids.
they were nearly daſhed upon the Hen and Ch
(infamous rocks!—more voracious then Scy
her whelps) and anon they ſeemed ſinking intc
ing gulphs, that threatened to entomb them
the waves. All the elements combined to
a hideous confuſion. The waters raged—the
howled—and as they were hurried along, ſever

aſtoniſhed mariners beheld the rocks and trees of the neighbouring ſhores, driving through the air!

At length the mighty tub of commodore Van Kortlandt was drawn into the vortex of that tremendous whirlpool called the Pot, where it was whirled about in giddy mazes, until the ſenſes of the good commander and his crew, were overpowered by the horror of the ſcene, and the ſtrangeneſs of the revolution.

How the gallant ſquadron of Pavonia was ſnatched from the jaws of this modern Charybdis, has never been truly made known, for ſo many ſurvived to tell the tale, and, what is ſtill more wonderful, told it in ſo many different ways, that there has ever prevailed a great variety of opinions on the ſubject.

As to the commodore and his crew, when they came to their ſenſes they found themſelves ſtranded on the Long Iſland ſhore. The worthy commodore indeed, uſed to relate many and wonderful ſtories of his adventures in this time of peril, which, by his account, did far exceed those of the ſage Ulyſſes, in the ſtraits of Charybdis. For he ſaw ſpectres flying in the air, and heard the yelling of hobgoblins, and put his hand into the pot when they were whirled around, and found the water ſcalding hot, and beheld ſeveral uncouth looking beings ſeated on rocks and ſkimming it with huge ladles—but particularly he declared with great exultation, that he ſaw the loſſel porpoiſes, which

had betrayed them into this peril, some b
the Gridiron and others hissing in the Fryin

These, however, were considered by man
phantasies of the commodore's imagination,
lay in a trance; especially as he was knc
given to dreaming; and the truth of them
been clearly ascertained. It is certain, hov
to the accounts of Oloffe and his followe
traced the various traditions handed dow
marvellous strait—as how the devil has
there, sitting astride of the Hog's back and
the fiddle—how he broils fish there befor
and many other stories, in which we must b
of putting too much faith. In consequ
these terrific circumstances, the Pavonian
er gave this pass the name of *Helle-gat*, or
been interpreted, *Hell-gate*;* which it co
bear at the present day.

* This is a narrow strait in the sound, at the di
miles above New-York. It is dangerous to shipping,
the care of skilful pilots, by reason of numerous rocks
whirlpools. These have received sundry appellations
gridiron, fryingpan, hog's back, pot, &c. and are ver
turbulent at certain times of tide. Certain wise men
these modern days have softened the above characteris
Hurl-gate, which means nothing I leave them to g
etymology. The name as given by our author is supp
map in Vander Donck's history, published in 1656—
history of America, 1671—as also by a journal still e
in the 16th century, and to be found in Hazard's
And an old M.S. written in French, speaking of vario
in names about this city observes, "De *Helle-gat* tro
ont fait *Hell-gate*. Porte d'Enfer."

CHAP. V.

How the heroes of Communipaw returned somewhat wiser than they went—and how the sage Oloffe dreamed a dream—and the dream that he dreamed.

THE darkneſs of night had cloſed upon this diſaſtrous day, and a doleful night was it to the ſhipwrecked Pavonians, whoſe ears were inceſſantly aſſailed with the raging of the elements, and the howling of the hobgoblins that infeſted this perfidious ſtraight. But when the morning dawned, the horrors of the preceding evening had paſſed away; rapids, breakers, and whirlpools had diſappeared, the ſtream again ran ſmooth and dimpling, and having changed its tide, rolled gently back, towards the quarter where lay their much regretted home.

The woe-begone heroes of Communipaw eyed each other with rueful countenances; their ſquadron had been totally diſperſed by the late diſaſter. Some were caſt upon the weſtern ſhore, where, headed by one Ruleff Hopper, they took poſſeſſion of all the country lying about the ſix mile ſtone; which is held by the Hoppers at this preſent writing.

The Waldrons were driven by ſtreſs of weather to a diſtant coaſt, where, having with them a jug of genuine Hollands, they were enabled to conciliate the

ſavages, ſetting up a kind of tavern; from whence, it is ſaid, did ſpring the fair town of Haerlem, in which their deſcendants have ever ſince continued to be reputable publicans. As to the Suydams, they were thrown upon the Long-Iſland coaſt, and may ſtill be found in thoſe parts. But the moſt ſingular luck attended the great Ten Broeck, who, falling overboard, was miraculouſly preſerved from ſinking by the multitude of his nether garments. Thus buoyed up, he floated on the waves, like a merman, until he landed ſafely on a rock, where he was found the next morning, buſily drying his many breeches in the ſun-ſhine.

I forbear to treat of the long conſultation of our adventurers—how they determined that it would not do to found a city in this diabolical neighbourhood—and how at length, with fear and trembling, they ventured once more upon the briny element, and ſteered their courſe back for Communipaw. Suffice it, in ſimple brevity, to ſay, that after toiling back through the ſcenes of their yeſterday's voyage, they at length opened the ſouthern point of Manna-hata, and gained a diſtant view of their beloved Communipaw.

And here they were oppoſed by an obſtinate eddy, that reſiſted all the efforts of the exhauſted mariners. Weary and diſpirited, they could no longer make head againſt the power of the tide, or rather, as ſome will have it, of old Neptune, who, anxious to guide them

a ſpot, whereon ſhould be founded his ſtrong hold in this weſtern world, ſent half a ſcore of potent billows, that rolled the tub of commodore Van Kortlandt high and dry on the ſhores of Manna-hata.

Having thus in a manner been guided by ſupernatural power to this delightſome iſland, their firſt care was to light a fire at the foot of a large tree, that ſtood upon the point at preſent called the battery. Then gathering together great ſtore of oyſters which abounded on the ſhore, and emptying the contents of their wallets, they prepared and made a ſumptuous council repaſt. The worthy Van Kortlandt was obſerved to be particularly zealous in his devotions to the trencher; for having the cares of the expedition eſpecially committed to his care, he deemed it incumbent on him to eat profoundly for the public good. In proportion as he filled himſelf to the very brim with the dainty viands before him, did the heart of this excellent Burgher ſeem to riſe up towards his throat, until he ſeemed crammed and almoſt choked with good eating and good nature. And at ſuch times it is, when a man's heart is in his throat, that he may more truly be ſaid to ſpeak from it, and his ſpeeches abound with kindneſs and good fellowſhip. Thus the worthy Oloffe having ſwallowed the laſt poſſible morſel, and waſhed it down with a fervent potation, felt his heart yearning, and his whole frame in a manner dilating with unbounded benevolence. Every thing around him ſeemed excellent and delightful;

and, laying his hands on each ſide of his capacious periphery, and rolling his half cloſed eyes around on the beautiful diverſity of land and water before him, he exclaimed, in a fat half ſmothered voice, "what a charming proſpect!" The words died away in his throat—he ſeemed to ponder on the fair ſcene for a moment—his eye-lids heavily cloſed over their orbs—his head drooped upon his boſom—he ſlowly ſunk upon the green turf, and a deep ſleep ſtole gradually upon him.

And the ſage Oloffe dreamed a dream—and lo, the good St. Nicholas came riding over the tops of the trees, in that ſelf ſame waggon wherein he brings his yearly preſents to children; and he came and deſcended hard by where the heroes of Communipaw had made their late repaſt. And the ſhrewd Van Kortlandt knew him by his broad hat, his long pipe and the reſemblance which he bore to the figure on the bow of the Goede Vrouw. And he lit his pipe by the fire, and he ſat himſelf down and ſmoked; and as he ſmoked the ſmoke from his pipe aſcended into the air and ſpread like a cloud over head. And the ſage Oloffe bethought him, and he haſtened and climbed up to the top of one of the talleſt trees, and ſaw that the ſmoke ſpread over a great extent of country—and as he conſidered it more attentively, he fancied that the great volume of ſmoke aſſumed a variety of marvellous forms, where in dim obſcurity he ſaw ſhadowed out palaces and domes and lofty ſpires, all which

lifted but a moment, and then faded away, until the whole rolled off and nothing but the green woods were left. And when St. Nicholas had ſmoked his pipe, he twiſted it in his hat band, and laying his finger beſide his noſe gave the aſtoniſhed Van Kortlandt a very ſignificant look, then mounting his waggon he returned over the tree tops and diſappeared.

And Van Kortlandt awoke from his ſleep greatly inſtructed, and he arouſed his companions and related to them his dream; and interpreted it, that it was the will of St. Nicholas that they ſhould ſettle down and build the city here. And that the ſmoke of the pipe was a type how vaſt ſhould be the extent of the city; inasmuch as the volumes of its ſmoke ſhould ſpread over a vaſt extent of country. And they all with one voice aſſented to this interpretation excepting Mynher Ten Broeck, who declared the meaning to be that it ſhould be a city wherein a little fire ſhould occaſion a great ſmoke, or in other words, a very vapouring little city—both which interpretations have ſtrangely came to paſs!

The great object of their perilous expedition therefore, being thus happily accompliſhed, the voyagers returned merrily to Communipaw, where they were received with great rejoicings. And here calling a general meeting of all the wiſe men and the dignitaries of Pavonia they related the whole hiſtory of their voyage and of the dream of Oloffe Van Kortlandt. And the people lifted up their voices and bleſſed the

good St. Nicholas, and from that time forth Van Kortlandt was held in more honour th for his great talent at dreaming, and was pr ed a moſt uſeful citizen and a right good when he was aſleep.

CHAP. VI.

Containing an attempt at etymology—and of the founding of the great city of New-Amsterdam.

The original name of the iſland wherein the ſquadron of Communipaw was thus propitiouſly thrown, is a matter of ſome diſpute, and has already undergone conſiderable vitiation—a melancholy proof of the inſtability of all ſublunary things, and the vanity of all our hopes of laſting fame; for who can expect his name will live to poſterity, when even the names of mighty iſlands are thus ſoon loſt in contradiction and uncertainty!

The name moſt current at the preſent day, and which is likewiſe, countenanced by the great hiſtorian Vander Donck, is *Manhattan;* which is ſaid to have originated in a cuſtom among the ſquaws, in the early ſettlement, of wearing men's hats, as is ſtill done among many tribes. "Hence," as are told by an old governor who was ſomewhat of a wag, and flouriſhed almoſt a century ſince, and had paid a viſit to the wits of Philadelphia "Hence aroſe the apellation of man-hat-on, firſt given to the Indians, and afterwards to the iſland"—a ſtupid joke! —but well enough for a governor.

Among the more venerable ſources of information on this ſubject, is that valuable hiſtory of the American poſſeſſions, written by Maſter Richard Blome in 1687,* wherein it is called Manhadaes and Manahanent; nor muſt I forget the excellent little book full of precious matter, of that authentic hiſtorian John Joſſelyn, Gent.† who expreſsly calls it Manadaes

Another etymology ſtill more ancient, and ſanctioned by the countenance of our ever to be lamented Dutch anceſtors, is that found in certain letters ſtill extant;‡ which paſſed between the early governors and their neighbouring powers, wherein it is called indifferently Monhattoes—Munhatos and Manhattoes, which are evidently unimportant variations of the ſame name; for our wiſe forefathers ſat little ſtore by thoſe nicetiés either in orthography or orthoepy, which form the ſole ſtudy and ambition of many learned men and women of this hypercritical age. This laſt name is ſaid to be derived from the great Indian ſpirit Manetho; who was ſuppoſed to make this iſland his favourite abode on account of its uncommon delights. For the Indian traditions affirm that the bay was once a tranſlucid lake, filled with ſilver and golden fiſh, in the midſt of which lay this beautiful iſland, covered with every variety of fruits and flowers; but that the

* This history is to be found in the library of the New-York Historical Society

† Idem.

‡ Vide Hazard's Col. Stat. Pap.

irruption of the Hudſon laid waſte theſe diſſa-
ues, and Manetho took his flight beyond the
aters of Ontario.

:, however, are fabulous legends, to which
tious credence muſt be given; and although I
ing to admit the laſt quoted orthography of
ne, as very ſuitable for proſe, yet is there
one founded on ſtill more ancient and indiſ-
authority, which I particularly delight in, ſeem-
t it is at once poetical, melodious and ſignifi-
nd this is recorded in the before mentioned
of the great Hudſon, written by maſter Juet;
:arly and correctly calls it MANNA-HATA—that
', the iſland of Manna, or in other words—" a
wing with milk and honey!"

aving been ſolemnly reſolved that the ſeat of
ſhould be transferred from the green ſhores of
, to this delectable iſland, a vaſt multitude em-
and migrated acroſs the mouth of the Hudſon,
he guidance of Oloffe the Dreamer, who was
nd protector or patroon to the new ſettlement.
here let me bear teſtimony to the matchleſs
and magnanimity of our worthy forefathers,
rchaſed the ſoil of the native Indians, before
g a ſingle roof; a circumſtance ſingular and al-
ncredible in the annals of diſcovery and coloni-

firſt ſettlement was made on the ſouthweſt
of the iſland, on the very ſpot where the go-

St. Nicholas had appeared in the dream. Here they built a mighty and impregnable fort and trading houſe, called FORT AMSTERDAM, which ſtood on that eminence at preſent occupied by the cuſtom-houſe, with the open ſpace now called the bowling green, in front.

Around this potent fortreſs was ſoon ſeen a numerous progeny of little Dutch houſes, with tiled roofs, all which ſeemed moſt lovingly to neſtle under its walls, like a brood of half fledged chickens ſheltered under the wings of the mother hen. The whole was ſurrounded by an encloſure of ſtrong pallifadoes, to guard againſt any ſudden irruption of the ſavages who wandered in hordes about the ſwamps, and foreſts, that extended over thoſe tracts of country at preſent called Broadway, Wall-ſtreet, William-ſtreet, and Pearl-ſtreet.

No ſooner was the colony once planted than it took root and throve amazingly, for it would ſeem that this thrice favoured iſland is like a munificent dunghill, where every foreign weed finds kindly nouriſhment, and ſoon ſhoots up, and expands to greatneſs.

And now the infant ſettlement having advanced in age and ſtature, it was thought high time it ſhould receive an honeſt Chriſtian name, and it was accordingly called NEW-AMSTERDAM. It is true there were ſome advocates for the original Indian name, and many of the beſt writers of the province did long continue to call it by the title of "The Manhattoes," but this was diſcountenanced by the authorities, as being

heatheniſh and ſavage. Beſides, it was conſidered an excellent and praiſeworthy meaſure to name it after a great city of the old world; as by that means it was induced to emulate the greatneſs and renown of its name ſake—in the manner that little ſnivelling urchins are called after great ſtateſmen, ſaints and worthies, and renowned generals of yore, upon which they all induſtriouſly copy their examples, and come to be very mighty men in their day and generation.

The thriving ſtate of the ſettlement, and the rapid increaſe of houſes gradually awakened the good Oloffe from a deep lethargy, into which he had fallen after the building of the fort. He now began to think it was time ſome plan ſhould be deviſed, on which the increaſing town ſhould be built. Summoning, therefore, his counſellors and coadjutors together, they took pipe in mouth, and forthwith ſunk into a very ſound deliberation on the ſubject.

At the very outſet of the buſineſs an unexpected difference of opinion aroſe, and I mention it with much ſorrowing, as being the firſt altercation on record in the councils of New-Amſterdam. It was a breaking forth of the grudge and heartburning, that had exiſted between thoſe two eminent burghers, Mynhers Tenbroeck and Hardenbroeck, ever ſince their unhappy altercation on the coaſt of Bellevue. The great Hardenbroeck had waxed very wealthy and powerful, from his domains, which embraced the whole chain of Apulean mountains that ſtretch along the

gulf of Kip's Bay, and from part of which hi
cendants have been expelled in latter ages, b
powerful clans of the Jones's and the Sc[illegible]merh

An ingenious plan for the city was offered by
her Tenbroeck, who propoſed that it ſhould be c
and interſected by canals, after the manner o
moſt admired cities in Holland. To this M
Hardenbroeck was diametrically oppoſed, ſuggeſti
place thereof that they ſhould run out dock
wharves, by means of piles, driven into the b
of the river, on which the town ſhould be built.
theſe means, ſaid he triumphantly, ſhall we rei
conſiderable ſpace of territory from theſe im
rivers, and build a city that ſhall rival Amſte
Venice, or any amphibious city in Europe. T
propoſition, Ten Broeck (or Ten breeches) re
with a look of as much ſcorn as he could poſſib
ſume. He caſt the utmoſt cenſure upon the p
his antagoniſt, as being prepoſterous, and again
very order of things, as he would leave to ever
Hollander. "For what," ſaid he, "is a town
out canals?—it is like a body without veins ar
teries, and muſt periſh for want of a free circu
of the vital fluid."—Tough breeches, on the con
retorted with a ſarcaſm upon his antagoniſt, wh
ſomewhat of an arid, dry boned habit; he rem
that as to the circulation of the blood being nec
to exiſtence, Mynher Ten breeches was a living
tradiction to his own aſſertion; for every body

e had not a drop of blood circulated through
wind dried carcaſe for good ten years, and yet
e was not a greater buſy body in the whole colony.
onalities have ſeldom much effect in making con-
; in argument—nor have I ever ſeen a man con-
ed of error, by being convicted of deformity. At
ſuch was not the caſe at preſent. Ten Breeches
very acrimonious in reply, and Tough Breeches,
was a ſturdy little man, and never gave up the
word, rejoined with increaſing ſpirit—Ten Breech-
ad the advantage of the greateſt volubility, but
gh Breeches had that invaluable coat of mail in
ment called obſtinacy—Ten Breeches had, there-
, the moſt mettle, but Tough Breeches the beſt
om—ſo that though Ten Breeches made a dread-
clattering about his ears, and battered and bela-
red him with hard words and ſound arguments,
Tough Breeches hung on moſt reſolutely to the

They parted, therefore, as is uſual in all ar-
ents where both parties are in the right, without
ing to any concluſion—but they hated each other
t heartily forever after, and a ſimilar breach with
: between the houſes of Capulet and Montague,
enſue between the families of Ten Breeches and
gh Breeches.

would not fatigue my reader with theſe dull mat-
of fact, but that my duty as a faithful hiſtorian,
uires that I ſhould be particular—and in truth, as
n now treating of the critical period, when our

city, like a young twig, firſt received the twiſts
turns, that have ſince contributed to give it the
ſent pictureſque irregularity for which it is celebra
I cannot be too minute in detailing their firſt cauſ

After the unhappy altercation I have juſt ment
ed, I do not find that any thing further was ſaid
the ſubject worthy of being recorded. The cou
conſiſting of the largeſt and oldeſt heads in the c
munity, met regularly once a week, to ponder on
momentous ſubject.—But either they were dete
by the war of words they had witneſſed, or they
naturally averſe to the exerciſe of the tongue,
the conſequent exerciſe of the brains—certain
the moſt profound ſilence was maintained—the
tion as uſual lay on the table—the members qu
ſmoked their pipes, making but few laws, wit
ever enforcing any, and in the mean time the a
of the ſettlement went on—as it pleaſed God.

As moſt of the council were but little ſkilled i
myſtery of combining pot hooks and hangers,
determined moſt judiciouſly not to puzzle either t
ſelves or poſterity with voluminous records. Th
cretary, however, kept the minutes of the co
with tolerable preciſion, in a large vellum folio, fa
ed with maſſy braſs claſps; the journal of each
ing conſiſted but of two lines, ſtating in Dutch,
"the council ſat this day, and ſmoked twelve
on the affairs of the colony."—By which it ap
that the firſt ſettlers did not regulate their tim

hours, but pipes, in the ſame manner as they meaſure diſtances in Holland at this very time; an admirably exact meaſurement, as a pipe in the mouth of a true born Dutchman is never liable to thoſe accidents and irregularities that are continually putting our clocks out of order.

In this manner did the profound council of NEW-AMSTERDAM ſmoke, and doze, and ponder, from week to week, month to month, and year to year, in what manner they ſhould conſtruct their infant ſettlement—mean while, the town took care of itſelf, and like a ſturdy brat which is ſuffered to run about wild, unfhackled by clouts and bandages, and other abominations by which your notable nurſes and ſage old women cripple and disfigure the children of men, increaſed ſo rapidly in ſtrength and magnitude, that before the honeſt burgomaſters had determined upon a plan, it was too late to put it in execution—whereupon they wiſely abandoned the ſubject altogether.

CHAP. VII.

How the City of New-Amsterdam waxed great under the protection of Oloffe the Dreamer.

THERE is ſomething exceedingly deluſive in the looking back, through the long viſta of departed years and catching a glimpſe of the fairy realms of antiquity that lie beyond. Like ſome goodly landſcape melting into diſtance, they receive a thouſand charms from their very obſcurity, and the fancy delights to fill up their outlines with graces and excellencies of its own creation. Thus beam on my imagination those happier days of our city, when as yet New-Amſterdam was a mere paſtoral town, ſhrouded in groves of Sycamore and Willows, and ſurrounded by trackleſs foreſts and wide ſpreading waters, that ſeemed to ſhut out all the cares and vanities of a wicked world.

In thoſe days did this embryo city preſent the rare and noble ſpectacle of a community governed without laws; and thus being left to its own courſe, and the foſtering care of providence, increaſed as rapidly as though it had been burthened with a dozen parliaments full of thoſe ſage laws that are uſually heaped on the backs of young cities—in order to make them grow. And in this particular I greatly admire the wiſdom and ſound knowledge of human nature, diſplayed by the ſage Oloffe the Dreamer, and his fellow

gislators. For my part I have not so bad an opinion f mankind as many of my brother philosophers. I o not think poor human nature so sorry a piece of orkmanship as they would make it out to be; and s far as I have observed, I am fully satisfied that man, f left to himself, would about as readily go right as rong. It is only this eternally sounding in his ears hat it is his duty to go right, that makes him go the ry reverse. The noble independence of his nature evolts at this intolerable tyranny of law, and the per- etual interference of officious morality, which is ever setting his path with finger posts and directions to 'keep to the right, as the law directs;" and like a pirited urchin, he turns directly contrary, and gal- ops through mud and mire, over hedges and ditches, merely to show that he is a lad of spirit, and out of is leading strings. And these opinions are amply ubstantiated by what I have above said of our worthy ncestors; who never being be-preached and be-lec- ured, and guided and governed by statutes and laws nd bye-laws, as are their more enlightened descend- nts, did one and all demean themselves honestly and eaceably, out of pure ignorance, or in other words— ecause they knew no better.

Nor must I omit to record, one of the earliest mea- ures of this infant settlement, inasmuch as it shews ne piety of our forfathers, and that, like good chris- ans, they were always ready to serve God, after ney had first served themselves. Thus, having qui-

settled themselves down, and provided
own comfort, they bethought themselves of
their gratitude to the great and good St.
for his protecting care, in guiding them to
table abode. To this end they built a fair
chapel within the fort, which they consecr
name; whereupon he immediately took th
New-Amsterdam, under his peculiar patro
he has even since been, and I devoutly hop
be, the tutelar saint of this excellent city.

I am moreover told that there is a little
book, somewhere extant, written in low Du
says, that the image of this renowned sa
whilome graced the bowsprit of the Goe
was elevated in front of this chapel, in the
of what, in modern days, is called th
Green. And the legend further treats
miracles wrought by the mighty pipe, whic
held in his mouth; a whiff of which was
cure for an indigestion—an invaluable reli
colony of brave trenchermen. As, howe
of the most diligent search, I cannot lay
upon this little book. I must confess that
considerable doubt on the subject.

Thus benignly fostered by the good St.
the burghers of New-Amsterdam beheld
ment increase in magnitude and popul
soon become the metropolis of divers settlem
extensive territory. Already had the disa

of colonies and dependencies, thoſe banes of a ſound hearted empire, entered into their imaginations; and Fort Aurania on the Hudſon, Fort Naſſau on the Delaware, and Fort Goede Hoep on the Connecticut river, ſeemed to be the darling offspring of the venerable council.* Thus proſperouſly, to all appearance, did the province of New-Netherlands advance in power; and the early hiſtory of its metropolis, preſents a fair page, unſullied by crime or calamity.

Hordes of painted ſavages ſtill lurked about the tangled foreſts and rich bottoms of the unſettled part of the Iſland—the hunter pitched his rude bower of ſkins and bark beſide the rills that ran through the cool and ſhady glens, while here and there might be ſeen on ſome ſunny knoll, a group of Indian wigwams, whoſe ſmoke aroſe above the neighbouring trees and floated in the tranſparent atmoſphere. By degrees a mutual goodwill had grown up, between theſe wandering beings and the burghers of New-Amſterdam. Our benevolent forefathers endeavoured as much as

* The province, about this time, extended on the north to Fort Aurania, or Orange (now the city of Albany), situated about 160 miles up the Hudson river. Indeed the province claimed quite to the river St. Lawrence; but this claim was not much insisted on at the time, as the country beyond Fort Aurania was a perfect wilderness. On the south the province reached to Fort Nassau, on the south river, since called the Delaware—and on the east it extended to the Varshe (or fresh) river, now the Connecticut. On this last frontier was likewise erected a Fort and trading house, much about the spot where at present is situated the pleasant town of Hartford. This was called Fort Goed Hoep, (or Good Hope) and was intended as well for the purpose of trade, as of defence.

poſſible to ameliorate their ſituation, by giving th gin, rum, and glaſs beads, in exchange for th peltries; for it ſeems the kind hearted Dutchmen h conceived a great friendſhip for their ſavage neighbo on account of their being pleaſant men to trade w and little ſkilled in the art of making a bargain.

Now and then a crew of theſe half human fons the foreſt would make their appearance in the ſtreet New-Amſterdam, fantaſtically painted and decora with beads and flaunting feathers, ſauntering ab with an air of liſtleſs indifference—ſometimes in market-place, inſtructing the little Dutch boys in uſe of the bow and arrow—at other times, inflam with liquor, ſwaggering and whooping and yell about the town like ſo many fiends, to the great a may of all the good wives, who would hurry th children into the houſe, faſten the doors, and thr water upon the enemy from the garret windows. is worthy of mention here, that our forefathers w very particular in holding up theſe wild men as cellent domeſtic examples—and for reaſons that n be gathered from the hiſtory of maſter Ogilvie, w tells us, that "for the leaſt offence the bridegro ſoundly beats his wife and turns her out of doo and marries another, inſomuch that ſome of th have every year a new wife." Whether this awful ample had any influence or not, hiſtory does not m tion; but it is certain that our grandmothers w miracles of fidelity and obedience.

True it is, that the good underſtanding between our anceſtors and their ſavage neighbours, was liable to occaſional interruptions, and I have heard my grandmother, who was a very wiſe old woman, and well verſed in the hiſtory of theſe parts, tell a long ſtory, of a winter's evening, about a battle between the New-Amſterdammers and the Indians, which was known by the name of the *Peach war*, and which took place near a peach orchard, in a dark glen, which for a long while went by the name of Murderer's valley.

The legend of this Sylvan war was long current among the nurſes, old wives and other ancient chroniclers of the place; but time and improvement have almoſt obliterated both the tradition and the ſcene of battle; for what was once the blood ſtained valley is now in the centre of this populous city and known by the name of *Dey-ſtreet*.

The accumulating wealth and conſequence of New-Amſterdam and its dependencies, at length awakened the tender ſolicitude of the mother country; who finding it a thriving and opulent colony, and that it promiſed to yield great profit, and no trouble, all at once became wonderfully anxious about its ſafety, and began to load it with tokens of regard, in the ſame manner that your knowing people are ſure to overwhelm rich relations with their affection and loving-kindneſs.

The uſual marks of protection ſhown by mother countries, to wealthy colonies, were forthwith mani-

feſted—the firſt care always being to ſend rulers to the new ſettlement, with orders to ſqueeze as much revenue from it as it will yield. Accordingly in the year of our Lord, 1629, Mynher WOUTER VAN TWILLER, was appointed governor of the province of Nieuw-Nederlandts, under the commiſſion and controul of their High Mightineſſes, the Lords States General of the United Netherlands, and the privileged Weſt-India Company.

This renowned old gentleman arrived at New-Amſterdam in the merry month of June, the ſweeteſt month in all the year; when Dan Apollo ſeems to dance up the tranſparent firmament—when the Robin, the thruſh and a thouſand other wanton ſongſters make the woods to reſound with amorous ditties, and the luxurious little boblincon revels among the clover bloſſoms of the meadows—all which happy coincidence perſuaded the old dames of New-Amſterdam, who were ſkilled in the art of foretelling events, that this was to be a happy and proſperous adminiſtration.

But as it would be derogatory to the conſequence of the firſt Dutch governor of the great province of Nieuw-Nederlandts to be thus ſcurvily introduced at the end of a chapter, I will put an end to this ſecond book of my hiſtory, that I may uſher him in with more dignity in the beginning of my next.

END OF BOOK II.

BOOK III.

In which is recorded the golden reign of Wouter Van Twiller.

CHAP. I.

Of the Renowned Wouter Van Twiller, his unparalleled virtues—as likewise his unutterable wisdom in the law case of Wandle Schoonhoven and Barent Bleecker—and the great admiration of the public thereat.

GRIEVOUS and very much to be commiserated is the task of the feeling historian, who writes the history of his native land. If it fall to his lot to be the sad recorder of calamity or crime, the mournful page is watered with his tears—nor can he recall the most prosperous and blissful era, without a melancholy sigh at the reflection, that it has passed away for ever! I know not whether it be owing to an immoderate love for the simplicity of former times, or to that certain tenderness of heart incident to all sentimental historians; but I candidly confess that I cannot look back on the happier days of our city, which I now describe, without a sad dejection of the spirits. With a faultering

hand do I withdraw the curtain of oblivion, that veils the modeſt merit of our venerable anceſtors, and as their figures riſe to my mental viſion, humble myſelf before the mighty ſhades.

Such are my feelings when I reviſit the family manſion of the Knickerbockers, and ſpend a lonely hour in the chamber where hang the portraits of my forefathers, ſhrouded in duſt, like the forms they repreſent. With pious reverence do I gaze on the countenances of thoſe renowned burghers, who have preceded me in the ſteady march of exiſtence—whoſe ſober and temperate blood now meanders through my veins, flowing ſlower and ſlower in its feeble conduits, until its current ſhall ſoon be ſtopped for ever!

Theſe, ſay I to myſelf, are but frail memorials of the mighty men who flouriſhed in the days of the patriarchs; but who, alas, have long ſince mouldered in that tomb, towards which my ſteps are inſenſibly and irreſiſtibly haſtening! As I pace the darkened chamber and loſe myſelf in melancholy muſings, the ſhadowy images around me almoſt ſeem to ſteal once more into exiſtence—their countenances to aſſume the animation of life—their eyes to purſue me in every movement! carried away by the deluſions of fancy, I almoſt imagine myſelf ſurrounded by the ſhades of the departed, and holding ſweet converſe with the worthies of antiquity! Ah, hapleſs Diedrich! born in a degenerate age, abandoned to the buffettings of fortune—a ſtranger and a weary pilgrim

in thy native land—bleſt with no weeping wife, nor family of helpleſs children; but doomed to wander neglected through thoſe crowded ſtreets, and elbowed by foreign upſtarts from thoſe fair abodes where once thine anceſtors held ſovereign empire.

Let me not, however, loſe the hiſtorian in the man, nor ſuffer the doating recollections of age to overcome me, while dwelling with fond garrulity on the virtuous days of the patriarchs—on thoſe ſweet days of ſimplicity and eaſe, which never more will dawn on the lovely iſland of Manna-hata!

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller, was deſcended from a long line of Dutch burgomaſters, who had ſucceſſively dozed away their lives and grown fat upon the bench of magiſtracy in Rotterdam; and who had comported themſelves with ſuch ſingular wiſdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being univerſally applauded, ſhould be the object of ambition of all ſage magiſtrates and rulers.

His ſurname of Twiller, is ſaid to be a corruption of the original *Twijfler*, which in Engliſh means *doubter;* a name admirably deſcriptive of his deliberative habits. For though he was a man, ſhut up within himſelf like an oyſter, and of ſuch a profoundly reflective turn, that he ſcarcely ever ſpoke except in monoſyllables, yet did he never make up his mind on any doubtful point. This was clearly accounted for by his adherents, who affirmed that he always con-

ceived every ſubject on ſo comprehenſive a ſcale, that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both ſides of it, ſo that he always remained in doubt, merely in conſequence of the aſtoniſhing magnitude of his ideas!

There are two oppoſite ways by which ſome men get into notice—one by talking a vaſt deal and thinking a little, and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the firſt many a vapouring ſuperficial pretender acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts—by the other many a vacant dunderpate, like the owl, the ſtupideſt of birds, comes to be complimented, by a diſcerning world, with all the attributes of wiſdom. This, by the way, is a mere caſual remark, which I would not for the univerſe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. On the contrary, he was a very wiſe Dutchman, for he never ſaid a fooliſh thing—and of ſuch invincible gravity, that he was never known to laugh, or even to ſmile, through the courſe of a long and proſperous life. Certain, however, it is, there never was a matter propoſed, however ſimple, and on which your common narrow minded mortals would raſhly determine at the firſt glance, but what the renowned Wouter put on a mighty myſterious, vacant kind of look, ſhook his capacious head, and having ſmoked for five minutes with redoubled earneſtneſs, ſagely obſerved, that "he had his doubts about the matter"—which in

proceſs of time gained him the character of a man ſlow of belief, and not eaſily impoſed on.

The perſon of this illuſtrious old gentleman was as regularly formed, and nobly proportioned, as though it had been moulded by the hands of ſome cunning Dutch ſtatuary, as a model of majeſty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet ſix inches in height, and ſix feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect ſphere, far excelling in magnitude that of the great Pericles (who was thence waggiſhly called *Schenocephalus*, or onion head)—indeed, of ſuch ſtupendous dimenſions was it, that dame nature herſelf, with all her ſex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to conſtruct a neck, capable of ſupporting it; wherefore ſhe wiſely declined the attempt, and ſettled it firmly on the top of his back bone, juſt between the ſhoulders; where it remained, as ſnugly bedded as a ſhip of war in the mud of the Potowmac. His body was of an oblong form, particularly capacious at bottom; which was wiſely ordered by providence, ſeeing that he was a man of ſedentary habits, and very averſe to the idle labour of walking. His legs, though exceeding ſhort, were ſturdy in proportion to the weight they had to ſuſtain; ſo that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a robuſtious beer barrel, ſtanding on ſkids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, preſented a vaſt expanſe perfectly unfurrowed or deformed by any of thoſe lines and angles, which diſfigure the human countenance with

what is termed expreſſion. Two ſmall grey twinkled feebly in the midſt, like two ſtars of l magnitude, in a hazy firmament; and his full cheeks, which ſeemed to have taken toll of e thing that went into his mouth, were curiouſly tled and ſtreaked with duſky red, like a ſpitzer apple.

His habits were as regular as his perſon. He took his four ſtated meals, appropriating exactl hour to each; he ſmoked and doubted eight h and he ſlept the remaining twelve of the four twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van T ler—a true philoſopher, for his mind was eithe vated above, or tranquilly ſettled below, the care perplexities of this world. He had lived in i years, without feeling the leaſt curioſity to l whether the ſun revolved round it, or it round ſun; and he had even watched for at leaſt half a tury, the ſmoke curling from his pipe to the ce without once troubling his head with any of numerous theories, by which a philoſopher w have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its a above the ſurrounding atmoſphere.

In his council he preſided with great ſtate ſolemnity. He ſat in a huge chair of ſolid oak l in the celebrated foreſt of the Hague, fabricate an experienced Timmerman of Amſterdam, and ouſly carved about the arms and feet, into exact tations of gigantic eagles' claws. Inſtead of a ſc

he ſwayed a long Turkiſh pipe, wrought with jaſmin and amber, which had been preſented to a ſtadtholder of Holland, at the concluſion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers.—In this ſtately chair would he ſit, and this magnificent pipe would he ſmoke, ſhaking his right knee with a conſtant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amſterdam, which hung in a black frame againſt the oppoſite wall of the council chamber. Nay, it has even been ſaid, that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would abſolutely ſhut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be diſturbed by external objects—and at ſuch times the internal commotion of his mind, was evinced by certain regular guttural ſounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noiſe of conflict, made by his contending doubts and opinions.

It is with infinite difficulty I have been enabled to collect theſe biographical anecdotes of the great man under conſideration. The facts reſpecting him were ſo ſcattered and vague, and divers of them ſo queſtionable in point of authenticity, that I have had to give up the ſearch after many, and decline the admiſſion of ſtill more, which would have tended to heighten the colouring of his portrait.

I have been the more anxious to delineate fully the perſon and habits of the renowned Van Twiller, from the conſideration that he was not only the firſt, but

alſo the beſt governor that ever preſided over this
cient and reſpectable province; and ſo tranquil a
benevolent was his reign, that I do not find throu
out the whole of it, a ſingle inſtance of any offen
being brought to puniſhment:—a moſt indubitable ſi
of a merciful governor, and a caſe unparalleled,
cepting in the reign of the illuſtrious King Log, fr
whom, it is hinted, the renowned Van Twiller v
a lineal deſcendant.

The very outſet of the career of this excellent m
giſtrate, like that of Solomon, or to ſpeak m
appropriately, like that of the illuſtrious governor
Barataria, was diſtinguiſhed by an example of le
acumen, that gave flattering preſage of a wiſe a
equitable adminiſtration. The very morning af
he had been ſolemnly inſtalled in office, and at
moment that he was making his breakfaſt from a p
digious earthen diſh, filled with milk and Indian pu
ding, he was ſuddenly interrupted by the appeara
of one Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important
burgher of New-Amſterdam, who complained
terly of one Barent Bleecker, inaſmuch as he fr
dulently refuſed to come to a ſettlement of accoun
ſeeing that there was a heavy balance in favour of
ſaid Wandle. Governor Van Twiller, as I have
ready obſerved, was a man of few words, he w
likewiſe a mortal enemy to multiplying writings
or being diſturbed at his breakfaſt. Having liſten
attentively to the ſtatement of Wandle Schoonhov

an occaſional grunt, as he ſhovelled a mighty
l of Indian pudding into his mouth—either
a that he reliſhed the diſh, or comprehended
y—he called unto him his conſtable, and pul-
of his breeches pocket a huge jack-knife, dis-
it after the defendant as a ſummons, accom-
by his tobacco box as a warrant.

ſummanary proceſs was as effectual in thoſe
lays, as was the ſeal ring of the great Haroun
id, among the true believers—the two par-
ing confronted before him, each produced a
accounts, written in a language and character
uld have puzzled any but a high Dutch com-
r, or a learned decypherer of Egyptian obeliſks,
rſtand. The ſage Wouter took them one after
r, and having poiſed them in his hands, and
ely counted over the number of leaves, fell
ıy into a very great doubt, and ſmoked for half
r without ſaying a word; at length, laying his
ɔeſide his noſe, and ſhutting his eyes for a mo-
with the air of a man who has juſt caught a
dea by the tail, he ſlowly took his pipe from
ɔuth, puffed forth a column of tobacco ſmoke,
th marvellous gravity and ſolemnity pronounced
having carefully counted over the leaves and
d the books, it was found, that one was juſt
ɛ and as heavy as the other—therefore it was
al opinion of the court that the accounts were
balanced—therefore Wandle ſhould give Ba-

rent a receipt, and Barent ſhould give Wandle a receipt—and the conſtable ſhould pay the coſts.

This deciſion being ſtraitway made known, diffuſed general joy throughout New-Amſterdam, for the people immediately perceived, that they had a very wiſe and equitable magiſtrate to rule over them. But its happieſt effect was, that not another law ſuit took place throughout the whole of his adminiſtration—and the office of conſtable fell into ſuch decay, that there was not one of thoſe loſſel ſcouts known in the province for many years. I am the more particular in dwelling on this tranſaction, not only becauſe I deem it one of the moſt ſage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magiſtrates, but becauſe it was a miraculous event in the hiſtory of the renowned Wouter—being the only time he was ever known to come to a deciſion, in the whole courſe of his life.

CHAP. II.

Containing some account of the grand Council of New-Amsterdam, as also divers especial good philosophical reasons why an Alderman should be fat—with other particulars touching the state of the Province.

In treating of the early governors of the province, I muſt caution my readers againſt confounding them, in point of dignity and power, with thoſe worthy gentlemen, who are whimſically denominated governors in this enlightened republic—a ſet of unhappy victims of popularity, who are in fact the moſt dependant, hen-pecked beings in the community: doomed to bear the ſecret goadings and corrections of their own party, and the ſneers and revilings of the whole world beſide.—Set up, like geeſe at Chriſtmas holydays, to be pelted and ſhot at by every whipſter and vagabond in the land. On the contrary, the Dutch governors enjoyed that uncontrolled authority veſted in all commanders of diſtant colonies or territories. They were in a manner, abſolute deſpots in their little domains, lording it, if ſo diſpoſed, over both law and goſpel, and accountable to none but the mother country; which it is well known is aſtoniſhingly deaf to all complaints againſt its governors, provided they diſcharge the main duty of their ſtation—ſqueez-

ing out a good revenue. This hint will be of importance, to prevent my readers from being ſeized with doubt and incredulity, whenever, in the courſe of this authentic hiſtory, they encounter the uncommon circumſtance, of a governor acting with independence, and in oppoſition to the opinions of the multitude.

To aſſiſt the doubtful Wouter in the arduous buſineſs of legiſlation, a board of magiſtrates was appointed, which preſided immediately over the police. This potent body conſiſted of a ſchout or bailiff, with powers between thoſe of the preſent mayor and ſheriff—five burgermeeſters, who were equivalent to aldermen, and five ſchepens, who officiated as ſcrubs, ſubdevils, or bottle-holders to the burgermeeſters, in the ſame manner as do aſſiſtant aldermen to their principals at the preſent day; it being their duty to fill the pipes of the lordly burgermeeſters—hunt the markets for delicacies for corporation dinners, and to diſcharge ſuch other little offices of kindneſs, as were occaſionally required. It was, moreover, tacitly underſtood, though not ſpecifically enjoined, that they ſhould conſider themſelves as butts for the blunt wits of the burgermeeſters, and ſhould laugh moſt heartily at all their jokes; but this laſt was a duty as rarely called in action in thoſe days as it is at preſent, and was ſhortly remitted, in conſequence of the tragical death of a fat little ſchepen—who actually died of ſuffoca-

tion in an unſucceſsful effort to force a laugh, at one of burgermeeſter Van Zandt's beſt jokes.

In return for theſe humble ſervices, they were permitted to ſay *yes* and *no* at the council board, and to have that enviable privilege, the run of the public kitchen—being graciouſly permitted to eat, and drink, and ſmoke, at all thoſe ſnug junkettings and public gormandizings, for which the ancient magiſtrates were equally famous with their more modern ſucceſſors. The poſt of ſchepen, therefore, like that of aſſiſtant alderman, was eagerly coveted by all your burghers of a certain deſcription, who have a huge reliſh for good feeding, and an humble ambition to be great men, in a ſmall way—who thirſt after a little brief authority, that ſhall render them the terror of the alms houſe, and the bridewell—that ſhall enable them to lord it over obſequious poverty, vagrant vice, outcaſt proſtitution, and hunger driven diſhoneſty—that ſhall place in their hands the leſſer, but galling ſcourge of the law, and give to their beck a hound-like pack of catch poles and bum bailiffs—tenfold greater rogues than the culprits they hunt down!—My readers will excuſe this ſudden warmth, which I confeſs is unbecoming of a grave hiſtorian—but I have a mortal antipathy to catch poles, bum bailiffs, and little great men.

The ancient magiſtrates of this city correſponded with thoſe of the preſent time no leſs in form, magnitude and intellect, than in prerogative and privi-

lege. The burgomaſters, like our aldermen, were generally choſen by weight—and not only the weight of the body, but likewiſe the weight of the head. It is a maxim prcatically obſerved in all honeſt, plain thinking, regular cities, that an alderman ſhould be fat—and the wiſdom of this can be proved to a certainty. That the body is in ſome meaſure an image of the mind, or rather that the mind is moulded to the body, like melted lead to the clay in which it is caſt, has been inſiſted on by many men of ſcience, who have made human nature their peculiar ſtudy—For as a learned gentleman of our own city obſerves, "there is a conſtant relation between the moral character of all intelligent creatures, and their phyſical conſtitution—between their habits and the ſtructure of their bodies." Thus we ſee, that a lean, ſpare, diminutive body, is generally accompanied by a petulant, reſtleſs, meddling mind—either the mind wears down the body, by its continual motion; or elſe the body, not affording the mind ſufficient houſe room, keeps it continually in a ſtate of fretfulneſs, toſſing and worrying about from the uneaſineſs of its ſituation. Whereas your round, ſleek, fat, unwieldy periphery is ever attended by a mind like itſelf, tranquil, torpid, and at eaſe; and we may always obſerve, that your well fed, robuſtious burghers, are in general very tenacious of their eaſe and comfort; being great enemies to noiſe, diſcord, and diſturbance—and ſurely none are more likely to ſtudy the public tranquillity

than thoſe who are ſo careful of their own—Who ever hears of fat men heading a riot, or herding together in turbulent mobs?—no—no—it is your lean, hungry men, who are continually worrying ſociety, and ſetting the whole community by the ears.

The divine Plato, whoſe doctrines are not ſufficiently attended to by philoſophers of the preſent age, allows to every man three ſouls—one immortal and rational, ſeated in the brain, that it may overlook and regulate the body—a ſecond conſiſting of the furly and iraſcible paſſions, which, like belligerent powers, lie encamped around the heart—a third mortal and ſenſual, deſtitute of reaſon, groſs and brutal in its propenſities, and enchained in the belly, that it may not diſturb the divine ſoul, by its ravenous howlings. Now, according to this excellent theory, what can be more clear, than that your fat alderman is moſt likely to have the moſt regular and well conditioned mind. His head is like a huge, ſpherical chamber, containing a prodigious maſs of ſoft brains, whereon the rational ſoul lies ſoftly and ſnugly couched, as on a feather bed; and the eyes, which are the windows of the bed chamber, are uſually half cloſed, that its ſlumberings may not be diſturbed by external objects. A mind thus comfortably lodged, and protected from diſturbance, is manifeſtly moſt likely to perform its functions with regularity and eaſe. By dint of good feeding, moreover, the mortal and malignant ſoul, which is confined in the belly, and

which, by its raging and roaring, puts the irritable ſoul in the neighbourhood of the heart in an intolerable paſſion, and thus renders men cruſty and quarrelſome when hungry, is completely pacified, ſilenced and put to reſt—whereupon a hoſt of honeſt good fellow qualities and kind hearted affections, which had lain perdue, ſlyly peeping out of the loop holes of the heart, finding this cerberus aſleep, do pluck up their ſpirits, turn out one and all in their holyday ſuits, and gambol up and down the diaphragm—diſpoſing their poſſeſſor to laughter, good humour, and a thouſand friendly offices towards his fellow mortals.

As a board of magiſtrates, formed on this model, think but very little, they are the leſs likely to differ and wrangle about favourite opinions—and as they generally tranſact buſineſs upon a hearty dinner, they are naturally diſpoſed to be lenient and indulgent in the adminiſtration of their duties. Charlemagne was conſcious of this, and therefore (a pitiful meaſure, for which I can never forgive him) ordered in his cartularies, that no judge ſhould hold a court of juſtice, except in the morning, on an empty ſtomach.—A rule which, I warrant, bore hard upon all the poor culprits in his kingdom. The more enlightened and humane generation of the preſent day, have taken an oppoſite courſe, and have ſo managed, that the aldermen are the beſt fed men in the community; feaſting luſtily on the fat things of the land, and gorging ſo heartily oyſters and turtles, that in proceſs of time

they acquire the activity of the one, and the form, the waddle, and the green fat of the other. The conſequence is, as I have juſt ſaid; theſe luxurious feaſtings do produce ſuch a dulcet equanimity and repoſe of the ſoul, rational and irrational, that their tranſactions are proverbial for unvarying monotony—and the profound laws, which they enact in their dozing moments, amid the labours of digeſtion, are quietly ſuffered to remain as dead letters, and never enforced, when awake. In a word, your fair round-bellied burgomaſter, like a full fed maſtiff, dozes quietly at the houſe-door, always at home, and always at hand to watch over its ſafety—but as to electing a lean, meddling candidate to the office, as has now and then been done, I would as leave put a grey-hound to watch the houſe, or a race horſe to drag an ox waggon.

The burgomaſters then, as I have already mentioned were wiſely choſen by weight, and the ſchepens, or aſſiſtant aldermen, were appointed to attend upon them, and *help them eat*; but the latter, in the courſe of time, when they had been fed and fattened into ſufficient bulk of body and drowſineſs of brain, became very eligible candidates for the burgomaſters' chairs, having fairly eaten themſelves into office, as a mouſe eats his way into a comfortable lodgement in a goodly, blue-noſed, ſkim'd milk, New England cheeſe.

Nothing could equal the profound deliberations that took place between the renowned Wouter, and theſe his worthy compeers, unleſs it be the ſage divans of ſome of our modern corporations. They would ſit for hours ſmoking and dozing over public affairs, without ſpeaking a word to interrupt that perfect ſtillneſs, ſo neceſſary to deep reflection—Under the ſober ſway of Wouter Van Twiller and theſe his worthy coadjutors, the infant ſettlement waxed vigorous apace, gradually emerging from the ſwamps and foreſts, and exhibiting that mingled appearance of town and country, cuſtomary in new cities, and which at this day may be witneſſed in the city of Waſhington; that immenſe metropolis, which makes ſo glorious an appearance on paper.

It was a pleaſing ſight in thoſe times, to behold the honeſt burgher, like a patriarch of yore, ſeated on the bench at the door of his white waſhed houſe, under the ſhade of ſome gigantic ſycamore, or overhanging willow. Here would he ſmoke his pipe of a ſultry afternoon, enjoying the ſoft ſouthern breeze, and liſtening with ſilent gratulation to the clucking of his hens, the cackling of his geeſe, and the ſonorous grunting of his ſwine; that combination of farm yard melody, which may truly be ſaid to have a ſilver ſound, inaſmuch as it conveys a certain aſſurance of profitable marketing.

The modern ſpectator, who wanders through the ſtreets of this populous city, can ſcarcely form an

idea of the different appearance they preſented in the primitive days of the Doubter. The buſy hum of multitudes, the ſhouts of revelry, the rumbling equipages of faſhion, the rattling of accurſed carts, and all the ſpirit grieving ſounds of brawling commerce, were unknown in the ſettlement of New-Amſterdam. The graſs grew quietly in the high ways—the bleating ſheep and frolicſome calves ſported about the verdant ridge where now the Broadway loungers take their morning ſtroll; the cunning fox or ravenous wolf ſkulked in the woods where now are to be ſeen the dens of Gomez and his righteous fraternity of money brokers, and flocks of vociferous geeſe cackled about the fields where now the great Tammany wigwam and the patriotic tavern of Martling echo with the wranglings of the mob.

In theſe good times did a true and enviable equality of rank and property prevail, equally removed from the arrogance of wealth, and the ſervility and heartburnings of repining poverty—and what in my mind is ſtill more conducive to tranquillity and harmony among friends, a happy equality of intellect was likewiſe to be ſeen. The minds of the good burghers of New-Amſterdam ſeemed all to have been caſt in one mould, and to be thoſe honeſt, blunt, ſort of minds, which, like certain manufactures are made by the groſs, and conſidered as exceedingly good for common uſe.

Thus it happens that your true dull minds are generally preferred for public employ, and eſpecially promoted to city honours; your keen intellects, like raſors, being conſidered too ſharp for common ſervice. I know that it is common to rail at the unequal diſtribution of riches as the great ſource of jealouſies, broils and heartbreakings, whereas for my part, I verily believe it is the ſad inequality of intellect that prevails, that embroils communities more than any thing elſe; and I have remarked that your knowing people who are ſo much wiſer than any body elſe, are eternally keeping ſociety in a ferment. Happily for New-Amſterdam nothing of the kind was known within its walls—the very words of learning, education, taſte and talents were unheard of—a bright genius was an animal unknown, a blue ſtocking lady would have been regarded with as much wonder as a horned frog or a fiery dragon. No man in fact ſeemed to know more than his neighbour, nor any man to know much more than an honeſt man ought to know, who has nobody's buſineſs to mind but his own; the Parſon and the council clerk were the only men that could read in the community, and the ſage Van Twiller always ſigned his name with a croſs.

Thrice happy and ever to be envied little Burgh! exiſting in all the ſecurity of harmleſs inſignificance—unnoticed and unenvied by the world, without ambition, without vain glory, without riches, without

g, and all their train of carking cares—and as
:, in the better days of man, the deities were
o visit him on earth and bless his rural habita-
o we are told, in the sylvan days of New-
dam, the good St. Nicholas would often make
:arance, in his beloved city, of a holyday af-
, riding jollily among the tree tops, or over
:s of the houses, now and then drawing forth
cent presents from his breeches pockets, and
g them down the chimnies of his favourites.
is in these degenerate days of iron and brass
:r shews us the light of his countenance, nor
fits us, save one night in the year; when he
down the chimnies, of the descendants of the
:hs, confining his presents merely to the chil-
n token of the degeneracy of the parents.

are the comfortable and thriving effects of a fat
nent. The province of the New-Netherlands,
e of wealth, possessed a sweet tranquillity, that
could never purchase. It seemed indeed as
Saturn had again commenced his reign, and
d the days of primeval simplicity. For the
age, says Ovid, was totally destitute of gold,
that very reason was called the golden age;
the happy and fortunate age—because the evils
ed by the precious metals, such as avarice,
ıfness, theft, rapine, usury, banking, note-
;, lottery-insuring, and the whole catalogue of
and grievances were then unknown. In the

iron age there was abundance of gold, on that v account it was called the iron age, becauſe of hardſhips, the labours, the diſſentions, and the w occaſioned by the thirſt of gold.

The genial days of Wouter Van Twiller theref may truly be termed the golden age of our city. Tl were neither public commotions, nor private quarr neither parties, nor ſects, nor ſchiſms; neither proſ tions, nor trials, nor puniſhments; nor were tl counſellors, attornies, catch poles or hangmen. I ry man attended to what little buſineſs he was l enough to have, or neglected it if he pleaſed, w out aſking the opinion of his neighbour.—In tl days nobody meddled with concerns above his c prehenſion, nor thruſt his noſe into other peo affairs; nor neglected to correct his own cond and reform his own character, in his zeal to pul pieces the characters of others—but in a word, e reſpectable citizen eat when he was not hungry, dr when he was not thirsty, and went regular to l when the ſun ſet, and the fowls went to rooſt, whe he were ſleepy or not; all which tended ſo rem ably to the population of the ſettlement, that I told every dutiful wife throughout New-Amſterd made a point of always enriching her huſband wit leaſt one child a year, and very often a brace— ſuperabundance of good things clearly conſtituting true luxury of life, according to the favourite Du maxim that "more than enough conſtitutes a fea

Every thing therefore went on exactly as it ſhould do, and in the uſual words employed by hiſtorians to expreſs the welfare of a country, "the profoundeſt *tranquillity* and *repoſe* reigned throughout the province."

CHAP. III.

How the town of New-Amsterdam arose out of mud, and came to be marvellously polished and polite—together with a picture of the manners of our great great Grandfathers.

MANIFOLD are the taſtes and diſpoſitions of the enlightened literati, who turn over the pages of hiſtory. Some there be whoſe hearts are brim full of the yeaſt of courage, and whoſe boſoms do work, and ſwell, and foam, with untried valour, like a barrel of new cider, or a train-band captain, freſh from under the hands of his taylor. This doughty claſs of readers can be ſatisfied with nothing but bloody battles, and horrible encounters; they muſt be continually ſtorming forts, ſacking cities, ſpringing mines, marching up to the muzzles of cannon, charging bayonet through every page, and revelling in gun-powder and carnage. Others, who are of a leſs martial, but equally ardent imagination, and who, withal, are a little given to the marvellous, will dwell with wonderous ſatisfaction on deſcriptions of prodigies, unheard of events, hair-breadth eſcapes, hardy adventures, and all thoſe aſtoniſhing narrations, that juſt amble along the boundary line of poſſibility.—A third claſs, who, not to ſpeak ſlightly of them, are of a lighter turn, and ſkim over the records of paſt times, as they do over the

edifying pages of a novel, merely for relaxation and innocent amusement; do singularly delight in treasons, executions, sabine rapes, tarquin outrages, conflagrations, murders, and all the other catalogue of hideous crimes, that like Cayenne in cookery, do give a pungency and flavour to the dull detail of history—while a fourth class, of more philosophic habits, do diligently pore over the musty chronicles of time, to investigate the operations of the human mind, and watch the gradual changes in men and manners, effected by the progress of knowledge, the vicissitudes of events, or the influence of situation.

If the three first classes find but little wherewithal to solace themselves in the tranquil reign of Wouter Van Twiller, I entreat them to exert their patience for a while, and bear with the tedious picture of happiness, prosperity and peace, which my duty as a faithful historian obliges me to draw; and I promise them, that as soon as I can possibly light upon any thing horrible, uncommon or impossible, it shall go hard, but I will make it afford them entertainment. This being premised, I turn with great complacency to the fourth class of my readers, who are men, or, if possible, women after my own heart; grave, philosophical and investigating; fond of analyzing characters, of taking a start from first causes, and so hunting a nation down, through all the mazes of innovation and improvement. Such will naturally be anxious to witness the first developement of the newly hatched

colony, and the primitive manners and cuſtoms, prevalent among its inhabitants, during the halcyon reign of Van Twiller or the Doubter.

I will not grieve their patience, however, by deſcribing minutely the increaſe and improvement of New-Amſterdam. Their own imaginations will doubtleſs preſent to them the good burghers, like ſo many pains-taking and perſevering beavers, ſlowly and ſurely purſuing their labours—they will behold the proſperous transformation from the rude log hut to the ſtately Dutch manſion, with brick front, glazed windows, and tiled roof—from the tangled thicket to the luxuriant cabbage garden; and from the ſkulking Indian to the ponderous burgomaſter. In a word, they will picture to themſelves the ſteady, ſilent, and undeviating march to proſperity, incident to a city deſtitute of pride or ambition, cheriſhed by a fat government, and whoſe citizens do nothing in a hurry.

The ſage council, as has been mentioned in a preceding chapter, not being able to determine upon any plan for the building of their city—the cows, in a laudable fit of patriotiſm, took it under their particular charge, and as they went to and from paſture, eſtabliſhed paths through the buſhes, on each ſide of which the good folks built their houſes; which is one cauſe of the rambling and pictureſque turns and labyrinths, which diſtinguiſh certain ſtreets of New-York at this very day.

Some, it muſt be noted, who were ſtrenuous partizans of Mynher Ten Breeches, (or Ten Broeck) vexed that his plan of digging canals was not adopted, made a compromiſe with their inclinations, by eſtabliſhing themſelves on the margins of thoſe creeks and inlets, which meandered through various parts of the ground laid out for improvement. To theſe may be particularly aſcribed the firſt ſettlement of Broad-ſtreet; which originally was built along a creek, that ran up, to what at preſent is called Wall-ſtreet. The lower part ſoon became very buſy and populous; and a ferry houſe* was in proceſs of time eſtabliſhed at the head of it; being at that day called "the head of inland navigation."

The diſciples of Mynher Tough Breeches, on the other hand, no leſs enterprifing, and more induſtrious than their rivals, ſtationed themſelves along the ſhore of the river, and laboured, with unexampled perſeverance, in making little docks and dykes, from which originated that multitude of mud traps with which this city is fringed. To theſe docks would the old Burghers repair, juſt at thoſe hours when the falling tide had left the beach uncovered, that they might inuff up the fragrant effluvia of mud and mire; which they obſerved had a true wholeſome ſmell, and re-

* This houſe has been ſeveral times repaired, and at preſent is a ſmall yellow brick houſe, No. 23 Broad-ſtreet, with the gable end to the ſtreet, ſurmounted with an iron rod, on which, until within three or four years, a little iron ferry boat officiated as weather cock.

minded them of the canals of Holland. To the indefatigable labours, and praiſeworthy example of this latter claſs of projectors are we indebted for the acres of artificial ground, on which ſeveral of our ſtreets, in the vicinity of the rivers are built; and which, if we may credit the aſſertions of ſeveral learned phyſicians of this city, have been very efficacious in producing the yellow fever.

The houſes of the higher claſs were generally conſtructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of ſmall black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the ſtreet, as our anceſtors, like their deſcendants, were very much given to outward ſhow, and were noted for putting the beſt leg foremoſt. The houſe was always furniſhed with abundance of large doors and ſmall windows on every floor, the date of its erection was curiouſly deſignated by iron figures on the front, and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weather cock, to let the family into the important ſecret, which way the wind blew. Theſe, like the weather cocks on the tops of our ſteeples, pointed ſo many different ways, that every man could have a wind to his mind; and you would have thought old Eolus had ſet all his bags of wind adrift, pell mell, to gambol about this windy metropolis—the moſt ſtaunch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weather cock on the top of the governor's houſe, which was certainly the moſt correct, as he had a truſty ſervant employed every

morning to climb up and point it which ever way the wind blew.

In thoſe good days of ſimplicity and ſunſhine, a paſſion for cleanlineſs was the leading principle in domeſtic economy, and the univerſal teſt of an able houſewife—a character which formed the utmoſt ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, new year's days, the feſtival of St. Nicholas, or ſome ſuch great occaſion—It was ornamented with a gorgeous braſs knocker, curiouſly wrought, ſometimes into the device of a dog, and ſometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burniſhed with ſuch religious zeal, that it was oft times worn out by the very precautions taken for its preſervation. The whole houſe was conſtantly in a ſtate of inundation, under the diſcipline of mops and brooms and ſcrubbing bruſhes; and the good houſewives of thoſe days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water—inſomuch that an hiſtorian of the day gravely tells us, that many of his townſwomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and ſome of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids—but this I look upon to be a mere ſport of fancy, or what is worſe, a wilful miſrepreſentation.

The grand parlour was the ſanctum ſanctorum, where the paſſion for cleaning was indulged without

controul. In this ſacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the miſtreſs and her confidential maid, who viſited it once a week, for the purpoſe of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights—always taking the precaution of leaving their ſhoes at the door, and entering devoutly, on their ſtocking feet. After ſcrubbing the floor, ſprinkling it with fine white ſand, which was curiouſly ſtroked into angles and curves, and rhomboids, with a broom—after waſhing the windows, rubbing and poliſhing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fire-place—the window ſhutters were again cloſed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and moſt generally lived in the kitchen. To have ſeen a numerous houſehold aſſembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to thoſe happy days of primeval ſimplicity, which float before our imaginations like golden viſions. The fire-places were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, maſter and ſervant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a preſcriptive right to a corner. Here the old burgher would ſet in perfect ſilence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half ſhut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the good

vrouw on the oppoſite ſide would employ herſelf diligently in ſpinning her yarn, or knitting ſtockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, liſtening with breathleſs attention to ſome old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family,—and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a ſtring of incredible ſtories about New-England witches—grilly ghoſts—horſes without heads—and hairbreadth eſcapes and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In thoſe happy days a well regulated family always roſe with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at ſun down. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers ſhewed inconteſtible ſymptoms of diſapprobation and uneaſineſs, at being ſurpriſed by a viſit from a neighbour on ſuch occaſions. But though our worthy anceſtors were thus ſingularly averſe to giving dinners, yet they kept up the ſocial bands of intimacy by occaſional banquettings, called tea parties.

As this is the firſt introduction of thoſe delectable orgies, which have ſince become ſo faſhionable in this city, I am conſcious my fair readers will be very curious to receive information on the ſubject. Sorry am I, that there will be but little in my deſcription calculated to excite their admiration. I can neither delight them with accounts of ſuffocating crowds, nor brilliant drawing rooms, nor towering feathers, nor ſparkling diamonds, nor immeaſurable trains. I can

detail no choice anecdotes of ſcandal, for in thoſe primitive times the ſimple folk were either too ſtupid, or too good natured to pull each other's characters to pieces—nor can I furniſh any whimſical anecdotes of brag—how one lady cheated, or another bounced into a paſſion; for as yet there was no junto of duleet old dowagers, who met to win each other's money, and loſe their own tempers at a card table.

Theſe faſhionable parties were generally configned to the higher claſſes, or nobleſſe, that is to ſay, ſuch as kept their own cows, and drove their own waggons. The company commonly aſſembled at three o'clock, and went away about ſix, unleſs it was in winter time, when the faſhionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. I do not find that they ever treated their company to iced creams, jellies, or ſyllabubs; or regaled them with muſty almonds, mouldy raiſins, or ſour oranges, as is often done in the preſent age of refinement.—Our anceſtors were fond of more ſturdy, ſubſtantial fare. The tea table was crowned with a huge earthen diſh, well ſtored with ſlices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morſels, and ſwimming in gravy. The company being ſeated around the genial board, and each furniſhed with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fatteſt pieces in this mighty diſh—in much the ſame manner as ſailors harpoon porpoiſes at ſea, or our Indians ſpear ſalmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immenſe apple pies,

or ſaucers full of preſerved peaches and pears; but it was always ſure to boaſt an enormous diſh of balls of ſweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called dough nuts, or oly koeks—a delicious kind of cake, at preſent ſcarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was ſerved out of a majeſtic delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes, tending pigs—with boats ſailing in the air, and houſes built in the clouds, and ſundry other ingenious Dutch fantaſies. The beaux diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their adroitneſs in repleniſhing this pot, from a huge copper tea kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of theſe degenerate days ſweat merely to look at it. To ſweeten the beverage, a lump of ſugar was laid beſide each cup—and the company alternately nibbled and ſipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a ſhrewd and economic old lady, which was to ſuſpend a large lump directly over the tea table, by a ſtring from the ceiling, ſo that it could be ſwung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is ſtill kept up by ſome families in Albany; but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flat-Buſh, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At theſe primitive tea-parties the utmoſt propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor

coquetting—no gambling of old ladies nor boy chattering and romping of young ones—no self fi fied ſtruttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their br in their pockets—nor amuſing conceits, and mon divertiſements of ſmart young gentlemen, with brains at all. On the contrary, the young la ſeated themſelves demurely in their ruſh-botto chairs, and knit their own woollen ſtockings; ever opened their lips, excepting to ſay *jah Mya* or *jah ya Vrouw*, to any queſtion that was aſked th behaving, in all things, like decent, well educ damſels. As to the gentlemen, each of them t quilly ſmoked his pipe, and ſeemed loſt in cont plation of the blue and white tiles, with which fire places were decorated; wherein ſundry paſſ of ſcripture were piouſly pourtrayed—Tobit and dog figured to great advantage; Haman ſwung ſpicuouſly on his gibbet, and Jonah appeared manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlec through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noiſe and witl confuſion. They were carried home by their carriages, that is to ſay, by the vehicles nature provided them, excepting ſuch of the wealthy, could afford to keep a waggon. The gentlemen lantly attended their fair ones to their reſpec abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty ſm at the door: which, as it was an eſtabliſhed piec

etiquette, done in perfect ſimplicity and honeſty of heart, occaſioned no ſcandal at that time, nor ſhould it at the preſent—if our great grandfathers approved of the cuſtom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their deſcendants to ſay a word againſt it.

CHAP. IV.

Containing further particulars of the Golden A and what constituted a fine Lady and Gen man in the days of Walter the Doubter.

In this dulcet period of my hiſtory, when the be teous iſland of Mannahata preſented a ſcene, the v counterpart of thoſe glowing pictures drawn of golden reign of Saturn, there was, as I have be obſerved, a happy ignorance, an honeſt ſimplicity valent among its inhabitants, which, were I even to depict, would be but little underſtood by the generate age for which I am doomed to write. E the female ſex, thoſe arch innovators upon the t quillity, the honeſty, and grey-beard cuſtoms of ciety, ſeemed for a while to conduct themſelves incredible ſobriety and comelineſs, and, indeed, haved almoſt as if they had not been ſent into world to bother mankind, baffle philoſophy, and c found the univerſe.

Their hair untortured by the abominations of was ſcrupulouſly pomatomed back from their f heads with a candle, and covered with a little of quilted calico, which fitted exactly to their he Their petticoats of linſey woolſey were ſtriped v a variety of gorgeous dyes, rivalling the many colo ed robes of Iris—though I muſt confeſs theſe gall

ents were rather ſhort, ſcarce reaching below nee; but then they made up in the number, h generally equalled that of the gentlemen's clothes; and what is ſtill more praiſe-worthy, were all of their own manufacture—of which nſtance, as may well be ſuppoſed, they were not le vain.

ieſe were the honeſt days, in which every wo- ſtaid at home, read the Bible, and wore pockets , and that too of a goodly ſize, faſhioned with -work into many curious devices, and oſtenta- y worn on the outſide. Theſe, in fact, were nient receptacles, where all good houſe-wives ully ſtored away ſuch things as they wiſhed to at hand; by which means they often came to redibly crammed—and I remember there was a current when I was a boy, that the lady of ter Van Twiller once had occaſion to empty her pocket in ſearch of a wooden ladle, and the utenſil diſcovered lying among ſome rubbiſh in one r—but we muſt not give too much faith to all ſtories; the anecdotes of theſe remote periods very ſubject to exaggeration.

ſides theſe notable pockets, they likewiſe wore rs and pinculhions ſuſpended from their girdles ed ribbands, or among the more opulent and y claſſes, by braſs, and even ſilver chains—indu- le tokens of thrifty houſewives and induſtrious ers. I cannot ſay much in vindication of the

ſhortneſs of the petticoats; it doubtleſs was introduced for the purpoſe of giving the ſtockings a chance to be ſeen, which were generally of blue worſted with magnificent red clocks—or perhaps to diſplay a well turned ankle, and a neat, though ſerviceable foot; ſet off by a high-heeled leathern ſhoe, with a large and ſplendid ſilver buckle. Thus we find, that the gentle ſex in all ages, have ſhown the ſame diſpoſition to infringe a little upon the laws of decorum, in order to betray a lurking beauty, or gratify an innocent love of finery.

From the ſketch here given, it will be ſeen, that our good grandmothers differed conſiderably in their ideas of a fine figure, from their ſcantily dreſſed deſcendants of the preſent day. A fine lady, in thoſe times, waddled under more clothes even on a fair ſummer's day, than would have clad the whole bevy of a modern ball room. Nor were they the leſs admired by the gentlemen in conſequence thereof. On the contrary, the greatneſs of a lover's paſſion ſeemed to increaſe in proportion to the magnitude of its object—and a voluminous damſel, arrayed in a dozen of petticoats, was declared by a low-dutch ſonnetteer of the province, to be radiant as a ſunflower, and luxuriant as a full blown cabbage. Certain it is, that in thoſe days, the heart of a lover could not contain more than one lady at a time; whereas the heart of a modern gallant has often room enough to accommodate half a dozen—The reaſon of which I conclude

to be, that either the hearts of the gentlemen have grown larger, or the perſons of the ladies ſmaller—this, however, is a queſtion for phyſiologiſts to determine.

But there was a ſecret charm in theſe petticoats, which no doubt entered into the conſideration of the prudent gallants. The wardrobe of a lady was in thoſe days her only fortune; and ſhe who had a good ſtock of petticoats and ſtockings, was as abſolutely an heireſs as is a Kamtſchatka damſel with a ſtore of bear ſkins, or a Lapland belle with a plenty of rein deer. The ladies, therefore, were very anxious to diſplay theſe powerful attractions to the greateſt advantage; and the beſt rooms in the houſe inſtead of being adorned with caricatures of dame nature, in water colours and needle work, were always hung round with abundance of homeſpun garments; the manufacture and the property of the females—a piece of laudable oſtentation that ſtill prevails among the heireſſes of our Dutch villages. Such were the beauteous belles of the ancient city of New-Amſterdam, rivalling in primeval ſimplicity of manners, the renowned and courtly dames, ſo loftily ſung by Dan Homer—who tells us that the princeſs Nauſicaa waſhed the family linen, and the fair Penelope wove her own petticoats.

The gentlemen, in fact, who figured in the circles of the gay world in theſe ancient times, correſponded, in moſt particulars, with the beauteous damſels

whoſe ſmiles they were ambitious to deſerve. True it is, their merits would make but a very inconſiderable impreſſion, upon the heart of a modern fair; they neither drove their curricles nor ſported their tandems, for as yet thoſe gaudy vehicles were not even dreamt of—neither did they diſtinguiſh themſelves by their brilliancy at the table, and their conſequent rencontres with watchmen, for our fore fathers were of too pacific a diſpoſition to need thoſe guardians of the night, every ſoul throughout the town being in full ſnore before nine o'clock. Neither did they eſtabliſh their claims to gentility at the expenſe of their taylors—for as yet thoſe offenders againſt the pockets of ſociety, and the tranquillity of all aſpiring young gentlemen, were unknown in New-Amſterdam; every good houſewife made the clothes of her huſband and family, and even the goede vrouw of Van Twiller himſelf, thought it no diſparagement to cut out her huſband's linſey woolſey galligaſkins.

Not but what there were ſome two or three young fters who manifeſted the firſt dawnings of what is called fire and ſpirit. Who held all labour in contempt; ſkulked about docks and market places; loitered in the ſunſhine; ſquandered what little money they could procure at huſtle cap and chuck farthing; ſwore, boxed, fought cocks, and raced their neighbours' horſes—in ſhort, who promiſed to be the wonder, the talk and abomination of the town, had not

their ſtyliſh career been unfortunately cut ſhort, by an affair of honour with a whipping poſt.

Far other, however, was the truly faſhionable gentleman of thoſe days—his dreſs, which ſerved for both morning and evening, ſtreet and drawing room, was a linſey woolſey coat, made, perhaps, by the fair hands of the miſtreſs of his affections, and gallantly bedecked with abundance of large braſs buttons.—Half a ſcore of breeches heightened the proportions of his figure—his ſhoes were decorated by enormous copper buckles—a low crowned broad brimmed hat overſhadowed his burley viſage, and his hair dangled down his back, in a prodigious queue of eel ſkin.

Thus equipped, he would manfully ſally forth with pipe in mouth to beſiege ſome fair damſel's obdurate heart—not ſuch a pipe, good reader, as that which Acis did ſweetly tune in praiſe of his Galatea, but one of true delft manufacture, and furniſhed with a charge of fragrant Cow-pen tobacco. With this would he reſolutely ſet himſelf down before the fortreſs, and rarely failed, in the proceſs of time, to ſmoke the fair enemy into a ſurrender, upon honourable terms.

Such was the happy reign of Wouter Van Twiller, celebrated in many a long forgotten ſong as the real golden age, the reſt being nothing but counterfeit copper-waſhed coin. In that delightful period, a ſweet and holy calm reigned over the whole province. The burgomaſter ſmoked his pipe in peace—the ſub-

ſtantial ſolace of his domeſtic cares, after her daily toils were done, ſat ſoberly at the door, with her arms croſſed over her apron of ſnowy white, without being inſulted by ribald ſtreet walkers or vagabond boys—thoſe unlucky urchins, who do ſo infeſt our ſtreets, diſplaying under the roſes of youth, the thorns and briars of iniquity. Then it was that the lover with ten breeches and the damſel with petticoats of half a ſcore indulged in all the innocent endearments of virtuous love, without fear and without reproach—for what had that virtue to fear, which was defended by a ſhield of good linſey woolſeys, equal at leaſt to the ſeven bull hides of the invincible Ajax.

Ah bliſsful, and never to be forgotten age! when every thing was better than it has ever been ſince, or ever will be again—when Buttermilk channel was quite dry at low water—when the ſhad in the Hudſon were all ſalmon, and when the moon ſhone with a pure and reſplendent whiteneſs, inſtead of that melancholy yellow light, which is the conſequence of her ſickening at the abominations ſhe every night witneſſes in this degenerate city!

Happy would it have been for New-Amſterdam could it always have exiſted in this ſtate of bliſsful ignorance and lowly ſimplicity: but alas! the days of childhood are too ſweet to laſt! Cities, like men, grow out of them in time, and are doomed alike to grow into the buſtle, the cares and miſeries of the

d. Let no man congratulate himſelf, when he lds the child of his boſom or the city of his birth aſing in magnitude and importance—let the his- of his own life teach him the dangers of the one, his hiſtory of Manna-hata convince him of the nities of the other.

CHAP. V.

In which the reader is beguiled into a delectable walk, which ends very differently from what commenced.

In the year of our Lord, one thouſand eight hundred and four, on a fine afternoon, in the glowing month of September, I took my cuſtomary walk upon the battery, which is at once the pride and bulwark of this ancient and impregnable city of New-York. I remember well the ſeaſon, for it immediately preceded that remarkably cold winter, in which our ſagacious corporation, in a freak of economical philanthropy, pulled to pieces, at an expenſe of ſeveral hundred dollars, the wooden ramparts, which had coſt them ſeveral thouſand; and diſtributed the rotten fragments, which were worth conſiderably leſs than nothing, among the ſhivering poor of the city. never, ſince the fall of the walls of Jericho, or the heavy built battlements of Troy, had there been known ſuch a demolition—nor did it go unpuniſhed; multitudes were blinded, in vain attempts to ſmoke themſelves warm, with this charitable ſubſtitute for fire wood, and an epidemic complaint of ſore eyes was moreover produced, which has ſince recurred every winter; particularly among thoſe who undertake

burn rotten logs—who warm themſelves with the charity of others—or who uſe patent chimnies.

On the year and month juſt deſignated, did I take my accuſtomed walk of meditation, on that ſame battery, which, though at preſent, no battery, furniſhes the moſt delightful walk, and commands the nobleſt proſpect, in the whole known world. The ground on which I trod was hallowed by recollections of the paſt, and as I ſlowly wandered through the long alley of poplars, which, like ſo many birch brooms ſtanding on end, diffuſed a melancholy and lugubrious ſhade, my imagination drew a contraſt between the ſurrounding ſcenery, and what it was in the claſſic days of our forefathers. Where the government houſe by name, but the cuſtom-houſe by occupation, proudly reared its brick walls and wooden pillars; there whilome ſtood the low but ſubſtantial, red tiled manſion of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller. Around it the mighty bulwarks of fort Amſterdam frowned defiance to every abſent foe; but, like many a whiſkered warrior and gallant militia captain, confined their martial deeds to frowns alone—alas! thoſe threatening bulwarks had long ſince been ſapped by time, and like the walls of Carthage, preſented no traces to the enquiring eye of the antiquarian. The mud breaſt works had long been levelled with the earth, and their ſite converted into the green lawns and leafy alleys of the battery; where the gay apprentice ſported his ſundy coat, and the laborious mechanic,

relieved from the dirt and drudgery of the week, poured his weekly tale of love into the half averted ear of the ſentimental chambermaid. The capacious bay ſtill preſented the ſame expanſive ſheet of water, ſtudded with iſlands, ſprinkled with fiſhing boats, and bounded by ſhores of pictureſque beauty. But the dark foreſts which once clothed theſe ſhores had been violated by the ſavage hand of cultivation, and their tangled mazes, and impenetrable thickets, had degenerated into teeming orchards and waving fields of grain. Even Governor's Iſland, once a ſmiling garden, appertaining to the ſovereigns of the province, was now covered with fortifications, incloſing a tremendous block houſe—ſo that this once peaceful iſland reſembled a fierce little warrior in a big cocked hat, breathing gunpowder and defiance to the world!

For ſome time did I indulge in this penſive train, of thought; contraſting inſober ſadneſs, the preſent day with the hallowed years behind the mountains; lamenting the melancholy progreſs of improvement, and praiſing the zeal, with which our worthy burghers endeavour to preſerve the wrecks of venerable customs, prejudices and errors, from the overwhelming tide of modern innovation—when by degrees my ideas took a different turn, and I inſenſibly awakened to an enjoyment of the beauties around me.

It was one of thoſe rich autumnal days, which heaven particularly beſtows upon the beauteous iſland of Manna-hata and its vicinity—not a floating cloud ob-

ſcured the azure firmament—the ſun, rolling in glorious ſplendour through his etherial courſe, ſeemed to expand his honeſt Dutch countenance into an unuſual expreſſion of benevolence, as he ſmiled his evening ſalutation upon a city, which he delights to viſit with his moſt bounteous beams—the very winds ſeemed to hold in their breaths in mute attention, leſt they ſhould ruffle the tranquillity of the hour—and the waveleſs boſom of the bay preſented a poliſhed mirror, in which nature beheld herſelf and ſmiled.—The ſtandard of our city, which, like a choice handkerchief, is reſerved for days of gala, hung motionleſs on the flag ſtaff, which forms the handle to a gigantic churn; and even the tremulous leaves of the poplar and the aſpen, which, like the tongues of the immortal ſex, are ſeldom ſtill, now ceaſed to vibrate to the breath of heaven. Every thing ſeemed to acquieſce in the profound repoſe of nature.—The formidable eighteen pounders ſlept in the embrazures of the wooden batteries, ſeemingly gathering freſh ſtrength to fight the battles of their country on the next 4th of July—the ſolitary drum on Governor's Iſland forgot to call the garriſon to their *shovels*—the evening gun had not yet ſounded its ſignal, for all the regular, well meaning poultry throughout the country, to go to rooſt; and the fleet of canoes, at anchor between Gibbet-Iſland and Communipaw, ſlumbered on their rakes, and ſuffered the innocent oyſters to lie for a while unmoleſted, in the ſoft mud of their native

banks!—My own feelings ſympathized with the gious tranquillity, and I ſhould infallibly have upon one of thoſe fragments of benches, wh benevolent magiſtrates have provided for th fit of convaleſcent loungers, had not the ex nary inconvenience of the couch ſet all repoſ fiance.

In the midſt of this ſoothing ſlumber of t my attention was attracted to a black ſpeck, above the weſtern horizon, juſt in the rear gen ſteeple—gradually it augments and overha would-be cities of Jerſey, Harſimus and H which, like three jockies, are ſtarting on th of exiſtence, and joſtling each other at the com ment of the race. Now it ſkirts the long ancient Pavonia, ſpreading its wide ſhadows f high ſettlements at Weehawk quite to the and quarantine, erected by the ſagacity of ou for the embarraſſment of commerce—now i the ſerene vault of heaven, cloud rolling ove like ſucceſſive billows, ſhrouding the orb of da ening the vaſt expanſe, and bearing thunder a and tempeſt in its boſom. The earth ſeems at the confuſion of the heavens—the late mirror is laſhed into furious waves, that r broken ſurges in hollow murmurs to the ſho oyſter boats that erſt ſported in the placid vi Gibbet-Iſland, now hurry affrighted to the ſho late dignified, unbending poplar, writhes and

before the mercileſs blaſt—deſcending torrents of drenching rain and ſounding hail deluge the battery walks, the gates are thronged by 'prentices, ſervant maids and little Frenchmen, with their pocket handkerchiefs over their hats, ſcampering from the ſtorm —the late beauteous proſpect preſents one ſcene of anarchy and wild uproar, as though old chaos had reſumed his reign, and was hurling back into one vaſt turmoil, the conflicting elements of nature. Fancy to yourſelf, oh reader! the awful combat ſung by old Heſiod, of Jupiter, and the Titans—fancy to yourſelf the long rebellowing artillery of heaven, ſtreaming at the heads of the gigantic ſons of earth.—In ſhort, fancy to yourſelf all that has ever been ſaid or ſung, of tempeſt, ſtorm and hurricane—and you will ſave me the trouble of deſcribing it.

Whether I fled from the fury of the ſtorm, or remained boldly at my poſt, as our gallant train band captains, who march their ſoldiers through the rain without flinching, are points which I leave to the conjecture of the reader. It is poſſible he may be a little perplexed alſo to know the reaſon why I introduced this moſt tremendous and unheard of tempeſt, to diſturb the ſerenity of my work. On this latter point I will gratuitouſly inſtruct his ignorance. The panorama view of the battery was given, merely to gratify the reader with a correct deſcription of that celebrated place, and the parts adjacent—ſecondly, the ſtorm was played off, partly to give a little buſtle

and life to this tranquil part of my work, and to keep my drowſy readers from falling aſleep—and partly to ſerve as a preparation, or rather an overture, to the tempeſtuous times, that are about to aſſail the pacific province of Nieuw Nederlandts—and that over-hang the ſlumbrous adminiſtration of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller. It is thus the experienced play-wright puts all the fiddles, the french horns, the kettle drums and trumpets of his orcheſtra in requiſition, to uſher in one of thoſe horrible and brimſtone uproars, called Melodrames—and it is thus he diſcharges his thunder, his lightning, his roſin and ſaltpetre, preparatory to the raiſing of a ghoſt, or the murdering of a hero—We will now proceed with our hiſtory.

Whatever may be advanced by philoſophers to the contrary, I am of opinion, that, as to nations, the old maxim, that "honeſty is the beſt policy," is a ſheer and ruinous miſtake. It might have anſwered well enough in the honeſt times when it was made; but in theſe degenerate days, if a nation pretends to rely merely upon the juſtice of its dealings, it will fare ſomething like an honeſt man among thieves, who, unleſs he have ſomething more than his honeſty to depend upon, ſtands but a poor chance of profiting by his company. Such at leaſt was the caſe with the guileleſs government of the New-Netherlands; which, like a worthy unſuſpicious old burgher, quietly ſettled itſelf down into the city of New-Amſterdam, as into a ſnug elbow chair—and fell into a comfortable nap—

n the mean time its cunning neighbours ſtepped picked its pockets. Thus may we aſcribe the ncement of all the woes of this great province, magnificent metropolis, to the tranquil ſecu- : to ſpeak more accurately, to the unfortunate r of its government. But as I diſlike to begin ortant part of my hiſtory towards the end of er; and as my readers, like myſelf, muſt doubt- exceedingly fatigued with the long walk we aken, and the tempeſt we have ſuſtained—I meet we ſhut up the book, ſmoke a pipe, and thus refreſhed our ſpirits, take a fair ſtart in t chapter.

CHAP. VI.

*Faithfully describing the ingenious people
necticut and thereabouts—Showing, m
the true meaning of liberty of conscienc
curious device among these sturdy barba
keep up a harmony of intercourse, and
population.*

THAT my readers may the more fully con
the extent of the calamity, at this very mon
pending over the honeſt, unſuſpecting pro
Nieuw Nederlandts, and its dubious goverr
neceſſary that I ſhould give ſome account of
of ſtrange barbarians, bordering upon the
frontier.

Now ſo it came to paſs, that many years
to the time of which we are treating, the ſag
of England had adopted a certain national
kind of public walk of faith, or rather a
turnpike, in which every loyal ſubject was di
travel to Zion—taking care to pay the *toll gat*
the way.

Albeit a certain ſhrewd race of men, be
much given to indulge their own opinions
manner of ſubjects (a propenſity exceedingl
ious to your free governments of Europe)
preſumptuouſly dare to think for themſelves ir

of religion, exerciſing what they conſidered a natural and unextinguiſhable right—the liberty of conſcience.

As, however, they poſſeſſed that ingenuous habit of mind which always thinks aloud; which in a manner rides cock-a-hoop on the tongue, and is for ever galloping into other people's ears, it naturally followed that their liberty of conſcience likewiſe implied *liberty of ſpeech*, which being freely indulged, ſoon put the country in a hubbub, and arouſed the pious indignation of the vigilant fathers of the church.

The uſual methods were adopted to reclaim them, that in thoſe days were conſidered ſo efficacious in bringing back ſtray ſheep to the fold; that is to ſay, they were coaxed, they were admoniſhed, they were menaced, they were buffeted—line upon line, precept upon precept, laſh upon laſh, here a little and there a great deal, were exhauſted without mercy, and without ſucceſs; until at length the worthy paſtors of the church, wearied out by their unparalleled ſtubbornneſs, were driven in the exceſs of their tender mercy, to adopt the ſcripture text, and literally "heaped live embers on their heads."

Nothing, however, could ſubdue that invincible ſpirit of independence which has ever diſtinguiſhed this ſingular race of people, ſo that rather than ſubmit to ſuch horrible tyranny, they one and all embarked for the wilderneſs of America, where they might enjoy, unmoleſted, the ineſtimable luxury of talking.

No ſooner did they land on this loquacious ſoil, than as if they had caught the diſeaſe from the climate, they all lifted up their voices at once, and for the ſpace of one whole year did keep up ſuch a joyful clamour, that we are told they frightened every bird and beaſt out of the neighbourhood, and ſo completely dumb-founded certain fiſh, which abound on their coaſt, that they have been called *dumb-fish* ever ſince.

From this ſimple circumſtance, unimportant as it may ſeem, did firſt originate that renowned privilege ſo loudly boaſted of throughout this country—which is ſo eloquently exerciſed in newſpapers, pamphlets, ward meetings, pot-houſe committees and congreſſional deliberations—which eſtabliſhes the right of talking without ideas and without information—of miſrepreſenting public affairs; of decrying public meaſures—of aſperſing great characters, and deſtroying little ones; in ſhort, that grand palladium of our country, the *liberty of speech*.

The ſimple aborigines of the land for a while contemplated theſe ſtrange folk in utter aſtoniſhment, but diſcovering that they wielded harmleſs though noiſy weapons, and were a lively, ingenious, good-humoured race of men, they became very friendly and ſociable, and gave them the name of *Yanokies*, which in the Mais-Tchuſaeg (or Maſſachuſett) language ſignifies *ſilent men*—a waggiſh appellation, ſince ſhortened into the familiar epithet of YANKEES, which they retain unto the preſent day.

: it is, and my fidelity as an hiſtorian will not
ıe to paſs it over in ſilence, that the zeal of
ɔod people, to maintain their rights and privi-
ınimpaired, did for a while betray them into
which it is eaſier to pardon than defend. Hav-
'ed a regular apprenticeſhip in the ſchool of
tion, it behoved them to ſhow that they had
proficients in the art. They accordingly em-
their leiſure hours in baniſhing, ſcourging, or
; divers heretical papiſts, quakers and anabap-
r daring to abuſe the *liberty of conscience;* which
w clearly proved to imply nothing more, than
ery man ſhould think as he pleaſed in matters
ion—*provided* he thought *right;* for otherwiſe
d be giving a latitude to damnable hereſies.
; they (the majority) were perfectly convinced,
y *alone* thought right, it conſequently followed,
ıoever thought different from them thought
—and whoever thought wrong, and obſtinately
ł in not being convinced and converted, was
nt violater of the ineſtimable liberty of con-
, and a corrupt and infectious member of the
ɔlitic, and deſerved to be lopped off and caſt
: fire.

I'll warrant there are hoſts of my readers
t once to lift up their hands and eyes, with that
s indignation with which we always contem-
ıe faults and errors of our neighbours, and to
ı at theſe well meaning but miſtaken people,

for inflicting on others the injuries they had ſuffered themſelves—for indulging the prepoſterous idea of convincing the mind by tormenting the body, and eſtabliſhing the doctrine of charity and forbearance by intolerant perſecution.—But, in ſimple truth, what are we doing at this very day, and in this very enlightened nation, but acting upon the very ſame principle, in our political controverſies. Have we not within but a few years releaſed ourſelves from the ſhackles of a government, which cruelly denied us the privilege of governing ourſelves, and uſing in full latitude that invaluable member, the tongue? and are we not at this very moment ſtriving our beſt to tyranniſe over the opinions, tie up the tongues, or ruin the fortunes of one another? What are our great political ſocieties, but mere political inquiſitions—our pot-houſe committees but little tribunals of denunciation—our news-papers but mere whipping poſts and pillories, where unfortunate individuals are pelted with rotten eggs—and our council of appointment—but a grand *auto de fé*, where culprits are annually ſacrificed for their political hereſies?

Where then is the difference in principle between our meaſures and thoſe you are ſo ready to condemn among the people I am treating of? There is none; the difference is merely circumſtantial.—Thus we *denounce*, inſtead of baniſhing—We *libel*, inſtead of ſcourging—we *turn out of office*, inſtead of hanging—and where they burnt an offender in propria perſona,

re either tar and feather or *burn him in effigy*—this olitical perſecution being, ſome how or other, the rand palladium of our liberties, and an incontroverti-le proof that this is *a free country!*

But notwithſtanding the fervent zeal with which iis holy war was proſecuted againſt the whole race f unbelievers, we do not find that the population of iis new colony was in any wiſe hindered thereby; on he contrary they multiplied to a degree, which would e incredible to any man unacquainted with the mar-ellous fecundity of this growing country.

This amazing increaſe may indeed be partly aſ-ribed to a ſingular cuſtom prevalent among them, and vhich was probably borrowed from the ancient re-ublic of Sparta; where we are told the young ladies, ither from being great romps and hoydens, or elſe, ike many modern heroines, very fond of meddling vith matters that did not appertain to their ſex, uſed frequently to engage with the men, in wreſtling, and other athletic exerciſes of the gymnaſium. The cus-tom to which I allude was vulgarly known by the name of *bundling*—a ſuperſtitious rite obſerved by the young people of both ſexes, with which they uſually ter-minated their feſtivities; and which was kept up with religious ſtrictneſs, by the more bigoted and vulgar part of the community. This ceremony was likewiſe, in thoſe primitive times, conſidered as an indiſpenſa-ble preliminary to matrimony; their courtſhips com-mencing where ours uſually finiſh—by which means

they acquired that intimate acquaintance with each others good qualities before marriage, which has been pronounced by philoſophers the ſure baſis of a happy union. Thus early did this cunning and ingenious people diſplay a ſhrewdneſs at making a bargain which has ever ſince diſtinguiſhed them—and a ſtrict adherence to the good old vulgar maxim about "buying a pig in a poke."

To this ſagacious cuſtom, therefore, do I chiefly attribute the unparalleled increaſe of the yanokie or yankee tribe; for it is a certain fact, well authenticated by court records and pariſh regiſters, that wherever the practice of bundling prevailed, there was an amazing number of ſturdy brats annually born unto the ſtate, without the licenſe of the law, or the benefit of clergy; and it is truly aſtoniſhing that the learned Malthus, in his treatiſe on population, has entirely overlooked this ſingular fact. Neither did the irregularity of their birth operate in the leaſt to their diſparagement. On the contrary, they grew up a long ſided, raw boned, hardy race of whoreſon whalers, wood cutters, fiſhermen and pedlars, and ſtrapping corn-fed wenches; who by their united efforts tended marvellouſly towards populating thoſe notable tracts of country, called Nantucket, Piſcataway and Cape Cod.

CHAP. VII.

ow these singular barbarians turned out to be notorious squatters. How they built air castles, and attempted to initiate the Nederlanders in the mystery of bundling.

In the laſt chapter I have given a faithful and unprejudiced account of the origin of that ſingular race f people, inhabiting the country eaſtward of the lieuw-Nederlandts; but I have yet to mention certain peculiar habits which rendered them exceedingly bnoxious to our ever honoured Dutch anceſtors.

The moſt prominent of theſe was a certain rambling ropenſity, with which, like the ſons of Iſhmael, they eem to have been gifted by heaven, and which coninually goads them on, to ſhift their reſidence from lace to place, ſo that a Yankee farmer is in a conſtant ſtate of migration; *tarrying* occaſionally here and there; clearing lands for other people to enjoy, building houſes for others to inhabit, and in a manner may be conſidered the wandering Arab of America.

His firſt thought, on coming to the years of manhood, is to *ſettle* himſelf in the world—which means nothing more nor leſs than to begin his rambles. To this end he takes unto himſelf for a wife ſome dashing country heireſs; that is to ſay, a buxom roſy cheeked wench, paſſing rich in red ribbands, glaſs beads, and

mock tortoiſe-ſhell combs, with a white gown and morocco ſhoes for Sunday, and deeply ſkilled in the myſtery of making apple ſweetmeats, long ſauce, and pumpkin pie.

Having thus provided himſelf, like a true pedlar with a heavy knapſack, wherewith to regale his ſhoulders through the journey of life, he literally ſets out on the peregrination. His whole family, houſehold furniture, and farming utenſils are hoiſted into a covered cart; his own and his wife's wardrobe packed up in a firkin—which done, he ſhoulders his axe, takes ſtaff in hand, whiſtles "yankee doodle" and trudges off to the woods, as confident of the protection of providence, and relying as cheerfully upon his own reſources, as did ever a patriarch of yore, when he journeyed into a ſtrange country of the Gentiles. Having buried himſelf in the wilderneſs, he builds himſelf a log hut, clears away a cornfield and potatoe patch, and providence ſmiling upon his labours, is ſoon ſurrounded by a ſnug farm and ſome half a ſcore of flaxen headed urchins, who, by their ſize ſeem to have ſprung all at once out of the earth, like a crop of toad-ſtools.

But it is not the nature of this moſt indefatigable of ſpeculators to reſt contented with any ſtate of ſublunary enjoyment—*improvement* is his darling paſſion and having thus improved his lands, the next care is to provide a manſion worthy the reſidence of a landholder. A huge palace of pine boards immediately

ſprings up in the midſt of the wilderneſs, large enough for a pariſh church, and furniſhed with windows of all dimenſions, but ſo rickety and flimſy withal, that every blaſt gives it a fit of the ague.

By the time the outſide of this mighty air caſtle is completed, either the funds or the zeal of our adventurer are exhauſted, ſo that he barely manages to half finiſh one room within, where the whole family burrow together—while the reſt of the houſe is devoted to the curing of pumpkins, or ſtoring of carrots and potatoes, and is decorated with fanciful feſtoons of wilted peaches and dried apples. The outſide remaining unpainted, grows venerably black with time; the family wardrobe is laid under contribution for old hats, petticoats, and breeches, to ſtuff into the broken windows, while the four winds of heaven keep up a whiſtling and howling about this aerial palace, and play as many unruly gambols, as they did of yore, in the cave of old Eolus.

The humble log hut, which whilome neſtled this *improving* family ſnugly within its narrow but comfortable walls, ſtands hard by in ignominious contraſt, degraded into a cow houſe or pig ſtye; and the whole scene reminds one forcibly of a fable, which I am ſurpriſed has never been recorded, of an aſpiring ſnail, who quit his humble habitation, which he filled with great respectability, to crawl into the empty ſhell of a lobſter—where he would no doubt have reſided with great ſtyle and ſplendour, the envy and

hate of all the pains-taking ſnails of his neighbo
hood, had he not accidentally periſhed with cold,
one corner of his ſtupendous manſion.

Being thus completely ſettled, and to uſe his o
words, "to rights," one would imagine that he wo
begin to enjoy the comforts of his ſituation, to r
newſpapers, talk politics, neglect his own buſin
and attend to the affairs of the nation, like a uſe
and patriotic citizen; but now it is that his wayw
diſpoſition begins again to operate. He ſoon gr
tired of a ſpot, where there is no longer any room
improvement—ſells his farm, air caſtle, petticoat w
dows and all, reloads his cart, ſhoulders his axe, p
himſelf at the head of his family, and wanders a
in ſearch of new lands—again to fell trees—again
clear cornfields—again to build a ſhingle palace,
again to ſell off, and wander.

Such were the people of Connecticut, who b
dered upon the eaſtern frontier of Nieuw-Nederla
and my readers may eaſily imagine what obnoxi
neighbours this light hearted but reſtleſs tribe m
have been to our tranquil progenitors. If they c
not, I would aſk them, if they have ever known
of our regular, well organized, Dutch families, wh
it hath pleaſed heaven to afflict with the neighbo
hood of a French boarding houſe. The honeſt
burgher cannot take his afternoon's pipe, o[illegible]e be
before his door, but he is perſecuted with the ſcra
of fiddles, the chattering of women, and the ſq

ling of children—he cannot ſleep at night for the horrible melodies of ſome amateur, who chooſes to ſerenade the moon, and diſplay his terrible proficiency in *execution*, by playing demiſemiquavers in alt on the clarionet, the hautboy, or ſome other ſoft toned inſtrument—nor can he leave the ſtreet door open, but his houſe is defiled by the unſavoury viſits of a troop of pug dogs, who even ſometimes carry their loathſome ravages into the ſanctum ſanctorum, the parlour!

If my readers have ever witneſſed the ſufferings of ſuch a family, ſo ſituated, they may form ſome idea how our worthy anceſtors were diſtreſſed by their mercurial neighbours of Connecticut.

Gangs of theſe marauders, we are told, penetrated into the New-Netherland ſettlements and threw whole villages into conſternation by their unparalleled volubility, and their intolerable inquiſitiveneſs—two evil habits hitherto unknown in thoſe parts, or only known to be abhorred; for our anceſtors were noted, as being men of truly Spartan taciturnity, and who neither knew nor cared aught about any body's concerns but their own. Many enormities were committed on the high ways, where ſeveral unoffending burghers were brought to a ſtand, and tortured with queſtions and gueſſes, which outrages occaſioned as much vexation and heart burning as does the modern right of ſearch on the high ſeas.

Great jealouſy did they likewiſe ſtir up, by their intermeddling and ſucceſſes among the divine ſex; for

being a race of brisk, likely, pleasant tongued varlets, they soon seduced the light affections of the simple damsels from their ponderous Dutch gallants. Among other hideous customs, they attempted to introduce among them that of *bundling*, which the Dutch lasses of the Nederlandts, with that eager passion for novelty and foreign fashions natural to their sex, seemed very well inclined to follow, but that their mothers, being more experienced in the world, and better acquainted with men and things, strenuously discountenanced all such outlandish innovations.

But what chiefly operated to embroil our ancestors with these strange folk, was an unwarrantable liberty which they occasionally took, of entering in hordes into the territories of the New-Netherlands, and settling themselves down, without leave or licence, to *improve* the land, in the manner I have before noticed. This unceremonious mode of taking possession of *new land* was technically termed *squatting*, and hence is derived the appellation of *squatters*; a name odious in the ears of all great landholders, and which is given to those enterprising worthies, who seize upon land first, and take their chance to make good their title to it afterwards.

All these grievances, and many others which were constantly accumulating, tended to form that dark and portentous cloud, which, as I observed in a former chapter, was slowly gathering over the tranquil province of New-Netherlands. The pacific cabinet of

Twiller, however, as will be perceived in the
el, bore them all with a magnanimity that re-
ds to their immortal credit—becoming by paſſive
rance inured to this increaſing maſs of wrongs;
the ſage old woman of Epheſus, who by dint of
ing about a calf from the time it was born, con-
ed to carry it without difficulty when it had grown
e an ox.

CHAP. VIII.

How the Fort Goed Hoop was fearfully belea ed—how the renowned Wouter fell into a found doubt, and how he finally evaporat

By this time my readers muſt fully perceive an arduous taſk I have undertaken—collectin collating with painful minuteneſs the chronicl paſt times, whoſe events almoſt defy the pow reſearch—exploring a little kind of Herculane hiſtory, which had lain nearly for ages, buried the rubbiſh of years, and almoſt totally forgot raking up the limbs and fragments of disjointed and endeavouring to put them ſcrupulouſly tog ſo as to reſtore them to their original form anc nection—now lugging forth the character of moſt forgotten hero, like a mutilated ſtatue- decyphering a half defaced inſcription, and now ing upon a mouldering manuſcript, which, after ful ſtudy, ſcarce repays the trouble of peruſal.

In ſuch caſe how much has the reader to d upon the honour and probity of his author, leſt a cunning antiquarian, he either impoſe upon ſome ſpurious fabrication of his own, for a pre relique from antiquity—or elſe dreſs up the diſi bered fragment, with ſuch falſe trappings, tha ſcarcely poſſible to diſtinguiſh the truth from th

th which it is enveloped. This is a grievance I have more than once had to lament, in the of my weariſome reſearches among the works ellow hiſtorians; who have ſtrangely diſguiſed torted the facts reſpecting this country; and arly reſpecting the great province of New-lands; as will be perceived by any who will e trouble to compare their romantic effuſions, out in the meretricious gauds of fable, with hentic hiſtory.

e had more vexations of the kind to encoun- thoſe parts of my hiſtory which treat of the ions on the eaſtern border, than in any other, equence of the troops of hiſtorians who have thoſe quarters, and have ſhewn the honeſt of Nieuw-Nederlandts no mercy in their works. the reſt, Mr. Benjamin Trumbull arrogantly that "the Dutch were always mere intru- -Now to this I ſhall make no other reply, proceed in the ſteady narration of my hiſtory, will contain not only proofs that the Dutch r title and poſſeſſion in the fair valleys of the ticut, and that they were wrongfully diſpoſſes- reof—but likewiſe that they have been ſcan- maltreated ever ſince, by the miſrepreſen- of the crafty hiſtorians of New-England. And ſhall be guided by a ſpirit of truth and impar- nd a regard to immortal fame—for I would tingly diſhonour my work by a ſingle falſe-

hood, misrepresentation or prejudice, though it sho gain our forefathers the whole country of Ne England.

It was at an early period of the province, and p vious to the arrival of the renowned Wouter, t the cabinet of Nieuw-Nederlandts purchased the la about the Connecticut, and established, for their perintendence and protection, a fortified post on banks of the river, which was called Fort Goed Ho and was situated hard by the present fair city of H ford. The command of this important post, toget with the rank, title, and appointments of commiss were given in charge to the gallant Jacobus Van Cur or, as some historians will have it, Van Curlis—a m doughty soldier, of that stomachful class of which have such numbers on parade days—who are fam for eating all they kill. He was of a very soldierl appearance, and would have been an exceeding man, had his legs been in proportion to his bo but the latter being long, and the former uncommo short, it gave him the uncouth appearance of a man's body, mounted upon a little man's legs. made up for this turnspit construction of body throwing his legs to such an extent when he march that you would have sworn he had on the ident seven league boots of the farfamed Jack the gi killer; and so astonishingly high did he tread, on a great military occasion, that his soldiers were oft tin alarmed, lest he should trample himself under foot

But notwithſtanding the erection of this fort, and the appointment of this ugly little man of war as a commander, the intrepid Yankees continued thoſe daring interlopings which I have hinted at in my laſt chapter; and taking advantage of the character which the cabinet of Wouter Van Twiller ſoon acquired, for profound and phlegmatic tranquillity—did audaciouſly invade the territories of the Nieuw-Nederlandts, and *squat* themſelves down within the very juriſdiction of fort Goed Hoop.

On beholding this outrage, the long bodied Van Curlet proceeded as became a prompt and valiant officer. He immediately proteſted againſt theſe unwarrantable encroachments, in low Dutch, by way of inſpiring more terror, and forthwith diſpatched a copy of the proteſt to the governor at New-Amſterdam, together with a long and bitter account of the aggreſſions of the enemy. This done, he ordered his men, one and all, to be of good cheer—ſhut the gate of the fort, ſmoked three pipes, went to bed, and awaited the reſult with a reſolute and intrepid tranquillity, that greatly animated his adherents, and no doubt ſtruck ſore diſmay and affright into the hearts of the enemy.

Now it came to paſs, that about this time, the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, full of years and honours, and council dinners, had reached that period of life and faculty which, according to the great Gulliver, entitles a man to admiſſion into the ancient order

of Struldbruggs. He employed his time in ſmoking his turkiſh pipe, amid an aſſemblage of ſages, equally enlightened, and nearly as venerable as himſelf, and who, for their ſilence, their gravity, their wiſdom, and their cautious averſeneſs to coming to any concluſion in buſineſs, are only to be equalled by certain profound corporations which I have known in my time. Upon reading the proteſt of the gallant Jacobus Van Curlet, therefore, his excellency fell ſtraightway into one of the deepeſt doubts that ever he was known to encounter; his capacious head gradually drooped on his cheſt,* he cloſed his eyes, and inclined his ear to one ſide, as if liſtening with great attention to the diſcuſſion that was going on in his belly; which all who knew him declared to be the huge court-houſe, or council chamber of his thoughts; forming to his head what the houſe of repreſentatives do to the ſenate. An inarticulate ſound, very much reſembling a ſnore, occaſionally eſcaped him—but the nature of this internal cogitation was never known, as he never opened his lips on the ſubject to man, woman, or child. In the mean time, the proteſt of Van Curlet laid quietly on the table, where it ſerved to light the pipes of the venerable ſages aſſembled in council; and in the great ſmoke which they raiſed, the gallant Jacobus, his proteſt, and his mighty Fort Goed Hoop, were ſoon

* "Perplexed with vaſt affairs of ſtate and town,
"His great head being overſet, hangs down."
Teleclides, in Pericles.

completely beclouded and forgotten, as is a queſ-
en of emergency ſwallowed up in the ſpeeches and
ſolutions of a modern ſeſſion of congreſs.

There are certain emergencies when your profound
giſlators and ſage deliberative councils, are mightily
the way of a nation; and when an ounce of hair
rained deciſion is worth a pound of ſage doubt, and
autious diſcuſſion. Such at leaſt was the caſe at
reſent; for while the renowned Wouter Van Twiller
as daily battling with his doubts, and his reſolution
rowing weaker and weaker in the conteſt, the enemy
uſhed further and further into his territories, and
ſſumed a moſt formidable appearance in the neigh-
ourhood of Fort Goed Hoop. Here they founded
he mighty town of *Pyquag*, or, as it has ſince been
alled, *Weathersfield*, a place which, if we may credit
he aſſertions of that worthy hiſtorian John Joſſelyn,
ent. "hath been infamous by reaſon of the witches
herein."—And ſo daring did theſe men of Pyquag
ecome, that they extended thoſe plantations of onions,
or which their town is illuſtrious, under the very
oſes of the garriſon of Fort Goed Hoop—inſomuch
hat the honeſt Dutchmen could not look toward that
uarter without tears in their eyes.

This crying injuſtice was regarded with proper in-
lignation by the gallant Jacobus Van Curlet. He
bſolutely trembled with the amazing violence of his
holer and the exacerbations of his valour; which
ſeemed to be the more turbulent in their workings,

from the length of the body, in which they agitated. He forthwith proceeded to ſtrength redoubts, heighten his breaſtworks, deepen his and fortify his poſition with a double row of ab after which valiant precautions, he with unexa intrepidity, diſpatched a freſh courier with tre ous accounts of his perilous ſituation. Never c modern hero, who immortalized himſelf at the Sabine war, ſhow greater valour in the art of writing, or diſtinguiſh himſelf more gloriouſly paper, than the heroic Van Curlet.

The courier choſen to bear theſe alarmin patches, was a fat, oily little man, as being leaſt to be worn out, or to loſe leather on the jo and to inſure his ſpeed, he was mounted on the waggon horſe in the garriſon, remarkable f length of limb, largeneſs of bone, and hardi trot; and ſo tall, that the little meſſenger was to climb on his back by means of his tail and c Such extraordinary ſpeed did he make, that he at Fort Amſterdam in little leſs than a month, the diſtance was full two hundred pipes, or abo miles.

The extraordinary appearance of this port ſtranger would have thrown the whole town of Amſterdam into a quandary, had the good troubled themſelves about any thing more tha domeſtic affairs. With an appearance of great and buſineſs, and ſmoking a ſhort travelling pi

oceeded on a long ſwing trot through the muddy nes of the metropolis, demoliſhing whole batches ſ dirt pies, which the little Dutch children were aking in the road; and for which kind of paſtry the ildren of this city have ever been famous—On arving at the governor's houſe, he climbed down from is ſteed in great trepidation; rouſed the grey headed oor keeper, old Skaats, who, like his lineal deſcendnt and faithful repreſentative, the venerable crier of ur court, was nodding at his poſt—rattled at the oor of the council chamber, and ſtartled the memers as they were dozing over a plan for eſtabliſhing public market.

At that very moment a gentle grunt, or rather a eep drawn ſnore was heard from the chair of the goernor; a whiff of ſmoke was at the ſame inſtant oberved to eſcape from his lips, and a light cloud to ſcend from the bowl of his pipe. The council of ourſe ſuppoſed him engaged in deep ſleep for the ood of the community, and according to cuſtom in ll ſuch caſes eſtabliſhed, every man bawled out ilence, in order to maintain tranquillity; when of a udden, the door flew open, and the little courier traddled into the apartment, caſed to the middle in pair of Heſſian boots, which he had got into for the ake of expedition. In his right hand he held forth he ominous diſpatches, and with his left he graſped firmly the waiſt-band of his galligaſkins, which had unfortunately given way, in the exertion of deſcend-

ing from his horſe. He ſtumped reſolutely up governor, and with more hurry than perſpicu livered his meſſage. But fortunately his ill came too late to ruffle the tranquillity of thi tranquil of rulers. His venerable excellency h breathed and ſmoked his laſt—his lungs and h having been exhauſted together, and his peace having eſcaped in the laſt whiff that curled fr tobacco pipe.—In a word, the renowned Wal Doubter, who had ſo often ſlumbered with l temporaries, now ſlept with his fathers, and V mus Kieft governed in his ſtead.

END OF BOOK III.

BOOK IV.

Containing the Chronicles of the reign of William the Testy.

CHAP. I.

Shewing the nature of history in general; containing furthermore the universal acquirements of William the Testy, and how a man may learn so much, as to render himself good for nothing.

When the lofty Thucydides is about to enter upon his deſcription of the plague that deſolated Athens, one of his modern commentators* aſſures the reader, that the hiſtory "is now going to be exceeding ſolemn, ſerious, and pathetic;" and hints, with that air of chuckling gratulation, with which a good dame draws forth a choice morſel from a cupboard to regale a favorite, that this plague will give his hiſtory a moſt agreeable variety.

In like manner did my heart leap within me, when I came to the dolorous dilemma of Fort Good Hope, which I at once perceived to be the forerunner of a ſeries of great events and entertaining diſaſters. Such are the true ſubjects for the hiſtoric pen. For

* Smith's Thucyd. Vol. I.

to a melancholy conviction, that by patient ſufferance its grievances had become ſo numerous and aggravating that it was preferable to repel than endure them. The reader will now witneſs the manner in which a peaceful community advances towards a ſtate of war; which it is too apt to approach, as a horſe does a drum, with much prancing and parade, but with little progreſs—and too often with the wrong end foremoſt.

WILHELMUS KIEFT who in 1634 aſcended the *Gubernatorial* chair, (to borrow a favourite, though clumſy appellation of modern phraſeologiſts) was in form, feature and character, the very reverſe of Wouter Van Twiller, his renowned predeceſſor. He was of very reſpectable deſcent, his father being Inſpector of Windmils in the ancient town of Saardam; and our hero we are told made very curious inveſtigations into the nature and operations of thoſe machines when a boy, which is one reaſon why he afterwards came to be ſo ingenious a governor. His name according to the moſt ingenious etymologiſts was a corruption of *Kyver*, that is to say a *wrangler* or *ſcolder*, and expreſſed the hereditary diſpoſition of his family; which for nearly two centuries, had kept the windy town of Saardam in hot water, and produced more tartars and brimſtones than any ten families in the place—and ſo truly did Wilhelmus Kieft inherit this family endowment, that he had ſcarcely been a year in the diſcharge of his government, before he was

am tempted to believe, that plots, conſpiracies, wars, victories and maſſacres, are ordained by providence only as food for the hiſtorian.

It is a ſource of great delight to the philoſopher, in ſtudying the wonderful economy of nature, to trace the mutual dependencies of things, how they are created reciprocally for each other, and how the moſt noxious and apparently unneceſſary animal has its uſes. Thus thoſe ſwarms of flies, which are ſo often execrated as uſeleſs vermin, are created for the ſuſtenance of ſpiders—and ſpiders on the other hand, are evidently made to devour flies. So thoſe heroes who have been ſuch peſts in the world, were bounteouſly provided as themes for the poet and the hiſtorian, while the poet and hiſtorian were deſtined to record the atchievements of heroes!

Theſe, and many ſimilar reflections, naturally aroſe in my mind, as I took up my pen to commence the reign of William Kieft: for now the ſtream of our hiſtory, which hitherto has rolled in a tranquil current, is about to depart forever from its peaceful haunts, and brawl through many a turbulent and rugged ſcene. Like ſome ſleek ox, which, having fed and fattened in a rich clover field lies ſunk in luxurious repoſe, and will bear repeated taunts and blows, before it heaves its unwieldy limbs and clumſily arouſes from its ſlumbers. So the province of the Nieuw-Nederlandts, having long thrived and grown corpulent, under the proſperous reign of the Doubter, was reluctantly awakened

little reſembling the wrinkled proboſcis of an irritable pug dog—in a word he was one of the moſt poſitive, reſtleſs, ugly, little men, that ever put himſelf in a paſſion about nothing.

Such were the perſonal endowments of William the Teſty, but it was the ſterling riches of his mind that raiſed him to dignity and power. In his youth he had paſſed with great credit through a celebrated academy at the Hague, noted for producing finiſhed ſcholars with a diſpatch unequalled, except by certain of our American colleges, which ſeem to manufacture bachelors of arts, by ſome patent machine. Here he ſkirmiſhed very ſmartly on the frontiers of ſeveral of the ſciences, and made ſo gallant an inroad in the dead languages, as to bring off captive a hoſt of Greek nouns and Latin verbs, together with divers pithy ſaws and apothegms, all which he conſtantly paraded in converſation and writing, with as much vain glory as would a triumphant general of yore diſplay the ſpoils of the countries he had ravaged. He had moreover puzzled himſelf conſiderably with logic, in which he had advanced ſo far as to attain a very familiar acquaintance, by name at leaſt, with the whole family of ſyllogiſms and dilemmas; but what he chiefly valued himſelf on, was his knowledge of metaphyſics, in which, having once upon a time ventured too deeply, he came well nigh being ſmothered in a ſlough of unintelligible learning—a fearful peril, from the effects of which

er perfectly recovered.—In plain words, like
ther profound intermeddlers in this abſtruſe
:ring ſcience, he ſo confuſed his brain, with
: ſpeculations which he could not comprehend,
ificial diſtinctions which he could not realize,
could never think clearly on any ſubject, how-
nple, through the whole courſe of his life af-
ls. This, I muſt confeſs, was in ſome meaſure
ırtune, for he never engaged in argument, of
he was exceeding fond, but what, between
deductions and metaphyſical jargon, he ſoon
:d himſelf and his ſubject in a fog of contra-
s and perplexities, and then would get into a
' paſſion with his adverſary, for not being con-
gratis.

s in knowledge, as in ſwimming, he who os-
ouſly ſports and flounders on the ſurface, makes
noiſe and ſplaſhing, and attracts more atten-
han the induſtrious pearl diver, who plunges
ch of treaſures to the bottom. The " univerſal
ements" of William Kieft, were the ſubject of
marvel and admiration among his countrymen—
ured about at the Hague with as much vain
as does a profound Bonze at Pekin, who has
red half the letters of the Chineſe alphabet;
a word, was unanimouſly pronounced an *uni-*
genius!—I have known many univerſal geniuſes
time, though, to ſpeak my mind freely, I never
one, who, for the ordinary purpoſes of life,

was worth his weight in ſtraw—but for the purpo
of government, a little ſound judgment, and pl
common ſenſe, is worth all the ſparkling genius t
ever wrote poetry, or invented theories.

Strange as it may ſound, therefore, the *unive*
acquirements of the illuſtrious Wilhelmus, were v
much in his way, and had he been a leſs learn
man, it is poſſible he would have been a much grea
governor. He was exceedingly fond of trying phi
ſophical and political experiments; and having ſtuf
his head full of ſcraps and remnants of ancient
publics, and oligarchies, and ariſtocracies, and mon
chies, and the laws of Solon and Lycurgus and Cl
rondas, and the imaginary commonwealth of Pla
and the Pandects of Juſtinian, and a thouſand otl
fragments of venerable antiquity, he was forever bu
upon introducing ſome one or other of them into u
ſo that between one contradictory meaſure and an
ther, he entangled the government of the little pr
vince of Nieuw-Nederlandts in more knots during l
adminiſtration, than half a dozen ſucceſſors could ha
untied.

No ſooner had this buſtling little man been blow
by a whiff of fortune into the ſeat of governmen
than he called together his council, and delivered
very animated ſpeech on the affairs of the provinc
As every body knows what a glorious opportunity
governor, a preſident, or even an emperor has, f
drubbing his enemies in his ſpeeches, meſſages, an

alletins, where he has the talk all on his own ſide, hey may be ſure the high mettled William Kieft did ot ſuffer ſo favourable an occaſion to eſcape him, of vincing that gallantry of tongue, common to all able egiſlators. Before he commenced, it is recorded that e took out his pocket handkerchief, and gave a very onorous blaſt of the noſe, according to the uſual uſtom of great orators. This in general I believe s intended as a ſignal trumpet, to call the attention f the auditors, but with William the Teſty it boaſted a more claſſic cauſe, for he had read of the ingular expedient of that famous demagogue Caius Gracchus, who, when he harangued the Roman po-ulace, modulated his tones by an oratorical flute or pitch-pipe.

This preparatory ſymphony being performed, he ommenced by expreſſing a humble ſenſe of his own want of talents—his utter unworthineſs of the honour conferred upon him, and his humiliating incapacity to diſcharge the important duties of his new ſtation—in ſhort, he expreſſed ſo contemptible an opinion of himſelf, that many ſimple country members preſent, ignorant that theſe were mere words of courſe, always uſed on ſuch occaſions, were very uneaſy, and even felt wroth that he ſhould accept an office, for which he was conſciouſly ſo inadequate.

He then proceeded in a manner highly claſſic, profoundly erudite, and nothing at all to the purpoſe,

being nothing more than a pompous account of all the governments of ancient Greece, and the wars of Rome and Carthage, together with the rife and fall of ſundry outlandiſh empires, about which the aſſembly knew no more than their great grand children who were yet unborn. Thus having, after the manner of your learned orators, convinced the audience that he was a man of many words and great erudition, he at length came to the leſs important part of his ſpeech, the ſituation of the province—and here he ſoon worked himſelf into a fearful rage againſt the Yankees, whom he compared to the Gauls who deſolated Rome, and the Goths and Vandals who overran the faireſt plains of Europe—nor did he forget to mention, in terms of adequate opprobrium, the inſolence with which they had encroached upon the territories of New-Netherlands, and the unparalleled audacity with which they had commenced the town of New-Plymouth, and planted the onion patches of Weathersfield under the very walls of Fort Goed Hoop.

Having thus artfully wrought up his tale of terror to a climax, he aſſumed a ſelf ſatisfied look, and declared, with a nod of knowing import, that he had taken meaſures to put a final ſtop to theſe encroachments—that he had been obliged to have recourſe to a dreadful engine of warfare, lately invented, awful in its effects, but authorized by direful neceſſity. In

a word, he was reſolved to conquer the Yankees—by proclamation!

For this purpoſe he had prepared a tremendous inſtrument of the kind, ordering, commanding, and enjoining the intruders aforeſaid, forthwith to remove, depart and withdraw from the diſtricts, regions, and territories aforeſaid, under pain of ſuffering all the penalties, forfeitures, and puniſhments in ſuch caſe made and provided, &c. This proclamation, he aſſured them, would at once exterminate the enemy from the face of the country, and he pledged his valour as a governor, that within two months after it was publiſhed, not one ſtone ſhould remain on another in any of the towns which they had built.

The council remained for ſome time ſilent after he had finiſhed; whether ſtruck dumb with admiration at the brilliancy of his project, or put to ſleep by the length of his harangue, the hiſtory of the times doth not mention. Suffice it to ſay, they at length gave a univerſal grunt of acquieſcence—the proclamation was immediately diſpatched with due ceremony, having the great ſeal of the province, which was about the ſize of a buckwheat pancake, attached to it by a broad red ribband. Governor Kieft having thus vented his indignation, felt greatly relieved—adjourned the council *sine die*—put on his cocked hat and corduroy ſmall clothes, and mounting a tall raw boned charger, trotted out to his country ſeat, which was ſituated in a ſweet, ſequeſtered ſwamp, now called

Dutch ſtreet, but more commonly known by the name of Dog's Miſery.

Here, like the good Numa, he repoſed from the toils of legiſlation, taking leſſons in government, not from the Nymph Egeria, but from the honoured wife of his boſom; who was one of that peculiar kind of females, ſent upon earth a little after the flood, as a puniſhment for the ſins of mankind, and commonly known by the appellation of *knowing women*. In fact, my duty as an hiſtorian obliges me to make known a circumſtance which was a great ſecret at the time, and conſequently was not a ſubject of ſcandal at more than half the tea tables in New-Amſterdam, but which, like many other great ſecrets, has leaked out in the lapſe of years—and this was, that the great Wilhelmus the Teſty, though one of the moſt potent little men that ever breathed, yet ſubmitted at home to a ſpecies of government, neither laid down in Ariſtotle, nor Plato; in ſhort, it partook of the nature of a pure, unmixed tyranny, and is familiarly denominated *petticoat government*.—An abſolute ſway which, though exceedingly common in theſe modern days, was very rare among the ancients, if we may judge from the rout made about the domeſtic economy of honeſt Socrates; which is the only ancient caſe on record.

The great Kieft, however, warded off all the ſneers and ſarcaſms of his particular friends, who are ever ready to joke with a man on ſore points of the kind

by alleging that it was a government of his own election, to which he ſubmitted through choice; adding at the ſame time a profound maxim which he had found in an ancient author, that "he who would aſpire to *govern*, ſhould firſt learn to *obey*."

CHAP. II.

In which are recorded the sage Projects of a Rule of universal Genius. The art of Fighting b Proclamation,—and how that the valiant Jacobus Van Curlet came to be foully dishonour at Fort Goed Hoop.

NEVER was a more comprehenſive, a more exp ditious, or, what is ſtill better, a more economic meaſure deviſed, than this of defeating the Yanke by proclamation—an expedient, likewiſe, ſo human ſo gentle and pacific; there were ten chances to o in favour of its ſucceeding,—but then there was o chance to ten that it would not ſucceed—as the i natured fates would have it, that ſingle chance carri the day! The proclamation was perfect in all parts, well conſtructed, well written, well ſealed, a well publiſhed—all that was wanting to inſure effect, was that the Yankees ſhould ſtand in awe it; but, provoking to relate, they treated it with moſt abſolute contempt, applied it to an unſeem purpoſe, and thus did the firſt warlike proclamati come to a ſhameful end—a fate which I am credi informed, has befallen but too many of its ſucceſſo

It was a long time before Wilhelmus Kieft co be perſuaded by the united efforts of all his coun

rs, that his war meaſures had failed in producing ny effect.—On the contrary, he flew in a paſſion whenever any one dared to queſtion its efficacy; and wore, that though it was ſlow in operating, yet when once it began to work, it would ſoon purge the land of theſe rapacious intruders. Time, however, that teſt of all experiments both in philoſophy and politics, at length convinced the great Kieft, that his proclamation was abortive; and that notwithſtanding he had waited nearly four years, in a ſtate of conſtant irritation, yet he was ſtill further off than ever from the object of his wiſhes. His implacable adverſaries in the eaſt became more and more troubleſome in their encroachments, and founded the thriving colony of Hartford cloſe upon the ſkirts of Fort Goed Hoop. They moreover commenced the fair ſettlement of Newhaven (alias the Red Hills) within the domains of their high mightineſſes—while the onion patches of Pyquag were a continual eye ſore to the garriſon of Van Curlet. Upon beholding, therefore, the inefficacy of his meaſure, the ſage Kieft, like many a worthy practitioner of phyſic, laid the blame, not to the medicine, but the quantity adminiſtered, and reſolutely reſolved to double the doſe.

In the year 1638, therefore, that being the fourth year of his reign, he fulminated againſt them a ſecond proclamation, of heavier metal than the former; written in thundering long ſentences, not one word of which was under five ſyllables. This, in fact, was a

kind of non-intercourſe bill, forbidding and prohibiting all commerce and connexion, between any and every of the ſaid Yankee intruders, and the ſaid fortified poſt of Fort Goed Hoop, and ordering, commanding and adviſing, all his truſty, loyal and well-beloved ſubjects, to furniſh them with no ſupplies of gin, gingerbread or ſour crout; to buy none of their pacing horſes, meazly pork, apple brandy, Yankee rum, cider water, apple ſweetmeats, Weathersfield onions or wooden bowls, but to ſtarve and exterminate them from the face of the land.

Another pauſe of a twelve month enſued, during which the laſt proclamation received the ſame attention, and experienced the ſame fate as the firſt—at the end of which term, the gallant Jacobus Van Curlet diſpatched his annual meſſenger, with his cuſtomary budget of complaints and entreaties. Whether the regular interval of a year, intervening between the arrival of Van Curlet's couriers, was occaſioned by the ſyſtematic regularity of his movements, or by the immenſe diſtance at which he was ſtationed from the ſeat of government is a matter of uncertainty. Some have aſcribed it to the ſlowneſs of his meſſengers, who, as I have before noticed, were choſen from the ſhorteſt and fatteſt of his garriſon, as leaſt likely to be worn out on the road; and who, being purſy, ſhort winded little men, generally travelled fifteen miles a day, and then laid by a whole week, to reſt. All theſe, however, are matters of conjecture; and

ıer think it may be aſcribed to the immemorial
m of this worthy country—and which has ever
ınced all its public tranſactions—not to do things
ıurry.

ıe gallant Jacobus Van Curlet in his diſpatches
ctfully repreſented, that ſeveral years had now
ed, ſince his firſt application to his late excellency,
enowned Wouter Van Twiller: during which
val, his garriſon had been reduced nearly one-
h, by the death of two of his moſt valiant, and
ılent ſoldiers, who had accidentally over eaten
ſelves on ſome fat ſalmon, caught in the Varſche
. He further ſtated, that the enemy perſiſted in
inroads, taking no notice of the fort or its in-
ants; but ſquatting themſelves down, and form-
ettlements all around it; ſo that, in a little while,
ould find himſelf encloſed and blockaded by the
ıy, and totally at their mercy.

t among the moſt atrocious of his grievances, I
the following ſtill on record, which may ſerve to
the bloody minded outrages of theſe ſavage in-
rs. "In the meane time, they of Hartford have
ınely uſurped and taken in the lands of Connec-
t, although unrighteouſly and againſt the lawes
ations, but have hindered our nation in ſowing
e owne purchaſed broken up lands, but have alſo
d them with corne in the night, which the Ne-
anders had broken up and intended to ſowe: and
beaten the ſervants of the high and mighty the

honored companie, which were labouring upon maſter's lands, from theire lands, with ſticks an ſtaves in hoſtile manner laming, and amongſt th ſtruck Ever Duckings* a hole in his head, with a ſoe that the blood ran downe very ſtrongly upon his body."

But what is ſtill more atrocious—

"Thoſe of Hartford ſold a hogg, that belon the honored companie, under pretence that i eaten of theire grounde graſs, when they had n foot of inheritance. They proffered the hogg if the commiſſioners would have given 5s. for da which the commiſſioners denied, becauſe noe owne hogg (as men uſe to ſay) can treſpaſs up owne maſter's grounde."†

The receipt of this melancholy intelligence in the whole community—there was ſomething in ſpoke to the dull comprehenſion, and touched t tuſe feelings even of the puiſſant vulgar, who rally require a kick in the rear, to awaken their bering dignity. I have known my profound citizens bear without murmur, a thouſand ef infringements of their rights, merely becauſe were not immediately obvious to their ſenſes—b moment the unlucky Pearce was ſhot upon our

* This name is no doubt mispelt. In some old Dutch the time, we find the name of Evert Duyckingh, who is tionably the unfortunate hero above alluded to.

† Haz. Col. Stat. Pass.

whole body politic was in a ferment—ſo the enhtened Nederlanders, though they had treated the croachments of their eaſtern neighbours with but le regard, and left their quill valiant governor, to ar the whole brunt of war, with his ſingle pen—t now every individual felt his head broken in the oken head of Duckings—and the unhappy fate of eir fellow citizen the hog; being impreſſed, carried d ſold into captivity, awakened a grunt of ſympathy om every boſom.

The governor and council, goaded by the claours of the multitude, now ſat themſelves earneſtto deliberate upon what was to be done. Proclaations had at length fallen into temporary diſrepute; me were for ſending the Yankees a tribute, as we ake peace offerings to the petty Barbary powers, or the Indians ſacrifice to the devil. Others were for ying them out, but this was oppoſed, as it would acknowledging their title to the land they had ſeized. variety of meaſures were, as uſual in ſuch caſes, opoſed, diſcuſſed and abandoned, and the council d at laſt, to adopt the means, which being the moſt mmon and obvious, had been knowingly overlook—for your amazing acute politicians, are forever oking through teleſcopes, which only enable them ſee ſuch objects as are far off, and unattainable; it which incapacitate them to ſee ſuch things as e in their reach, and obvious to all ſimple folks, ho are content to look with the naked eyes, heaven

has given them. The profound council, as I have ſaid, in their purſuit after Jack-o'-lanterns, accidentally ſtumbled on the very meaſure they were in need of; which was to raiſe a body of troops, and diſpatch them to the relief and reinforcement of the garriſon. This meaſure was carried into ſuch prompt operation, that in leſs than twelve months, the whole expedition, conſiſting of a ſerjeant and twelve men, was ready to march; and was reviewed for that purpoſe, in the public ſquare, now known by the name of the Bowling Green. Juſt at this juncture the whole community was thrown into conſternation, by the ſudden arrival of the gallant Jacobus Van Curlet; who came ſtraggling into town at the head of his crew of tatterdemalions, and bringing the melancholy tidings of his own defeat, and the capture of the redoutable poſt of Fort Goed Hoop by the ferocious Yankees.

The fate of this important fortreſs, is an impreſſive warning to all military commanders. It was neither carried by ſtorm, nor famine; no practicable breach was effected by cannon or mines; no magazines were blown up by red hot ſhot, nor were the barracks demoliſhed, or the garriſon deſtroyed, by the burſting of bombſhells. In fact, the place was taken by a ſtratagem no leſs ſingular than effectual; and one that can never fail of ſucceſs, whenever an opportunity occurs of putting it in practice. Happy am I to add, for the credit of our illuſtrious anceſtors, that it was a ſtratagem, which though it impeached the vigilance,

t left the bravery of the intrepid Van Curlet and his rriſon perfectly free from reproach.

It appears that the crafty Yankees, having heard of e regular habits of the garriſon, watched a favour- ble opportunity and ſilently introduced themſelves into e fort, about the middle of a ſultry day; when its igilant defenders, having gorged themſelves with a earty dinner and ſmoked out their pipes, were one nd all ſnoring moſt obſtreperouſly at their poſts, little reaming of ſo diſaſterous an occurrence. The ene- ny moſt inhumanly ſeized Jacobus Van Curlet and is ſturdy myrmidons by the nape of the neck, gal- anted them to the gate of the fort, and diſmiſſed hem ſeverally, with a kick on the crupper, as Charles he twelfth diſmiſſed the heavy bottomed Ruffians, ıfter the battle of Narva—only taking care to give wo kicks to Van Curlet, as a ſignal mark of diſtinc- ion.

A ſtrong garriſon was immediately eſtabliſhed in the ort, conſiſting of twenty long ſided, hard fiſted Yan- kees, with Weathersfield onions ſtuck in their hats, by way of cockades and feathers—long ruſty fowling pieces for muſkets—haſty pudding, dumb fiſh, pork and molaſſes for ſtores; and a huge pumpkin was hoiſt- ed on the end of a pole, as a ſtandard—liberty caps not having as yet come into faſhion.

CHAP. III.

Containing the fearful wrath of William Testy, and the great dolour of the New-sterdammers, because of the affair of Fort Hoop.—And moreover how William the T did strongly fortify the city.—Together witl exploits of Stoffel Brinkerhoff.

LANGUAGE cannot expreſs the prodigious fury, which the teſty Wilhelmus Kieft was thrown by provoking intelligence. For three good hours rage of the little man was too great for words rather the words were too great for him; an was nearly choked by ſome dozen huge, miſ-ſha nine cornered dutch oaths, that crowded all at into his gullet. Having blazed off the firſt broad he kept up a conſtant firing for three whole days— thematizing the Yankees, man, woman, and c body and ſoul, for a ſet of dieven, ſchobbejaken, genieten, twiſt-zoekeren, loozen-ſchalken, blaes-k kakken-bedden, and a thouſand other names of w unfortunately for poſterity, hiſtory does not make ticular mention. Finally he ſwore that he would nothing more to do with ſuch a ſquatting, bundl gueſſing, queſtioning, ſwapping, pumkin-eating, m ſes-daubing, ſhingle-ſplitting, cider-watering, h

jockeying, notion-peddling crew—that they might ſtay at Fort Goed Hoop and rot, before he would dirty his hands by attempting to drive them away; in proof of which he ordered the new raiſed troops to be marched forthwith into winter quarters, although it was not as yet quite mid-ſummer. Governor Kieft faithfully kept his word, and his adverſaries as faithfully kept their poſt; and thus the glorious river Connecticut, and all the gay vallies through which it rolls, together with the ſalmon, ſhad and other fiſh within its waters, fell into the hands of the victorious Yankees, by whom they are held at this very day.

Great deſpondency ſeized upon the city of New-Amſterdam, in conſequence of theſe melancholy events. The name of Yankee became as terrible among our good anceſtors, as was that of Gaul among the ancient Romans; and all the ſage old women of the provice, uſed it as a bug-bear, wherewith to frighten their unruly children into obedience.

The eyes of all the province were now turned upon their governor, to know what he would do for the protection of the common weal, in theſe days of darkneſs and peril. Great apprehenſions prevailed among the reflecting part of the community, eſpecially the old women, that theſe terrible warriors of Connecticut, not content with the conqueſt of Fort Goed Hoop, would incontinently march on to New-Amſterdam and take it by ſtorm—and as theſe old ladies, through means of the governor's ſpouſe, who as has

been already hinted, was "the better horſe," had obtained conſiderable influence in public affairs, keeping the province under a kind of petticoat government, it was determined that meaſures ſhould be taken for the effective fortification of the city.

Now it happened that at this time there ſojourned in New-Amſterdam one Anthony Van Corlear,* a jolly fat Dutch trumpeter, of a pleaſant burly viſage, famous for his long wind and his huge whiſkers, and who, as the ſtory goes, could twang ſo potently upon his inſtrument, as to produce an effect upon all within hearing, as though ten thouſand bag-pipes were ſinging moſt luſtily i' the noſe. Him did the illuſtrious Kieft pick out as the man of all the world, moſt fitted to be the champion of New-Amſterdam, and to garriſon its fort; making little doubt but that his inſtrument would be as effectual and offenſive in war as was that of the Paladin Aſtolpho, or the more claſſic horn of Alecto. It would have done one's heart good to have ſeen the governor ſnapping his fingers and fidgetting with delight, while his ſturdy trumpeter ſtrutted up and down the ramparts, fearleſsly twanging his trumpet in the face of the whole world, like a thrice valorous editor daringly inſulting all the prin-

* David Pietrez *De Veries* in his "Reyze naer Nieuw-Nederlandt onder het year 1640," makes mention of one *Corlear* a trumpeter in fort Amsterdam, who gave name to Corlear's Hook, and who was doubtless this same champion, described by Mr. Knickerbocker. EDITOR.

cipalities and powers—on the other ſide of the Atlantic.

Nor was he content with thus ſtrongly garriſoning the fort, but he likewiſe added exceedingly to its ſtrength, by furniſhing it with a formidable battery of quaker guns—rearing a ſtupendous flag-ſtaff in the centre which overtopped the whole city—and moreover by building a great windmill on one of the baſtions.* This laſt to be ſure, was ſomewhat of a novelty in the art of fortification, but as I have already obſerved William Kieft was notorious for innovations and experiments, and traditions do affirm that he was much given to mechanical inventions—conſtructing patent ſmoke-jacks—carts that went before the horſes, and eſpecially erecting wind-mills, for which machines he had acquired a ſingular predilection in his native town of Saardam.

All theſe ſcientific vagaries of the little governor were cried up with ecſtacy by his adherents as proofs of his univerſal genius—but there were not wanting ill natured grumblers, who railed at him as employing his mind in frivolous purſuits, and devoting that time to ſmoke-jacks and windmills, which ſhould have

* De Vries mentions that this windmill stood on the south-east bastion, and it is likewise to be seen, together with the flag-staff, in Justus Danker's View of New-Amsterdam, prefixed to this history.

been occupied in the more important concerns of th province. Nay, they even went ſo far as to hint on or twice, that his head was turned by his experiments and that he really thought to manage his governmen as he did his mills—by mere wind!—ſuch is the illi berality and ſlander to which enlightened rulers ar ever ſubject.

Notwithſtanding all the meaſures, therefore, c William the Teſty to place the city in a poſture c defence, the inhabitants continued in great alarm an deſpondency. But fortune, who ſeems always car ful, in the very nick of time, to throw a bone fr hope to gnaw upon, that the ſtarveling elf may b kept alive, did about this time crown the arms of th province with ſucceſs in another quarter, and tha cheered the drooping hearts of the forlorn Nede landers; otherwiſe there is no knowing to wh lengths they might have gone in the exceſs of the ſorrowing—"for grief," ſays the profound hiſtoria of the ſeven champions of Chriſtendom, "is con panion with deſpair, and deſpair a procurer of infa mous death!"

Among the numerous inroads of the Moſstroope of Connecticut, which, for ſome time paſt, had occ ſioned ſuch great tribulation, I ſhould particular have mentioned a ſettlement made on the eaſtern pa of Long-Iſland, at a place which, from the peculi excellence of its ſhell fiſh, was called Oyſter Ba

is was attacking the province in a moſt ſenſible , and occaſioned great agitation at New-Amſter-n.

It is an incontrovertible fact, well known to ſkil- phyſiologiſts, that the high road to the affec- ns is through the throat; and this may be accounted on the ſame principles which I have already quoted my ſtrictures on fat aldermen. Nor is the fact un- own to the world at large; and hence do we ob- ve, that the ſureſt way to gain the hearts of the llion, is to feed them well—and that a man is never diſpoſed to flatter, to pleaſe and ſerve another, as en he is feeding at his expenſe; which is one ſon why your rich men, who give frequent dinners, ve ſuch abundance of ſincere and faithful friends. is on this principle that our knowing leaders of rties ſecure the affections of their partizans by re- rding them bountifully with loaves and fiſhes; and trap the ſuffrages of the greaſy mob, by treating em with bull feaſts and roaſted oxen. I have known any a man, in this ſame city, acquire conſiderable portance in ſociety, and uſurp a large ſhare of the od will of his enlightened fellow citizens, when e only thing that could be ſaid in his eulogium was, at "he gave a good dinner, and kept excellent ine."

Since then the heart and the ſtomach are ſo nearly lied, it follows concluſively that what affects the

one, muſt ſympathetically affect the other. Now it is an equally incontrovertible fact, that of all offerings to the ſtomach, there is none more grateful than the teſtaceous marine animal, known commonly by the vulgar name of Oyſter. And in ſuch great reverence has it ever been held, by my gormandizing fellow citizens, that temples have been dedicated to it, time out of mind, in every ſtreet, lane and alley throughout this well fed city. It is not to be expected, therefore, that the ſeizing of Oyſter Bay, a place abounding with their favourite delicacy, would be tolerated by the inhabitants of New-Amſterdam. An attack upon their honour they might have pardoned; even the maſſacre of a few citizens might have been paſſed over in ſilence; but an outrage that affected the larders of the great city of New-Amſterdam, and threatened the ſtomachs of its corpulent Burgomaſters, was too ſerious to paſs unrevenged. The whole council was unanimous in opinion, that the intruders ſhould be immediately driven by force of arms from Oyſter Bay, and its vicinity, and a detachment was accordingly diſpatched for the purpoſe, under command of one Stoffel Brinkerhoff, or Brinkerhoofd (*i. e.* Stoffel, the head-breaker) ſo called becauſe he was a man of mighty deeds, famous throughout the whole extent of Nieuw-Nederlandts for his ſkill at quarterſtaff, and for ſize, he would have been a match for Colbrand, the Daniſh champion, ſlain by Guy of Warwick.

Stoffel Brinkerhoff was a man of few words, but prompt actions—one of your ſtraight going officers, who march directly forward, and do their orders without making any parade about it. He uſed no extraordinary ſpeed in his movements, but trudged ſteadily on, through Nineveh and Babylon, and Jericho and Patchog, and the mighty town of Quag, and various other renowned cities of yore, which, by ſome unaccountable witchcraft of the Yankees, have been ſtrangely tranſplanted to Long-Iſland, until he arrived in the neighbourhood of Oyſter Bay.

Here was he encountered by a tumultuous hoſt of valiant warriors, headed by Preſerved Fiſh, and Habakkuk Nutter, and Return Strong, and Zerubbabel Fiſk, and Jonathan Doolittle, and Determined Cock!—at the ſound of whoſe names the courageous Stoffel verily believed that the whole parliament of Praiſe God Barebones had been let looſe to diſcomfit him. Finding, however, that this formidable body was compoſed merely of the "ſelect men" of the ſettlement, armed with no other weapon but their tongues, and that they had iſſued forth with no other intent, than to meet him on the field of argument—he ſucceeded in putting them to the rout with little difficulty, and completely broke up their ſettlement. Without waiting to write an account of his victory on the ſpot, and thus letting the enemy ſlip through his fingers, while he was ſecuring his own laurels, as a more experienced general would have done, the brave Stoffel

thought of nothing but completing his enterprise, and utterly driving the Yankees from the Island. This hardy enterprize he performed in much the same manner as he had been accustomed to drive his oxen; for as the Yankees fled before him, he pulled up his breeches and trudged steadily after them, and would infallibly have driven them into the sea, had they not begged for quarter, and agreed to pay tribute.

The news of this achievement was a seasonable restorative to the spirits of the citizens of New-Amsterdam. To gratify them still more, the governor resolved to astonish them with one of those gorgeous spectacles, known in the days of classic antiquity, a full account of which had been flogged into his memory, when a school-boy at the Hague. A grand triumph, therefore, was decreed to Stoffel Brinkerhoff, who made his triumphant entrance into town riding on a Naraganset pacer; five pumpkins, which, like Roman Eagles, had served the enemy for standards, were carried before him—fifty cart loads of oysters, five hundred bushels of Wheathersfield onions, a hundred quintals of codfish, two hogsheads of molasses, and various other treasures, were exhibited as the spoils and tribute of the Yankees; while three notorious counterfeiters of Manhattan notes* were

* This is one of those trivial anachronisms, that now and then occur in the course of this otherwise authentic history. How could Manhattan notes be counterfeited, when as yet Banks were unknown in this country—and our simple progenitors had not even dreamt of those inexhaustible mines of *paper opulence*. *Print. Dec.*

captive to grace the hero's triumph. The proces-
ı was enlivened by martial muſic, from the trumpet
Antony Van Corlear the champion, accompanied
a ſelect band of boys and negroes, performing on
: national inſtruments of rattle bones and clam
lls. The citizens devoured the ſpoils in ſheer glad-
ſs of heart—every man did honour to the conqueror,
getting devoutly drunk on New-England rum—
d the learned Wilhelmus Kieft calling to mind, in
nomentary fit of enthuſiaſm and generoſity, that it
s cuſtomary among the ancients to honour their
torious generals with public ſtatues, paſſed a gra-
us decree, by which every tavernkepeer was per-
tted to paint the head of the intrepid Stoffel on his
n!

CHAP. IV.

Philosophical reflections on the folly of being happy in times of prosperity.—Sundry troubles on the southern Frontiers.—How William the Testy had well nigh ruined the province through a Cabalistic word.—As also the secret expedition of Jan Jansen Alpendam, and his astonishing reward.

If we could but get a peep at the tally of dame Fortune, where, like a notable landlady, she regularly chalks up the debtor and creditor accounts of mankind, we should find that, upon the whole, good and evil are pretty nearly balanced in this world; and that though we may for a long while revel in the very lap of prosperity, the time will at length come, when we must ruefully pay off the reckoning. Fortune, in fact, is a pestilent shrew, and withal a most inexorable creditor; for though she may indulge her favourites in long credits, and overwhelm them with her favours, yet sooner or latter she brings up her arrears, with the rigour of an experienced publican, and washes out her scores with their tears. "Since," says good old Boetius in his consolations of philosophy, "since no man can retain her at his pleasure, and since her flight is so deeply lamented, what are her favours but

fare pronoſtications of approaching trouble and calamity."

There is nothing that more moves my contempt at the ſtupidity and want of reflection of my fellow men, than to behold them rejoicing, and indulging in ſecurity and ſelf confidence, in times of proſperity. To a wiſe man, who is bleſſed with the light of reaſon, thoſe are the very moments of anxiety and apprehenſion; well knowing that according to the ſyſtem of things, happineſs is at beſt but tranſient—and that the higher he is elevated by the capricious breath of fortune, the lower muſt be his proportionate depreſſion. Whereas, he who is overwhelmed by calamity, has the leſs chance of encountering freſh diſaſters, as a man at the bottom of a ladder, runs very little riſk of breaking his neck by tumbling to the top.

This is the very eſſence of true wiſdom, which conſiſts in knowing when we ought to be miſerable; and was diſcovered much about the ſame time with that invaluable ſecret, that "every thing is vanity and vexation of ſpirit;" in conſequence of which maxim your wiſe men have ever been the unhappieſt of the human race; eſteeming it as an infallible mark of genius to be diſtreſſed without reaſon—ſince any man may be miſerable in time of misfortune, but it is the philoſopher alone who can diſcover cauſe for grief in the very hour of proſperity.

According to the principle I have juſt advanced, we find that the colony of New-Netherlands, which,

under the reign of the renowned Van Twiller, has flouriſhed in ſuch alarming and fatal ſerenity, is now paying for its former welfare, and diſcharging the enormous debt of comfort which it contracted. Foes haraſs it from different quarters; the city of New Amſterdam, while yet in its infancy, is kept in conſtant alarm; and its valiant commander, William the Teſty, anſwers the vulgar, but expreſſive idea of "a man in a peck of troubles."

While buſily engaged repelling his bitter enemies the Yankees, on one ſide, we find him ſuddenly moleſted in another quarter, and by other aſſailants. A vagrant colony of Swedes, under the conduct of Peter Minnewits, and profeſſing allegiance to that redoubtable virago, Chriſtina queen of Sweden, had ſettled themſelves and erected a fort on ſouth (or Delaware) river—within the boundaries, claimed by the government of the New Netherlands. Hiſtory is mute as to the particulars of their firſt landing, and their real pretenſions to the ſoil, and this is the more to be lamented, as this ſame colony of Swedes will hereafter be found moſt materially to affect, not only the intereſts of the Nederlanders, but of the world at large!

In whatever manner, therefore, this vagabond colony of Swedes firſt took poſſeſſion of the country, it is certain that in 1638 they eſtabliſhed a fort, and Minnewits, according to the off hand uſage of his contemporaries, declared himſelf governor of all the adjacent country, under the name of the province of

NEW SWEDEN. No ſooner did this reach the ears of the choleric Wilhelmus, than, like a true ſpirited chieftan, he immediately broke into a violent rage, and calling together his council, belaboured the Swedes moſt luſtily in the longeſt ſpeech that had ever been heard in the colony, ſince the memorable diſpute of Ten Breeches and Tough Breeches. Having thus given vent to the firſt ebullitions of his indignation, he had reſort to his favourite meaſure of proclamation, and diſpatched one, piping hot, in the firſt year of his reign, informing Peter Minnewits that the whole territory, bordering on the ſouth river, had, time out of mind, been in poſſeſſion of the Dutch coloniſts, having been "beſet with forts, and ſealed with their blood."

The latter ſanguinary ſentence would convey an idea of direful war and bloodſhed, were we not relieved by the information that it merely related to a fray, in which ſome half a dozen Dutchmen had been killed by the Indians, in their benevolent attempts to eſtabliſh a colony and promote civilization. By this it will be ſeen that William Kieft, though a very ſmall man, delighted in big expreſſions, and was much given to a praiſe-worthy figure in rhetoric, generally cultivated by your little great men, called hyperbole. A figure which has been found of infinite ſervice among many of his claſs, and which has helped to ſwell the grandeur of many a mighty, ſelf-important, but windy chief magiſtrate. Nor can I reſiſt in this place, from

obſerving how much my beloved country is indebted to this ſame figure of hyperbole, for ſupporting certain of her greateſt characters—ſtateſmen, orators, civilians and divines; who, by dint of big words, inflated periods, and windy doctrines, are kept afloat on the ſurface of ſociety, as ignorant ſwimmers are buoyed up by blown bladders.

The proclamation againſt Minnewits concluded by ordering the ſelf-dubbed governor, and his gang of Swediſh adventurers, immediately to leave the country under penalty of the high diſpleaſure, and inevitable vengeance of the puiſſant government of the Nieuw Nederlandts. This "ſtrong meaſure," however, does not ſeem to have had a whit more effect than its predeceſſors, which had been thundered againſt the Yankees—the Swedes reſolutely held on to the territory they had taken poſſeſſion of—whereupon matters for the preſent remained in ſtatu quo.

That Wilhelmus Kieft ſhould put up with this inſolent obſtinacy in the Swedes would appear incompatible with his valorous temperament; but we find that about this time the little man had his hands full, and what with one annoyance and another, was kept continually on the bounce.

There is a certain deſcription of active legiſlators who, by ſhrewd management, contrive always to have a hundred irons on the anvil, every one of which must be immediately attended to; who conſequently are ever full of temporary ſhifts and expedients, patching

up the public welfare, and cobbling the national affairs, ſo as to make nine holes where they mend one —ſtopping chinks and flaws with whatever comes firſt to hand, like the Yankees I have mentioned ſtuffing old clothes in broken windows. Of this claſs of ſtateſmen was William the Teſty—and had he only been bleſſed with powers equal to his zeal, or his zeal been diſciplined by a little diſcretion, there is very little doubt but he would have made the greateſt governor of his ſize on record—the renowned governor of the iſland of Barataria alone excepted.

The great defect of Wilhelmus Kieft's policy was, that though no man could be more ready to ſtand forth in an hour of emergency, yet he was ſo intent upon guarding the national pocket, that he ſuffered the enemy to break its head—in other words, whatever precaution for public ſafety he adopted, he was ſo intent upon rendering it cheap, that he invariably rendered it ineffectual. All this was a remote conſequence of his profound education at the Hague—where, having acquired a ſmattering of knowledge, he was ever after a great conner of indexes, continually dipping into books, without ever ſtudying to the bottom of any ſubject; ſo that he had the ſcum of all kinds of authors fermenting in his pericranium. In ſome of theſe title page reſearches he unluckily ſtumbled over a grand political *cabaliſtic word*, which, with his cuſtomary facility, he immediately incorporated into his great ſcheme of government, to the irretriev-

able injury and deluſion of the honeſt provi
Nieuw-Nederlandts, and the eternal miſleadin
experimental rulers.

In vain have I pored over the Theurgia of th
deans, the Cabala of the Jews, the Necrom
the Arabians, the Magic of the Perſians, the
Pocus of the Engliſh, the Witch-craft of the Y
or the Pow-wowing of the Indians to diſcover
the little man firſt laid eyes on this terribl
Neither the Sephir Jetzirah, that famous c
volume, aſcribed to the Patriarch Abraham;
pages of the Zohar, containing the myſteries
cabala, recorded by the learned rabbi Sime
chaides, yield any light to my inquiries—Nor
the leaſt benefited by my painful reſearches
Shem-hamphorah of Benjamin, the wanderin
though it enabled Davidus Elm to make a te
journey in twenty-four hours. Neither can I
the ſlighteſt affinity in the Tetragrammaton, o
name of four letters, the profoundeſt word
Hebrew Cabala; a myſtery, ſublime, ineffable,
communicable—and the letters of which Jod-H
He, having been ſtolen by the Pagans, con
their great name Jao, or Jove. In ſhort, in
cabaliſtic, theurgic, necromantic, magical and
logical reſearches, from the Tetractys of Pyth
to the recondite works of Breſlaw and mother
I have not diſcovered the leaſt veſtige of an o

his word, nor have I discovered any word of sufficient potency to counteract it.

Not to keep my reader in any suspence, the word which had so wonderfully arrested the attention of William the Testy, and which in German characters had a particularly black and ominous aspect, on being fairly translated into the English is no other than ECONOMY—a talismanic term, which, by constant use and frequent mention, has ceased to be formidable in our eyes, but which has as terrible potency as any in the arcana of necromancy.

When pronounced in a national assembly it has an immediate effect in closing the hearts, beclouding the intellects, drawing the purse strings and buttoning the breeches pockets of all philosophic legislators. Nor are its effects on the eyes less wonderful. It produces a contraction of the retina, an obscurity of the christaline lens, a viscidity of the vitreous, and an inspissation of the aqueous humours, an induration of the tunica sclerotica, and a convexity of the cornea; insomuch that the organ of vision loses its strength and perspicuity, and the unfortunate patient becomes *myopes*, or in plain English, pur-blind; perceiving only the amount of immediate expense, without being able to look further, and regard it in connexion with the ultimate object to be effected.—"So that," to quote the words of the eloquent Burke, "a briar at his nose is of greater magnitude than an oak at five hundred yards distance." Such are its instantaneous opera-

tions, and the results are still more astonis
its magic influence seventy-fours shrink into
frigates into sloops, and sloops into gun-boat
defenceless ships of Eneas, at the command
tecting Venus, changed into sea nymphs,
tected themselves by diving, so the might
America, by the cabalistic word of economy
into small craft, and shelters itself in a mill

This all potent word, which served as
stone in politics, at once explains the wh
of proclamations, protests, empty threats,
trumpeters, and paper war, carried on by
the Testy—and we may trace its operations
mament which he fitted out in 1642 in a
great wrath, consisting of two sloops and t
under the command of Mynher Jan Jansen
as admiral of the fleet, and commander i
the forces. This formidable expedition,
only be paralleled by some of the daring
our infant navy about the bay and up the f
intended to drive the Marylanders from th
kill, of which they had recently taken posse
which was claimed as part of the province
Nederlandts—for it appears that at this ti
fant colony was in that enviable state, so
veted by ambitious nations, that is to say, th
ment had a vast extent of territory, part of
enjoyed, and the greater part of which it
nually to quarrel about.

Admiral Jan Janſen Alpendam was a man of great mettle and proweſs, and no way diſmayed at the character of the enemy, who were repreſented as a gigantic, gunpowder race of men, who lived on hoe cakes and bacon, drank mint juleps and apple toddy, and were exceedingly expert at boxing, biting, gouging, tar and feathering, and a variety of other athletic accompliſhments, which they had borrowed from their couſins german and prototypes the Virginians, to whom they have ever borne conſiderable reſemblance—notwithſtanding all theſe alarming repreſentations, the admiral entered the Schuylkill moſt undauntedly with his fleet, and arrived without diſaſter or oppoſition at the place of deſtination.

Here he attacked the enemy in a vigorous ſpeech in low Dutch, which the wary Kieft had previouſly put in his pocket; wherein he courteouſly commenced by calling them a pack of lazy, louting, dram drinking, cock fighting, horſe racing, ſlave driving, tavern haunting, ſabbath breaking, mulatto breeding upſtarts —and concluded by ordering them to evacuate the country immediately—to which they moſt laconically replied in plain Engliſh, "they'd ſee him d——d firſt."

Now this was a reply for which neither Jan Janſen Alpendam, nor Wilhelmus Kieft had made any calculation—and finding himſelf totally unprepared to anſwer ſo terrible a rebuff with ſuitable hoſtility, he concluded that his wiſeſt courſe was to return home

and report progreſs. He accordingly ſailed t
New-Amſterdam, where he was received wit
honours, and conſidered as a pattern for all con
ers, having achieved a moſt hazardous enterpr
a trifling expenſe of treaſure, and without l
ſingle man to the ſtate!—He was unanimouſly
the deliverer of his country; (an appellation li
beſtowed on all great men) his two ſloops
done their duty, were laid up (or dry docked
cove now called the Albany Baſin, where they
rotted in the mud; and to immortalize his nam
erected, by ſubſcription, a magnificent ſhingle
ment on the top of Flatten barrack* Hill, whicl
three whole years; when it fell to pieces, a
burnt for fire-wood.

* A corruption of Varleth's bergh—or Varleth's hill, from one Varleth, who lived upon that hill in the early day settlement.

CHAP. V.

'illiam the Testy enri ched the province by a itude of laws, and came to be the Patron awyers and Bum-Bailiffs. And how the le became exceedingly enlightened and un- y, under his instructions.

NG the many wrecks and fragments of exalted , which have floated down the ſtream of time, enerable antiquity, and have been carefully up by thoſe humble, but induſtrious wights, ly along the ſhores of literature, we find the ng ſage ordinance of Charondas, the Locrian or—Anxious to preſerve the ancient laws of te from the additions and improvements of d "country members," or officious candidates ularity, he ordained, that whoever propoſed law, ſhould do it with a halter about his neck; in caſe his propoſition was rejected, they juſt im up—and there the matter ended.

ſalutary inſtitution had ſuch an effect, that re than two hundred years there was only one alteration in the criminal code—and the race of lawyers ſtarved to death for want of ment. The conſequence of this was, that crians being unprotected by an overwhelming

load of excellent laws, and undefended by a ſtandi army of pettifoggers and ſheriff's officers, lived ve lovingly together, and were ſuch a happy people, th they ſcarce make any figure throughout the whc Grecian hiſtory—for it is well known that none b your unlucky, quarrelſome, rantipole nations make a noiſe in the world.

Well would it have been for William the Teſty, h he haply in the courſe of his "univerſal acquir ments," ſtumbled upon this precaution of the go Charondas. On the contrary, he conceived that t true policy of a legiſlator was to multiply laws, a thus ſecure the property, the perſons and the mora of the people, by ſurrounding them in a manner wi men traps and ſpring guns, and beſetting even t ſweet ſequeſtered walks of private life, with quicl ſet hedges, ſo that a man could ſcarcely turn, withou the riſk of encountering ſome of theſe peſtiferou protectors. Thus was he continually coining pett laws for every petty offence that occurred, until i time they became too numerous to be remembered and remained like thoſe of certain modern legiſlator mere dead letters—revived occaſionally for the pur poſe of individual oppreſſion, or to entrap ignoran offenders.

Petty courts conſequently began to appear, wher the law was adminiſtered with nearly as much wiſdon and impartiality as in thoſe auguſt tribunals the alder men's and juſtices' courts of the preſent day. The

F was generally favoured, as being a cuſtomer
nging buſineſs to the ſhop; the offences of the
re diſcreetly winked at—for fear of hurting the
s of their friends;—but it could never be laid
charge of the vigilant burgomaſters, that they
l vice to ſculk unpuniſhed, under the diſgrace-
s of poverty.

ut this time may we date the firſt introduction
tal puniſhments—a goodly gallows being erect-
the water-ſide, about where White-hall ſtairs
preſent, a little to the eaſt of the battery.
by alſo was erected another gibbet of a very
, uncouth and unmatchable deſcription, but
ch the ingenious William Kieft valued him-
a little, being a puniſhment entirely of his own
on.*

as for loftineſs of altitude not a whit inferior
of Haman, ſo renowned in bible hiſtory; but
rvel of the contrivance was, that the culprit,
of being ſuſpended by the neck, accord-
venerable cuſtom, was hoiſted by the waiſt-
and was kept for an hour together, dangling
awling between heaven and earth—to the in-
entertainment and doubtleſs great edification
multitude of reſpectable citizens, who uſually
upon exhibitions of the kind.

s incredible how the little governor chuckled

h the gibbets may be seen in the sketch of Justus Danker,
to the work.

at beholding caitiff vagrants and ſturdy beggars thus ſwinging by the crupper, and cutting antic gambols in the air. He had a thouſand pleaſantries, and mirthful conceits to utter upon theſe occaſions. He called them his dandle-lions—his wild fowl—his high flyers—his ſpread eagles—his goshawks—his ſcare-crows and finally his *gallows-birds*, which ingenious appellation, though originally confined to worthies who had taken the air in this ſtrange manner, has ſince grown to be a cant name given to all candidates for legal elevation. This puniſhment, moreover, if we may credit the aſſertions of certain grave etymologiſts, gave the firſt hint for a kind of harneſſing, or ſtrapping by which our forefathers braced up their multifarious breeches, and which has of late years been revived and continues to be worn at the preſent day.

Such were the admirable improvements of William Kieft in criminal law—nor was his civil code leſs a matter of wonderment, and much does it grieve me that the limits of my work will not ſuffer me to expatiate on both, with the prolixity they deſerve. Let it ſuffice then to ſay, that in a little while the bleſſings of innumerable laws became notoriouſly apparent. It was ſoon found neceſſary to have a certain claſs of men to expound and confound them—divers pettifoggers accordingly made their appearance, under whoſe protecting care the community was ſoon ſet together by the ears.

ld not here be thought to insinuate any thing
ry to the profession of the law, or to its dig-
embers. Well am I aware, that we have in
ent city innumerable worthy gentlemen, who
ibraced that honourable order, not for the
ve of filthy lucre, nor the selfish cravings of
but through no other motives, but a fervent
the correct administration of justice, and a
s and disinterested devotion to the interests of
low citizens!—Sooner would I throw this
n into the flames, and cork up my ink bottle
, than infringe even for a nail's breadth upon
ity of this truly benevolent class of citizens—
contrary, I allude solely to that crew of cuttiff
who, in these latter days of evil, have become
crous—who infest the skirts of the profession,
the recreant Cornish knights the honourable
f chivalry—who, under its auspices, commit
predations on society—who thrive by quibbles,
and chicanery, and like vermin, swarm most
there is most corruption.
ning so soon awakens the malevolent passions
facility of gratification. The courts of law
never be so constantly crowded with petty, vex-
and disgraceful suits, were it not for the herds
ifogging lawyers that infest them. These tam-
th the passions of the lower and more ignorant
; who, as if poverty were not a sufficient misery
lf, are always ready to heighten it, by the bit-

terneſs of litigation. They are in law what quac
are in medicine—exciting the malady for the purpo
of profiting by the cure, and retarding the cure, f
the purpoſe of augmenting the fees. Where one d
ſtroys the conſtitution, the other impoveriſhes t
purſe; and it may likewiſe be obſerved, that a p
tient, who has once been under the hands of a quac
is ever after dabbling in drugs, and poiſoning himſ
with infallible remedies; and an ignorant man, wh
has once meddled with the law under the auſpices
one of theſe empyrics, is for ever after embroili
himſelf with his neighbours, and impoveriſhing hi
ſelf with ſucceſsful law ſuits.—My readers will e
cuſe this digreſſion, into which I have been unwari
betrayed; but I could not avoid giving a cool, u
prejudiced account of an abomination too prevale
in this excellent city, and with the effects of which
am unluckily acquainted to my coſt; having bee
nearly ruined by a law ſuit, which was unjuſtly d
cided againſt me—and my ruin having been comple
ed by another, which was decided in my favour.

It has been remarked by the obſervant writer o
the Stuyveſant manuſcript, that under the admini
tration of Wilhelmus Kieft the diſpoſition of the i
habitants of New-Amſterdam experienced an eſſenti
change, ſo that they became very meddleſome an
factious. The conſtant exacerbations of temper in
which the little governor was thrown, by the marau
ings on his frontiers, and his unfortunate propenſi

to experiment and innovation, occaſioned him to keep his council in a continual worry—and the council being to the people at large, what yeaſt or leaven is to a batch, they threw the whole community into a ferment—and the people at large being to the city what the mind is to the body, the unhappy commotions they underwent operated moſt diſaſtrouſly upon New-Amſterdam—inſomuch, that in certain of their paroxyſms of conſternation and perplexity, they begat ſeveral of the moſt crooked, diſtorted, and abominable ſtreets, lanes and alleys, with which this metropolis is diſfigured.

But the worſt of the matter was, that juſt about this time the mob, ſince called the ſovereign people, like Balaam's aſs, began to grow more enlightened than its rider, and exhibited a ſtrange deſire of governing itſelf. This was another effect of the "univerſal acquirements" of William the Teſty. In ſome of his peſtilent reſearches among the rubbiſh of antiquity, he was ſtruck with admiration at the inſtitution of public tables among the Lacedæmonians, where they diſcuſſed topics of a general and intereſting nature—at the ſchools of the philoſophers, where they engaged in profound diſputes upon politics and morals—where grey beards were taught the rudiments of wiſdom, and youths learned to become little men, before they were boys. "There is nothing, ſaid the ingenious Kieft, ſhutting up the book, "there is nothing more eſſential to the well-management of a

country, than education among the people; the ba of a good government, ſhould be laid in the pub mind."—Now this was true enough, but it was ev the wayward fate of William the Teſty, that when thought right, he was ſure to go to work wrong. the preſent inſtance, he could ſcarcely eat or ſlee until he had ſet on foot brawling debating ſocieti among the ſimple citizens of New-Amſterdam. Th was the one thing wanting to complete his confuſio The honeſt Dutch burghers, though in truth but litt given to argument or wordy altercation, yet by di of meeting often together, fuddling themſelves wi ſtrong drink, beclouding their brains with tobac ſmoke, and liſtening to the harangues of ſome half dozen oracles, ſoon became exceedingly wiſe, and as is always the caſe where the mob is politically e lightened—exceedingly diſcontented. They found o with wonderful quickneſs of diſcernment, the fear error in which they had indulged, in fancying thei ſelves the happieſt people in creation—and were fo tunately convinced, that, all circumſtances to t contrary notwithſtanding, they were a very unhapp deluded, and conſequently, ruined people!

In a ſhort time the quidnuncs of New-Amſterda formed themſelves into ſage juntos of political croa ers, who daily met together to groan over politi affairs, and make themſelves miſerable; thronging theſe unhappy aſſemblages with the ſame eagerne that zealots have in all ages abandoned the milder a

more peaceful paths of religion, to crowd to the howling convocations of fanaticiſm. We are naturally prone to diſcontent, and avaricious after imaginary cauſes of lamentation—like lubberly monks, we belabour our own ſhoulders, and ſeem to take a vaſt ſatisfaction in the muſic of our own groans. Nor is this ſaid for the ſake of paradox; daily experience ſhows the truth of theſe obſervations. It is next to a farce to offer conſolation, or to think of elevating the ſpirits of a man groaning under ideal calamities; but nothing is more eaſy than to render him wretched, though on the pinnacle of felicity; as it is an Herculean taſk to hoiſt a man to the top of a ſteeple, though the mereſt child can topple him off thence.

In the ſage aſſemblages I have noticed, the philoſophic reader will at once perceive the faint germs of thoſe ſapient convocations called popular meetings, prevalent at our day.—Thither reſorted all thoſe idlers and "ſquires of low degree," who, like rags, hang looſe upon the back of ſociety, and are ready to be blown away by every wind of doctrine. Coblers abandoned their ſtalls, and haſtened thither to give leſſons on political economy—blackſmiths left their handicraft and ſuffered their own fires to go out, while they blew the bellows and ſtirred up the fire of faction; and even taylors, though but the ſhreds and patches, the ninth parts of humanity, neglected their own meaſures, to attend to the meaſures of government—Nothing was wanting but half a dozen news-

papers and patriotic editors, to have complete public illumination, and to have thrown the province in an uproar!

I ſhould not forget to mention, that theſe p meetings were always held at a noted tavern houſes of that deſcription have always been fou moſt congenial nurſeries of politics; aboundin thoſe genial ſtreams which give ſtrength and nance to faction—We are told that the ancien mans had an admirable mode of treating any q of importance; they firſt deliberated upon it drunk, and afterwards reconſidered it, when The ſhrewder mobs of America, who diſlike two minds upon a ſubject, both determine a upon it drunk; by which means a world of co tedious ſpeculations is diſpenſed with—and as it verſally allowed, that when a man is drunk h *double*, it follows moſt concluſively that he ſees as well as his ſober neighbours.

CHAP. VI.

Of the great pipe plot—and of the dolorous perplexities into which William the Testy was thrown, by reason of his having enlightened the multitude.

WILHELMUS KIEFT, as has already been made manifeſt, was a great legiſlator upon a ſmall ſcale. He was of an active, or rather a buſy mind; that is to ſay, his was one of thoſe ſmall, but briſk minds, that make up by buſtle and conſtant motion for the want of great ſcope and power. He had, when quite a youngling, been impreſſed with the advice of Solomon, "go to the ant thou ſluggard, conſider her ways and be wiſe," in conformity to which he had ever been of a reſtleſs, ant-like turn, worrying hither and thither, buſying himſelf about little matters, with an air of great importance and anxiety—laying up wiſdom by the morſel, and often toiling and puffing at a grain of muſtard ſeed, under the full conviction that he was moving a mountain.

Thus we are told, that once upon a time, in one of his fits of mental buſtle, which he termed deliberation, he framed an unlucky law, to prohibit the univerſal practice of ſmoking. This he proved, by mathematical demonſtration, to be, not merely a heavy tax on the public pocket, but an incredible conſumer

of time, a hideous encourager of idleneſs, and, of courſe, a deadly bane to the proſperity and morals of the people. Ill fated Kieft! had he lived in this enlightened and libel loving age, and attempted to ſubvert the ineſtimable liberty of the preſs, he could not have ſtruck more cloſely on the ſenſibilities of the million.

The populace were in as violent a turmoil as the conſtitutional gravity of their deportment would permit—a mob of factious citizens had even the hardihood to aſſemble before the governor's houſe, where, ſetting themſelves reſolutely down, like a beſieging army before a fortreſs, they one and all fell to ſmoking with a determined perſeverance, that ſeemed as though it were their intention to ſmoke him into terms. The Teſty William iſſued out of his manſion like unto a wrathful ſpider, and demanded to know the cauſe of this ſeditious aſſemblage, and this lawleſs fumigation, to which theſe ſturdy rioters made no other reply, than to loll back moſt phlegmatically in their ſeats, and puff away with redoubled fury; whereby they raiſed ſuch a murky cloud, that the governor was fain to take refuge in the interior of his caſtle.

The governor immediately perceived the object of this unuſual tumult, and that it would be impoſſible to ſuppreſs a practice, which, by long indulgence, had become a ſecond nature. And here I would obſerve, partly to explain why I have ſo often made mention of this practice in my hiſtory, that it

was inſeparably connected with all the affairs, both public and private, of our revered anceſtors. The pipe, in fact, was never from the mouth of the true born Nederlander. It was his companion in ſolitude, the relaxation of his gayer hours, his counſellor, his conſoler, his joy, his pride; in a word, he ſeemed to think and breathe through his pipe.

When William the Teſty bethought himſelf of all theſe matters, which he certainly did; although a little too late, he came to a compromiſe with the beſieging multitude. The reſult was, that though he continued to permit the cuſtom of ſmoking, yet did he aboliſh the fair long pipes which were uſed in the days of Wouter Van Twiller, denoting eaſe, tranquillity, and ſobriety of deportment; and, in place thereof, did introduce little, captious, ſhort pipes, two inches in length; which, he obſerved, could be ſtuck in one corner of the mouth, or twiſted in the hat band, and would not be in the way of buſineſs. By this the multitude ſeemed ſomewhat appeaſed, and diſperſed to their habitations. Thus ended this alarming inſurrection, which was long known by the name of the *pipe plot*, and which, it has been ſomewhat quaintly obſerved, did end, like moſt other plots, ſeditions, and conſpiracies, in mere ſmoke.

But mark, Oh reader! the deplorable conſequences that did afterwards reſult. The ſmoke of theſe villainous little pipes, continually aſcending in a cloud about the noſe, penetrated into and befogged the

cerebellum, dried up all the kindly moiſture
brain, and rendered the people that uſed them
pouriſh and teſty as their renowned little gove
nay, what is more, from a goodly, burly
folk, they became, like our worthy Dutch f
who ſmoke ſhort pipes, a lantern-jawed, ſmoke
leathern-hided race of men.

Nor was this all, for from hence may we d
riſe of parties in this province. Certain of th
wealthy and important burghers adhering to
cient faſhion, formed a kind of ariſtocracy, whic
by the appellation of the *Long Pipes*, while the
orders, ſubmitting to the innovation, which they
to be more convenient in their handicraft employ
and to leave them more liberty of action, were b
with the plebian name of *Short Pipes*. A thir
likewiſe ſprang up, differing from both the
headed by the deſcendants of the famous
Chewit, the companion of the great Hudſon.
entirely diſcarded the uſe of pipes, and took to
ing tobacco, and hence they were called *Quid*
is worthy of notice, that this laſt appellation ha
come to be invariably applied to thoſe mongrel o
parties, that will ſometimes ſpring up betwee
great contending parties, as a mule is produce
tween a horſe and an aſs.

And here I would remark the great benefit of
party diſtinctions, by which the people at larg
ſaved the vaſt trouble of thinking. Heſiod d

mankind into three claſſes, thoſe who think for themſelves, thoſe who let others think for them, and thoſe who will neither do one nor the other. The ſecond claſs, however, compriſes the great maſs of ſociety, and hence is the origin of *party*, by which is meant a large body of people, ſome few of whom think, and all the reſt talk. The former, who are called the leaders, marſhal out and diſcipline the latter, teaching them what they muſt approve—what they muſt hoot at—what they muſt ſay—whom they muſt ſupport—but, above all, whom they muſt hate—for no man can be a right good partizan, unleſs he be a determined and thorough-going hater.

But when the ſovereign people are thus properly broken to the harneſs, yoked, curbed and reined, it is delectable to ſee with what docility and harmony they jog onward, through mud and mire, at the will of their drivers, dragging the dirt carts of faction at their heels. How many a patriotic member of congreſs have I ſeen, who would never have known how to make up his mind on any queſtion, and might have run a great riſk of voting right by mere accident, had he not had others to think for him, and a file leader to vote after.

Thus then the enlightened inhabitants of the Manhattoes, being divided into parties, were enabled to organize diſſention, and to oppoſe and hate one another more accurately. And now the great buſineſs of politics went bravely on; the parties aſſembling in

ſeparate beer houſes, and ſmoking at each other w implacable animoſity, to the great ſupport of the ſta and emolument of the tavernkeepers. Some, inde who were more zealous than the reſt, went furth and began to beſpatter one another with numer very hard names and ſcandalous little words, to found in the Dutch language; every partizan belie ing religiouſly that he was ſerving his country, wh he traduced the character, or impoveriſhed the pock of a political adverſary. But, however they mig differ between themſelves, all parties agreed on o point, to cavil at and condemn every meaſure of g vernment whether right or wrong; for as the govern was by his ſtation independent of their power, a was not elected by their choice, and as he had n decided in favour of either faction, neither of the was intereſted in his ſucceſs, nor in the proſperity of t country while under his adminiſtration.

"Unhappy William Kieft!" exclaims the ſa writer of the Stuyveſant manuſcript—"doomed contend with enemies too knowing to be entrappe and to reign over a people too wiſe to be governed All his expeditions againſt his enemies were baffl and ſet at naught, and all his meaſures for the pub ſafety were cavilled at by the people. Did he propo levying an efficient body of troops for internal defence the mob, that is to ſay, thoſe vagabond members the community who have nothing to loſe, immediate took the alarm, vociferated that their intereſts we

in danger—that a ſtanding army was a legion of moths, preying on the pockets of ſociety; a rod of iron in the hands of government; and that a government with a military force at its command, would inevitably ſwell into a deſpotiſm. Did he, as was but too commonly the caſe, defer preparation until the moment of emergency, and then haſtily collect a handful of undiſciplined vagrants—the meaſure was hooted at, as feeble and inadequate, as trifling with the public dignity and ſafety, and as laviſhing the public funds on impotent enterprizes.—Did he reſort to the economic meaſure of proclamation—he was laughed at by the Yankees; did he back it by non-intercourſe—it was evaded and counteracted by his own ſubjects. Whichever way he turned himſelf he was beleagured and diſtracted by petitions of "numerous and reſpectable meetings," conſiſting of ſome half a dozen brawling pot-houſe politicians—all of which he read, and what is worſe, all of which he attended to. The conſequence was, that by inceſſantly changing his meaſures, he gave none of them a fair trial; and by liſtening to the clamours of the mob, and endeavouring to do every thing, he, in ſober truth, did nothing.

I would not have it ſuppoſed, however, that he took all theſe memorials and interferences good naturedly, for ſuch an idea would do injuſtice to his valiant ſpirit; on the contrary, he never received a piece of advice in the whole courſe of his life, without firſt

getting into a paſſion with the giver. But I have ever obſerved that your paſſionate little men, like ſmall boats with large ſails, are the eaſieſt upſet or blown out of their courſe; and this is demonſtrated by governor Kieft, who, though in temperament as hot as an old radiſh, and with a mind, the territory of which was ſubjected to perpetual whirl-winds and tornadoes, yet never failed to be carried away by the laſt piece of advice that was blown into his ear. Lucky was it for him that his power was not dependant upon the greaſy multitude, and that as yet the populace did not poſſeſs the important privilege of nominating their chief magiſtrate. They, however, like a true mob, did their beſt to help along public affairs; peſtering their governor inceſſantly, by goading him on with harangues and petitions, and then thwarting his fiery ſpirit with reproaches and memorials, like a knot of Sunday jockies, managing an unlucky devil of a hack horſe—ſo that Wilhelmus Kieft may be ſaid to have been kept either on a worry or a hand gallop, throughout the whole of his adminiſtration.

CHAP. VII.

Containing divers fearful accounts of Border wars, and the flagrant outrages of the Moss troopers of Connecticut—with the rise of the great Amphyctionic Council of the east, and the decline of William the Testy.

It was aſſerted by the wiſe men of ancient times, who were intimately acquainted with theſe matters, that at the gate of Jupiter's palace lay two huge tuns, the one filled with bleſſings, the other with misfortunes—and it verily ſeems as if the latter had been completely overturned, and left to deluge the unlucky province of Nieuw-Nederlandts. Among the many internal and external cauſes of irritation, the inceſſant irruptions of the Yankees upon his frontiers were continually adding fuel to the inflammable temper of William the Teſty. Numerous accounts of theſe moleſtations may ſtill be found among the records of the times; for the commanders on the frontiers were eſpecially careful to evince their vigilance and zeal, by ſtriving who ſhould ſend home the moſt frequent and voluminous budgets of complaints, as your faithful ſervant is eternally running with complaints to the parlour, of all the petty ſquabbles and miſdemeanours of the kitchen. All theſe valiant tale-bearings were liſtened to with great wrath by the paſſionate Kieft and his

ſubjects, who were to the full as eager to hear, an credulous to believe theſe frontier fables, as are m fellow citizens to ſwallow thoſe amuſing ſtories wit which our papers are daily filled, about Britiſh aggres ſions at ſea, French ſequeſtrations on ſhore, Spaniſ infringements in the promiſed land of Louiſiana, and above all, internal plots and conſpiracies.

We are told by the good Plutarch, in his life o Nicias, that the terrible defeat of the Athenians i Sicily was firſt mentioned in the ſhop of a goſſippin barber at the Piræus. Whereupon, with the cuſtom ary officiouſneſs of his tribe, he ran up into Athens t have the firſt telling of the ſtory, and threw the whol forum into conſternation. Not being able, howeve to ſubſtantiate his tale, the unlucky ſhaver was pu upon the wheel and whirled about, as a reward fo his trouble, until he was exculpated by the arrival o other evidence.

Such was the manner in which buſy alarmiſts, an manufacturers of fearful news were treated in Athens whereas in our more enlightened country we ſuppor whole herds of editors for no other purpoſe, than t gratify a public appetite for direful news, and any ma who can foiſt up a full ſounding, hobgoblin ſtory of plot or conſpiracy, may command his own price for it I have known two or three of theſe tales of terror t be bought up by government, for the ſovereign peo ple to amuſe themſelves withal—which goes furthe

to prove, what I have before aſſerted, that your enlightened people love to be miſerable.

Far be it from me to inſinuate however, that our worthy anceſtors indulged in groundleſs alarms; on the contrary they were daily ſuffering a repetition of cruel wrongs,* not one of which but was a ſufficient reaſon, according to the maxims of national dignity and honour, for throwing the whole univerſe into hoſtility and confuſion.

Oh ye powers! into what indignation did every one of theſe outrages throw the philoſophic William! letter after letter, proteſt after proteſt, proclamation after proclamation, bad Latin, worſe Engliſh, and hideous low Dutch were exhauſted in vain upon the inexorable Yankees, and the four-and-twenty letters

* From among a multitude of bitter grievances still on record, I select a few of the most atrocious, and leave my readers to judge, if our ancestors were not justifiable in getting into a very valiant passion on the occasion.

24 June, 1641. Some of Hartford have taken a hogg out of the vlact or common and shut it up out of meer hate or other prejudice, causing it to starve for hunger in the stye!

26 July. The foremencioned English did againe drive the Companies' hoggs out of the vlact of Sicojoke into Hartford; contending daily with reproaches, blows, beating the people with all disgrace that they could imagine.

May 20, 1642. The English of Hartford have violently cut loose a horse of the honored Companies', that stood bound upon the common or vlact.

May 9, 1643. The Compenies' horses pastured upon the Companies' ground, were driven away by them of Connecticott or Hartford, and the herdsman lustily beaten with hatchets and sticks.

16. Again they sold a young hogg belonging to the Companie which piggs had pastured on the Companies' land.

Haz. Col. State pap.

of the alphabet, which, excepting his champion ſturdy trumpeter Van Corlear, compoſed the ſtanding army he had at his command, were neve duty throughout the whole of his adminiſtratio Nor did Antony the trumpeter, remain a whit hind his patron the gallant Kieft, in his fiery z but like a faithful champion and preſerver of the lic ſafety, on the arrival of every freſh article of n he was ſure to found his trumpet from the ramp with moſt diſaſtrous notes, throwing the people violent alarms and diſturbing their reſt at all ti and ſeaſons—which cauſed him to be held in great regard, the public pampering and rewarding l as we do brawling editors, for reaſons that have been mentioned.

I am well aware of the perils that environ m this part of my hiſtory. While raking with cur hands but pious heart, among the mouldering rem of former days, anxious to draw therefrom the hc of wiſdom, I may fare ſomewhat like that val worthy Sampſon, who in meddling with the car of a dead lion, drew a ſwarm of bees about his e Thus while narrating the many miſdeeds of the Y kie, or Yankee tribe, it is ten chances to one but I fend the morbid ſenſibilities of certain of their un ſonable deſcendants, who may fly out and raiſe ſu buzzing about this unlucky head of mine, that I need the tough hide of an Achilles, or an Orla Furioſo, to protect me from their ſtings.

ıhould ſuch be the caſe I ſhould deeply and ſin-
:ly lament—not my misfortune in giving offence—
the wrong-headed perverſeneſs of an ill-natur-
generation, in taking offence at any thing I ſay.
ıt their anceſtors did uſe my anceſtors ill, is true,
I am very ſorry for it. I would, with all my heart
fact were otherwiſe; but as I am recording the
ed events of hiſtory, I'd not bate one nail's breadth
he honeſt truth, though I were ſure the whole edi-
of my work ſhould be bought up and burnt by
common hangman of Connecticut. And in ſooth,
' that theſe teſty gentlemen have drawn me out, I
make bold to go further and obſerve, that this is
of the grand purpoſes for which we impartial his-
ıns are ſent into the world—to redreſs wrongs and
ler juſtice on the heads of the guilty. So that
ıgh a powerful nation may wrong its neighbours
ı temporary impunity, yet ſooner or later an hiſto-
ſprings up, who wreaks ample chaſtiſement on it
eturn.

'hus theſe moſs troopers of the eaſt, little thought,
warrant it, while they were harraſſing the inoffen-
province of Nieuw-Nederlandts, and driving its
appy governor to his wits end, that an hiſtorian
ıld ever ariſe, and give them their own, with inte-

Since then I am but performing my bounden
' as an hiſtorian, in avenging the wrongs of our
red anceſtors, I ſhall make no further apology;
indeed, when it is conſidered that I have all theſe

ancient borderers of the eaſt in my power, and at the mercy of my pen, I truſt that it will be admitted I conduct myſelf with great humanity and moderation.

To reſume then the courſe of my hiſtory—Appearances to the eaſtward began now to aſſume a more formidable aſpect than ever—for I would have you note that hitherto the province had been chiefly moleſted by its immediate neighbours, the people of Connecticut, particularly of Hartford; which, if we may judge from ancient chronicles, was the ſtrong hold of theſe ſturdy moſs troopers, from whence they ſallied forth, on their daring incurſions, carrying terror and devaſtation into the barns, the hen-rooſts, and pig-ſtyes of our revered anceſtors.

Albeit about the year 1643, the people of the eaſt country, inhabiting the colonies of Maſſachuſetts, Connecticut, New-Plymouth, and New-Haven, gathered together into a mighty conclave, and after buzzing and debating for many days, like a political hive of bees in ſwarming time, at length ſettled themſelves into a formidable confederation, under the title of the United Colonies of New-England. By this union they pledged themſelves to ſtand by one another in all perils and aſſaults, and to co-operate in all meaſures, offenſive and defenſive, againſt the ſurrounding ſavages, among which were doubtleſſly included our honoured anceſtors of the Manhattoes; and to give more ſtrength and ſyſtem to this confederation, a general aſſembly or grand council was to be annually

held, compoſed of repreſentatives from each of the provinces.

On receiving accounts of this puiſſant combination, the fiery Wilhelmus was ſtruck with vaſt conſternation, and, for the firſt time in his whole life, forgot to bounce, at hearing an unwelcome piece of intelligence—which a venerable hiſtorian of the times obſerves, was eſpecially noticed among the ſage politicians of New-Amſterdam. The truth was, on turning over in his mind all that he had read at the Hague, about leagues and combinations, he found that this was an exact imitation of the famous Amphyctionic council, by which the ſtates of Greece were enabled to attain to ſuch power and ſupremacy, and the very idea made his heart to quake for the ſafety of his empire at the Manhattoes.

He ſtrenuouſly inſiſted, that the whole object of this confederation was to drive the Nederlanders out of their fair domains; and always flew into a great rage if any one preſumed to doubt the probability of his conjecture. Nor was he wholly unwarranted in ſuch a ſuſpicion; for at the very firſt annual meeting of the grand council, held at Boſton, (which governor Kieft denominated the Delphos of this truly claſſic league) ſtrong repreſentations were made againſt the Nederlanders, for as much as that in their dealings with the Indians they carried on a traffic in "guns, powther and ſhott—a trade damnable and injurious to

the coloniſts."* Not but what certain of the Conn ticut traders did likewiſe dabble a little in this "dan able traffic"—but then they always ſold the Indi ſuch ſcurvy guns, that they burſt at the firſt diſcha —and conſequently hurt no one but theſe pag ſavages.

The riſe of this potent confederacy was a dea blow to the glory of William the Teſty, for from th day forward, it was remarked by many, he never he up his head, but appeared quite creſt fallen. H ſubſequent reign, therefore, affords but ſcanty fo for the hiſtoric pen—we find the grand coun continually augmenting in power, and threatening overwhelm the mighty but defenceleſs province Nieuw-Nederlandts; while Wilhelmus Kieft kept co ſtantly firing off his proclamations and proteſts, lik a ſhrewd ſea captain, firing off ſo many carronade and ſwivels, in order to break and diſperſe a wate ſpout—but alas! they had no more effect than if the had been ſo many blank cartridges.

The laſt document on record of this learned, phi loſophic, but unfortunate little man, is a long lette to the council of the Amphyctions, wherein, in th bitterneſs of his heart, he rails at the people of New Haven, or Red Hills, for their uncourteous contemp of his proteſt, levelled at them for ſquatting withi the province of their high mightineſſes. From thi

* Haz. Col. S. Papers.

letter, which is a model of epiſtolary writing, abounding with pithy apophthegms and claſſic figures, my limits will barely allow me to extract the following recondite paſſage:*—"Certainly when we heare the inhabitants of New Hartford complayninge of us, we ſeem to heare Eſop's wolfe complayninge of the lamb, or the admonition of the younge man, who cryed out to his mother, chideing with her neighboures, 'Oh Mother revile her, leſt ſhe firſt take up that practice againſt you.' But being taught by precedent paſſages, we received ſuch an anſwer to our proteſt from the inhabitants of New-Haven as we expected: *the Eagle always despiseth the Beetle fly;* yet notwithſtanding we doe undauntedly continue on our purpoſe of purſuing our own right, by juſt arms and righteous means, and doe hope without ſcruple to execute the expreſs commands of our ſuperiours." To ſhow that this laſt ſentence was not a mere empty menace, he concluded his letter, by intrepidly proteſting againſt the whole council, as a horde of *squatters* and interlopers, inasmuch as they held their meeting at New-Haven, or the Red Hills, which he claimed as being within the province of the New-Netherlands.

Thus end the authenticated chronicles of the reign of William the Teſty—for henceforth, in the troubles, the perplexities and the confuſion of the times, he ſeems to have been totally overlooked and to have

* Vide Haz. Col. State Papers.

ſlipped forever through the fingers of ſcrupulous hiſtory. Indeed, for ſome cauſe or other which I cannot divine, there appears to have been a combination among hiſtorians to ſink his very name into oblivion, in conſequence of which they have one and all forborne even to ſpeak of his exploits. This ſhows how important it is for great men to cultivate the favour of the learned, if they are ambitious of honour and renown. "Inſult not the derviſe," ſaid a wiſe Caliph to his ſon, "leſt thou offend thine hiſtorian," and many a mighty man of the olden time, had he obſerved ſo obvious a maxim, might have eſcaped divers cruel wipes of the pen, which have been drawn acroſs his character.

It has been a matter of deep concern to me, that ſuch darkneſs and obſcurity ſhould hang over the latter days of the illuſtrious Kieft—for he was a mighty and great little man, worthy of being utterly renowned, ſeeing that he was the firſt potentate that introduced into this land the art of fighting by proclamation, and defending a country by trumpeters, and windmills—an economic and humane mode of warfare, ſince revived with great applauſe, and which promiſes, if it can ever be carried into full effect, to ſave great trouble and treaſure, and ſpare infinitely more bloodſhed than either the diſcovery of gunpowder, or the invention of torpedoes.

It is true, that certain of the early provincial poets, of whom there were great numbers in the Nieuw-

Nederlandts, taking advantage of the myſterious exit of William the Teſty, have fabled, that like Romulus, he was tranſlated to the ſkies, and forms a very fiery little ſtar, ſome where on the left claw of the crab; while others equally fanciful, declare that he had experienced a fate ſimilar to that of the good king Arthur; who, we are aſſured by ancient bards, was carried away to the delicious abodes of fairy land, where he ſtill exiſts, in priſtine worth and vigour, and will one day or another return to reſcue poor old England from the hands of paltry, flippant, pettifogging cabinets, and reſtore the gallantry, the honour, and the immaculate probity, which prevailed in the glorious days of the Round Table.*

All theſe, however, are but pleaſing fantaſies, the cobweb viſions of thoſe dreaming varlets, the poets, to which I would not have my judicious reader attach any credibility. Neither am I diſpoſed to yield any credit to the aſſertion of an ancient and rather apocryphal hiſtorian, who alleges that the ingenious Wilhelmus was annihilated by the blowing down of one of his windmills—nor to that of a writer of later

* The old Welsh bards believed that king Arthur was not dead, but carried awaie by the faries into some pleasent place, where he shold remaine for a time, and then returne againe and reigne in as great authority as ever.—HOLLINGSHED.

The Britons suppose that he shall come yet and conquere all Britaigne, for certes this is the prophicye of Merlyn—He say'd that his deth shall be doubteous; and said soth, for men thereof yet have doubte and shullen for ever more—for men wyt not whether that he lyveth or is dede.—DE LEEW. CHRON.

times, who affirms that he fell a victim to
phical experiment, which he had for many y
vainly ſtriving to accompliſh; having the m
to break his neck from the garret window of
houſe, in an ineffectual attempt to catch ſwa
ſprinkling freſh ſalt upon their tails.

The moſt probable account, and to which
clined to give my implicit faith, is contained
obſcure tradition, which declares, that what
conſtant troubles on his frontiers—the inceſſar
ings, and projects going on in his own peric
the memorials, petitions, remonſtrances, and ſa
of advice from divers reſpectable meetings of
reign people—together with the refractory d
of his council, who were ſure to differ fron
every point, and uniformly to be in the wr
theſe, I ſay, did eternally operate to keep his
a kind of furnace heat, until he at length be
completely burnt out as a Dutch family pip
has paſſed through three generations of hard
In this manner did the choleric but magnanim
him the Teſty undergo a kind of animal com
conſuming away like a farthing ruſh light—
when grim death finally ſnuffed him out, th
ſcarce left enough of him to bury!

END OF VOL. I.